THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

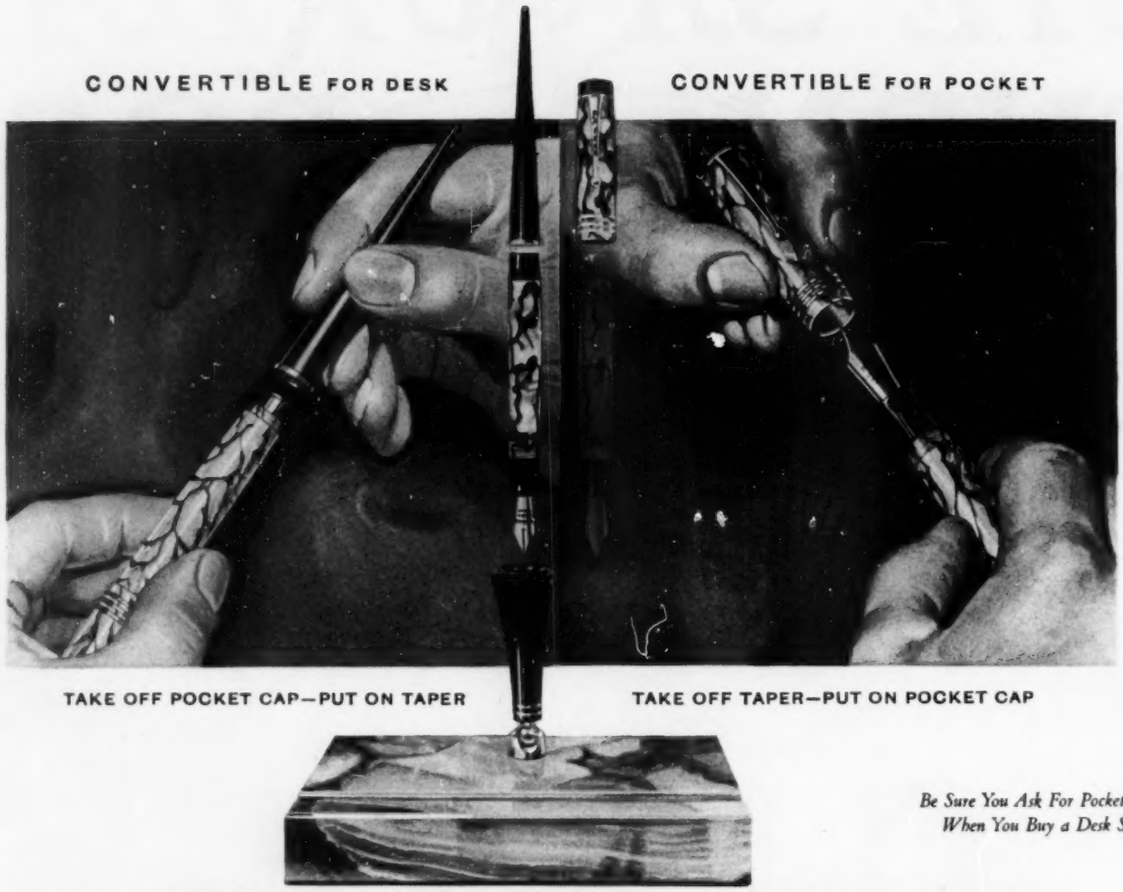
An I ekly
Fo lin

Volume 202, Number 40

APRIL 5, 1930

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Clarence Budington Kelland—Thomas Beer—Don Marquis—Sam Hellman
Bernard M. Baruch—Isaac F. Marcosson—Hamlin Garland—F. Scott Fitzgerald



Be Sure You Ask For Pocket Cap When You Buy a Desk Set

LIKE TWO PENS

for the Price of One

—a Pocket Pen on Going Out, and a Desk Pen on Arriving—Guaranteed for Life!

If you buy a Parker Pocket Duofold you now can have a Desk Set without buying a second pen. Or if you buy a Parker Duofold Desk Set you also now receive a Duofold Pocket Pen guaranteed for life. Either way, you save the price of a second pen—$5, $7 or $10, according to the model.

This epoch-making development is another achievement of Geo. S. Parker, who has introduced more important writing improvements than any other maker.

By adding a tapered end, you convert your Duofold Pocket Pen to a Desk Pen in 10 seconds. By removing the taper and putting on the Pocket Cap you restore it to a Pocket Duofold on leaving office or home.

Thus every owner of a Parker Pocket Pen owns half a Desk Set. Getting a Desk Base completes it. We now include pen taper free with that.

And to every buyer of a Parker Desk Set, we now give a Pocket Cap with Clip. Thus his Desk Pen is also a Pocket Pen—like 2 Pens for the price of one Set. So be sure to ask for the Pocket Cap with your Desk Set.

Parker's new Streamlined Duofold Pens (and Pencils to match) set *lower* in the pocket than others because the clip starts at the *top*—not halfway down the cap. This smart balanced shape feels "at home" in the hand, and the heavy, hand-ground point writes with our famous 47th improvement—Pressureless Touch.

Go see this revolutionary Convertible Duofold at any nearby pen counter. Then if you mail us the name of the store that showed it, we'll send you De Witt B. Lucas' booklet—"Reading Character from Handwriting." It is sold by the author for 50c—but sent to you free by us.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wisconsin
Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada; London, England; Heidelberg, Germany

Parker Duofold

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

$5 $7 $10

Two Little Newcomers in the Parker Duofold Family

Each nestles like a latch-key in pocket or handbag. The new Vest-Parker Duofold Pen Guaranteed for Life, $5; Pencils to match, $2.50. Gift box included in sets.

Streamlined Shapes, sets low in pocket—greater ink capacity than average, size for size—Non-breakable Barrels of Jewel-like Permanite—smooth, hand-ground points

Big Ben . . . Daddy of the Westclox Family Wakes the World

IN every civilized land on the face of the globe; densely populated cities, rural districts . . . *everywhere* that being on time is of *importance,* people rely on Big Ben. Millions have found him as dependable as the sun.

His friendly call speaks a "language" that is universally understood. To *all* nationalities it means but *one* thing: "Time to Wake Up!"

Big Ben is attractive in design, in finish . . . strictly *modern* and a quality alarm *through* and *through.* He is dustproof. His cheery alarm sounds on a back gong . . . rings steadily or repeats. His large handy keys are easy to wind. The graceful, felt-cushioned base makes him stand firm and solid. Precision built in every detail and squarely backed by a Two Year Gold Seal Service Guarantee issued by the *manufacturer.* Baby Ben, just like Big Ben only smaller, carries the same positive guarantee.

There is a variety of other Westclox, all bearing the customary Westclox one year guarantee. Alarms, pocket watches and auto clocks . . . some with plain dials, others with luminous dials that tell time in the dark. The selection of *any* Westclox assures the utmost of real value for your money and *lasting* satisfaction.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

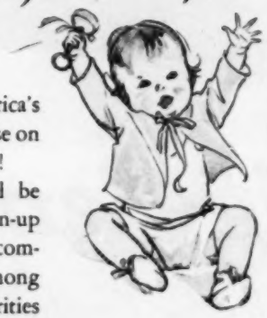
WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois, U.S.A.
Factory: Peru, Illinois
Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont., Canada

Westclox
ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

[*Big Ben* base model in nickel finish or in beautiful colors, $3.50 . . . with luminous dials, $1.00 more. Other Westclox alarms as low as $1.50.]

Come into a beauty conference with 10,000,000 babies

they will give you complexion advice - free!



We've persuaded a few of America's youngest bathing beauties to pose on this page for you—without pay!

Perhaps you think it would be difficult for them to take grown-up problems seriously—especially complexions! Yet really they are among the most eminent living authorities on this very subject. All rosy and smooth and contented from their morning baths, they gurgle and squirm and kick. They display their whole and perfect complexions to any and all beholders. But this is *not* mere vanity. This is their way of saying a very simple truth—

"Ivory Soap-and-water is a perfect beauty treatment for very sensitive skins."

And you'll find that doctors everywhere know this simple truth, too. They prescribe Ivory Soap for sensitive grown-up complexions just as confidently as they recommend it for the care of peach-blossom babies. And this is their whole reason, packed in one sentence—

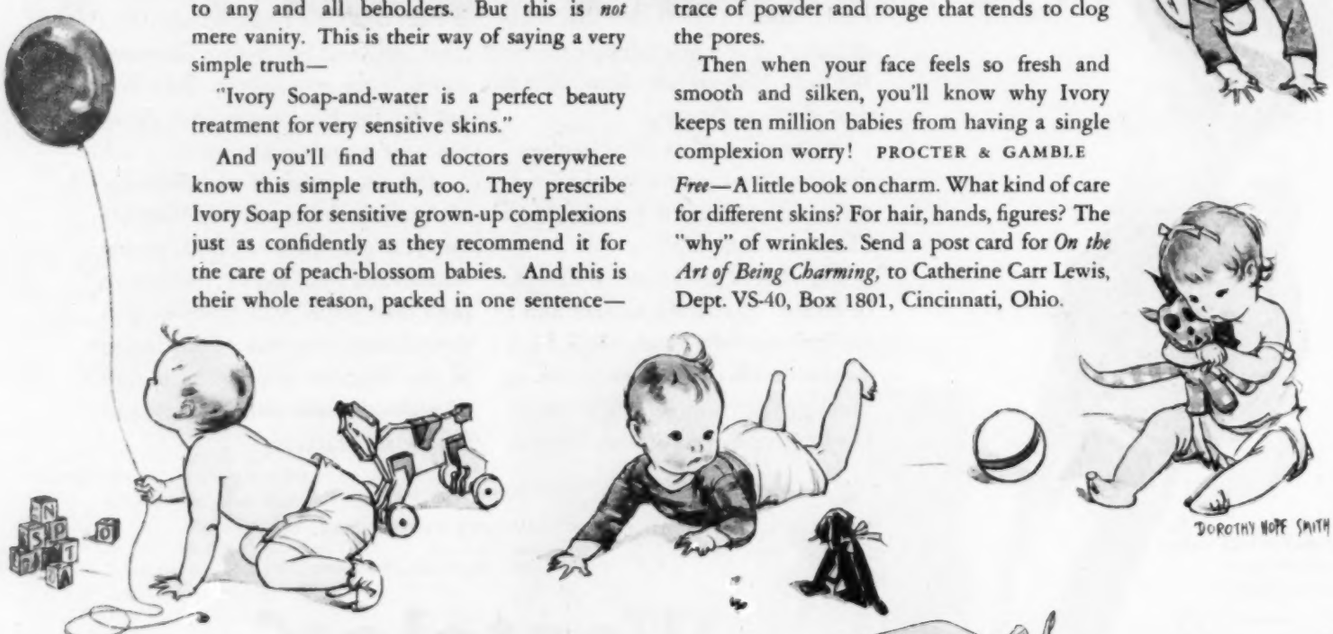
"Only washing with a pure soap and water really cleanses the pores."

Naturally, they advise Ivory Soap because they know it is *pure*.

So, while you're doing all the other things that make for skin-beauty (such as drinking lots of water, taking brisk outdoor exercise and sleeping eight full hours each night) don't forget that a daily thorough cleansing is every bit as important! Every night, let Ivory's pure cloudlike foam clear away every trace of powder and rouge that tends to clog the pores.

Then when your face feels so fresh and smooth and silken, you'll know why Ivory keeps ten million babies from having a single complexion worry! PROCTER & GAMBLE

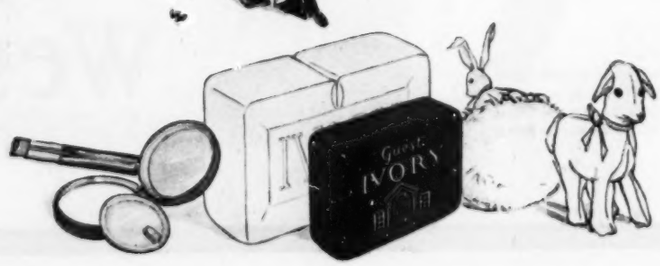
Free—A little book on charm. What kind of care for different skins? For hair, hands, figures? The "why" of wrinkles. Send a post card for *On the Art of Being Charming*, to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VS-40, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY SOAP

- kind to everything it touches -

99 44/100% PURE · IT FLOATS



Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President

John B. Williams, Second Vice-President
Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-President and Secretary. Philip S. Collins, Second Vice-President and Treasurer

Fred A. Healy, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall,
Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell,
Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
Associate Editors

Copyright, 1930, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 202 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL 5, 1930 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) | Number 40

HARD MONEY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"Mister," said Jan, "if You'll Let Me Have Some Samples, I Can Get a Better Price for You Than You'd Get at the Auction"

THOMAS JEFFERSON, newly elected President of a country which did not know its nature or whither it was bound, walked in democratic fashion across the square to the unfinished Capitol and climbed the steps to the accompaniment of a discharge of artillery. This was at noon on March 4, 1801.

He entered the Senate chamber and was seated between Aaron Burr, Vice President, and John Marshall, new Chief Justice of the United States. Whereupon the high gods sniggered, because, had the world been combed for the like of these three, it would have been in vain. Possibly three men have lived who detested one another and distrusted one another as these three highest dignitaries in the new administration did, but, if so, the fact is unrecorded and unauthenticated.

The President, shy and stiff of manner, sat awkwardly cornerwise in his chair, with one shoulder elevated high above the other. The Vice President, dapper, well able to conceal his reflections under a seemly mask of dignity, awaited events. As for the great Chief Justice, it would have been entertaining to read his thoughts as he held out the Book for the inaugural oath to this man whom he regarded as a demagogue, a crooked politician and a breeding place for unsound theories of statecraft. Not auspicious, one would say, for the immediate future of an infant republic which did not know what to do with its arms and legs—and much less with its head!

On this date when the three mistrusting gentlemen enacted their sardonic comedy in the Senate chamber, Jan Van Horn, son of Claas and Anneke, tenants of the patroon, achieved his eighteenth birthday and celebrated it by eating a dinner such as only a Dutch housewife could have purveyed.

If one travels backward along the historical road of any eminent family, he will come to a woman. In a surprisingly great number of cases she will be found to be the mother of the man who lays the foundation for his descendants' splendor. It is her son upon whom the eye of the historian rests, but she is there, to be discerned in the shadows while her offspring stands in full illumination. The Van Horns, who have erected a statue to Jan in the city of New York, would do well if they also commissioned a sculptor to carve Anneke from granite. But these latter-day Van Horns show scant desire to boast of any ancestor before Jan—and even Jan might have behaved himself more to their satisfaction in his social conduct.

Anneke spoke no English, though she understood the language in a measure. This was not uncommon to the Dutch of the patroonship of Van Rensselaerwick, as they still called it, though it had become a manor long since, and now was an anomaly. Twenty-four miles up and down the River Hudson it extended, and forty-eight miles from west to east, and Stephen Van Rensselaer was lord of the manor.

The little farm of the Van Horns, which they had held from time immemorial in a strange sort of tenure which bore more resemblance to the feudal than to any modern form, lay some ten miles from Albany, and it was Anneke and Jan who worked it, for Claas was almost as much of an anomaly as the patroonship itself—he was a Dutchman

"In Twelve Months From the Day, You Shall Be Repaid," Said Jan, and His Mother Could Not Doubt Him. If He Promised, He Would Perform

with the itching foot, a man lacking in stolidity and steadiness, who was content only when his feet pressed the open road. A peddler, Claas Van Horn, who had traveled as far as the New Hampshire Grants and to the flourishing towns of New England, and up and down the length of the river, with pack on back and news on lips. A roaming Dutchman, sharp at a bargain, and versed in the intricacies of paper money. Which he had need to be, for the currency of the country was in such a state as never before was seen on land or sea, and happy the man who had hoarded in stocking or clock or under the soil of his garden a little store of hard money. For men were born and came of age without having possessed once in their lives a piece of gold or silver coin!

Claas, a chunky man with broad, good-natured face and blue eyes not without shrewdness, pushed back his chair and walked to the window, through which he looked out at the wet, dreary, March landscape. Anneke nodded briskly to her son.

"Soon he will be on his travels," she said.

"There is no ice in the river," Claas observed. "The winds dry the roads. In two weeks I start."

"Before the spring plowing," said Anneke, with amused eyes. "Your father does not like the spring plowing."

"My answer to that, wife, is: Look in the clock. Is it full or empty? What neighbor," he demanded, striding to the tall timepiece and pulling open its lower door, "could show you that, eh?"

The bottom of the clock was covered with loose currency—bank notes from Boston, from New York, from Virginia, from here and from there—and Anneke nodded again.

"We grow rich," she said.

"But this," exclaimed Claas, with the enthusiasm of a specialist, almost of a collector, "is best." He held up a small box and rattled it proudly. They—all three of them—were well acquainted with its contents: Moidores, pieces of eight, guineas, shillings, even dollars. Metallic money of a value which did not change from day to day or from place to place. It seemed as if every coin which passed as money in the infant republic was represented there.

"These," said Claas, "you can trust, eh?"

"Of the value of more than two hundred dollars," said Anneke. "But those papers—ach!—they make my head ache."

"But I know them, every one," Claas said proudly. "There is no merchant in Albany, no banker in Philadelphia, knows them better than I. See this one. Its home is Boston. If you ask me, I tell you its value in New Haven or in New York or in Baltimore. I need no book. It is all here in the head."

"Aye. But corn growing in the field will be grain in the bin," said Anneke practically. "And rent day comes, with the patroon to satisfy."

"Some day we buy land," said Claas.

"From whom?" asked Anneke ironically. "From the patroon, maybe! Does he sell his land? Does a mother sell her babe?"

Then Jan Van Horn spoke for the first time—a lad taller than his father by two inches, though that gave him no great height, with features not so round, but sharper in the angles, as were his mother's, and eyes which were gray rather than blue. Not large eyes, but not small and greedy; rather pleasant in their keenness, but apt to set, to become cold with the coldness of polished steel when his mind was set and opposition presented itself. His hair was a curious shade, not fair, not red, but almost an orange in its coloring. As he aged, his face would be broader at the base than across the eyes, for he was one to whom a heavy jaw had been given, with promise of jowls.

"There are things to buy," he said, "besides land."

"Eh?" asked his mother. "And what would you buy with my savings, son?" It is to be noted she said "my" savings, not "our" savings.

"Money is money," said Jan sententiously. "How, then, does father make his profit? Is it by selling from his pack? No. I watch and listen when he comes home. His profit is from money."

"You speak true, my son," said Claas.

"He will sell a piece of cloth," said Jan, "in Peekskill, but does he ask to be paid in bank notes of New York? No, he will take what is offered at a great discount. Boston notes, it may be. And these he lays aside until he reaches that part of the country where their value is almost what is printed on their faces. Then he will buy."

"True," said Claas. "I make two profits—one on the merchandise I sell, but a bigger one on the currency I sell it for. I take in Pelham a dollar bill of Providence for 60 per centum of its value. I put it in my wallet, nor does it come out again until I am in Rhode Island. Then it comes out and it is worth, maybe, 90 per centum. Eh? So the clock fills itself."

"Van Horns have been upon this land since the first patroon," said Anneke, with troubled eyes. She was watching her son as she spoke, with a sort of bated anxiety, searching his plain face for indication of what thoughts exercised themselves behind his half-closed eyes.

"Has it done the Van Horns good?" asked Jan.

"Their stomachs have been full and a roof has covered them," answered his mother.

"But the patroon has taken the rest," he said without resentment. "Me—I would rather keep what comes to me from my work than give it to the patroon."

"It is not well to speak such thoughts abroad," said Claas.

"We can hire a man for the spring plowing," said Jan, and then his mother knew that what she feared was true; she knew as well that there would be no changing it, for once her son's mind was made and set, there was no turning him from his purpose.

"Do you also travel with a pack?" she asked, not in the voice of one whose hopes had come to disaster, but casually, bravely, accepting the inevitable.

"I must listen to men talk," Jan said.

"About what, my son? About wars and women?"

"About money," said Jan.

"The countinghouses are full of such talk," said Claas, with a sneer, "and the Congress in Washington is full of it, and the streets and wharves are full of it. But nobody knows."

"I shall know," said Jan.

"Then," said his father tolerantly, "you can run and tell Mynheer Gallatin how he should conduct the finances of this country."

"When will you go, my son?" asked Anneke. Having accepted the fact of his departure, she did not plead with him, did not reason with him, or, most of all, did not command him. Her part was to speed his going, to give aid and comfort to lessen the discomforts and perils, and to contribute to his success.

"When I have bought sails for my sloop," he said, "and the river is fit."

Through the winter months Jan had been building the hull of a river sloop; an enterprise watched by his mother with apprehensions, but with pride. Upon it, her son had slaved. He was not afraid of work. No son of hers would be afraid of long hours or of toil.

"And then?" she asked.

"I shall sail to New York."

"To work in a countingroom?"

"To be my own master," said Jan. "I need my sails and I need one hundred dollars."

"For what, my son? It is a great deal of money."

"I borrow it," he said. "You will lend it from the clock, and I will repay it in one year, with interest at the honest rate."

"But the man to plow and to plant the crop?" asked Anneke.

"Also I will pay him," said Jan, and his mother smiled.

"Your ideas are not small. How will a boy earn so much money? Are you as skillful in buying and selling, in barter and trade, as your father, who has spent his life at it?"

"In twelve months from the day, you shall be repaid," said Jan, and his mother could not doubt him. If he promised, he would perform. That he had learned from her. "Give your word sparingly," she had taught him. "Promise less than you can do, but never do less than you promise." From early infancy that had been her word to him. To redeem his word, to pay what he owed on the hour! It was as much a part of him as the sturdy bones of his body or the sinews of his arms.

"New York is a great city. How will you fare among so many strangers?"

"Who," said his father, "are English and not Dutchmen."

"Do I not speak English well?" asked Jan.

"As well as any," said his mother.

"Why should I fear an Englishman?" Jan asked with a shrug, for in his heart he knew that the Dutchman was a better man than any other. That also had been taught him from birth.

So it was that on the first of April, Mr. Jefferson having been President for a month and the Federalists already suffering from the bloodless revolution which had deprived them of power, Jan Van Horn provisioned his little sloop amply for the voyage, kissed Anneke good-by, not without moisture in his gray eyes, and hoisted his sail. A tiny craft, Jan Van Horn's first venture in affairs of navigation upon the great river! A beginning inconspicuous and not auspicious, but accompanied by sturdy self-confidence and followed by prayers.

"Promise less than you can perform," was Anneke's last word to him, "but perform never less than you promise. Be trusted, my son. The shirts are new and the stockings warm. God go with you."

With an oar he pushed out into the current—that current which in years to come was to bear great ships propelled by a power as yet undreamed of by him, which ships were to owe their being in large proportion to his vision, to his confidence in the future of steam and in the prosperity of the United States. A tiny sloop not thirty feet from stem to stern! A lad of eighteen years! Anneke Van Horn, standing dry-eyed upon the shore and waving her apron as long as the sail remained in view, could not guess at the significance of this voyaging. She could not foresee that this fledgling, not a little through the soundness of her advice and the wholesomeness of her guidance, would grow, before her death, to be the most amazing financial genius of his era; that he, with two others, a German and another Dutchman, would accomplish more for the development of the United States, for its expansion territorially and commercially, in wealth and in world importance, than any dozen statesmen who can be named. These three, Jan Van Horn, Cornelius Van der Bilt, now a lad on Staten Island much interested in the ferrying trade, and John Jacob Astor, who arrived in New York seventeen years before, with an argosy of seven flutes, were destined to march forward side by side. Van der Bilt the builder, Astor the adventurer, who, with a touch of statesmanship added to his acquisitiveness, might have been an empire builder, and Van Horn the financier!

Anneke waved her last adieu and returned slowly to her kitchen. Strict justice demands that her name be added to those of the trio of young men, and also that of Phœbe, the mother of young Van der Bilt. Three boys and two women! Each possessed of qualities which, combined with the opportunities of a marvelous and unexplored continent, wrought results which fall but little short of miracles.

II

YOUNG Jan Van Horn sailed down the Hudson in his little craft, undiscouraged by the hours of adverse tide, by April rains which wet him to the skin, or by contrary winds which compelled him to lay up on the shore for days at a time. He was not impatient; always he was able to wait and to occupy his mind as he waited. He was unconscious that to right and left of him as he progressed lay the most gracious flowering of aristocracy that ever had come to blossom on this continent—an aristocracy now in its ultimate phase and soon to disappear from the world. Not even the aristocracies of Virginia and the Carolinas, which were to outlast it by more than half a century, could compare with it in grace, in dignity, and one may say, in usefulness.

From the patroonship of Van Rensselaer on the north to Van Cortlandt Manor on the south and inward from the river fifteen to thirty miles, the countryside was studded with manor houses and residences of as splendid, carefree and happy a cousinry as any country has ever contained. Cousinry because for upward of a century these jovial, hospitable, public-spirited quasi noblesse had intermarried so repeatedly that the region seemed populated by one big

(Continued on Page 100)

"Most Men," Said Phœbe, "Talk a Great Deal About Love, But a Very Little About Marriage"

A Few Kind Words for Uncle Sam

By BERNARD M. BARUCH

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

As TO inter-Ally debts to America, many, like myself, feel that loans which the Allies used for direct military operations should have been called a contribution to a common cause, and so forgiven. Some—critics abroad and apologists here—understand neither the spirit in which we entered the war nor our plans and effort to prosecute it. They insist that we should write off the whole debt in recognition of what they call the tardiness and unimportance of our effort. Finally, there are those who, hearing claim and counterclaim, may feel discomfort in the absence of certain knowledge of just what we did contribute to the conclusion of the war. This narrative is written for the benefit of all three classes.

There was a period when we had no armies to send and only our dollars went to our Allies' aid—literally to be burned up or otherwise expended for military purposes in the form of explosives, shells, guns, military transport, and like munitions. These things were hurled at a common enemy—whether by American or Allied hands seems unimportant. Because of this unimportance, I have never been able to distinguish our own later expenditure for these things from the outlay thus made by our associates out of money advanced by us, except, perhaps, the legalistic distinction that payment is "so nominated in the bond." The latter phrase was the essential brief of Shylock's fatal lawsuit, and it has given rise to a rather common European comparison of us with that sour financier of Venice—not as to debts for munitions alone but also on the whole foreign loan.

In Europe, and even at home, we frequently hear this broad indictment. There is much talk of balancing burdens, with a clear implication that—relatively, at least—the war was a small matter with us; that it was our war from the first; that, in addition to escaping the heat and burden of the day, we somehow profited even while we were in the war, and vastly since; and, therefore, that it would be no less than fair for us to set the whole debt aside and forget it, as a tale that is told.

In outpouring of blood and agony of spirit the Allies' ordeal was many times more bitter than our own. For three terrible years they held in check an enemy that later became our common foe. All this we shall ever remember and respect, but to say that it makes the spirit and the letter of our effort matter for apology, or—even worse—for fiscal offset, carries an unpleasant suggestion that we did less than we ought to have done in the face of the enemy.

Having had contemporary knowledge of the circumstance of incurrence of these debts, and even some personal responsibility for what we did and stood ready to do in prosecution of the war, I know that if the facts can be adequately marshaled, we shall find much comfort in the array and may even hear less of Shylock from our friends across the sea.

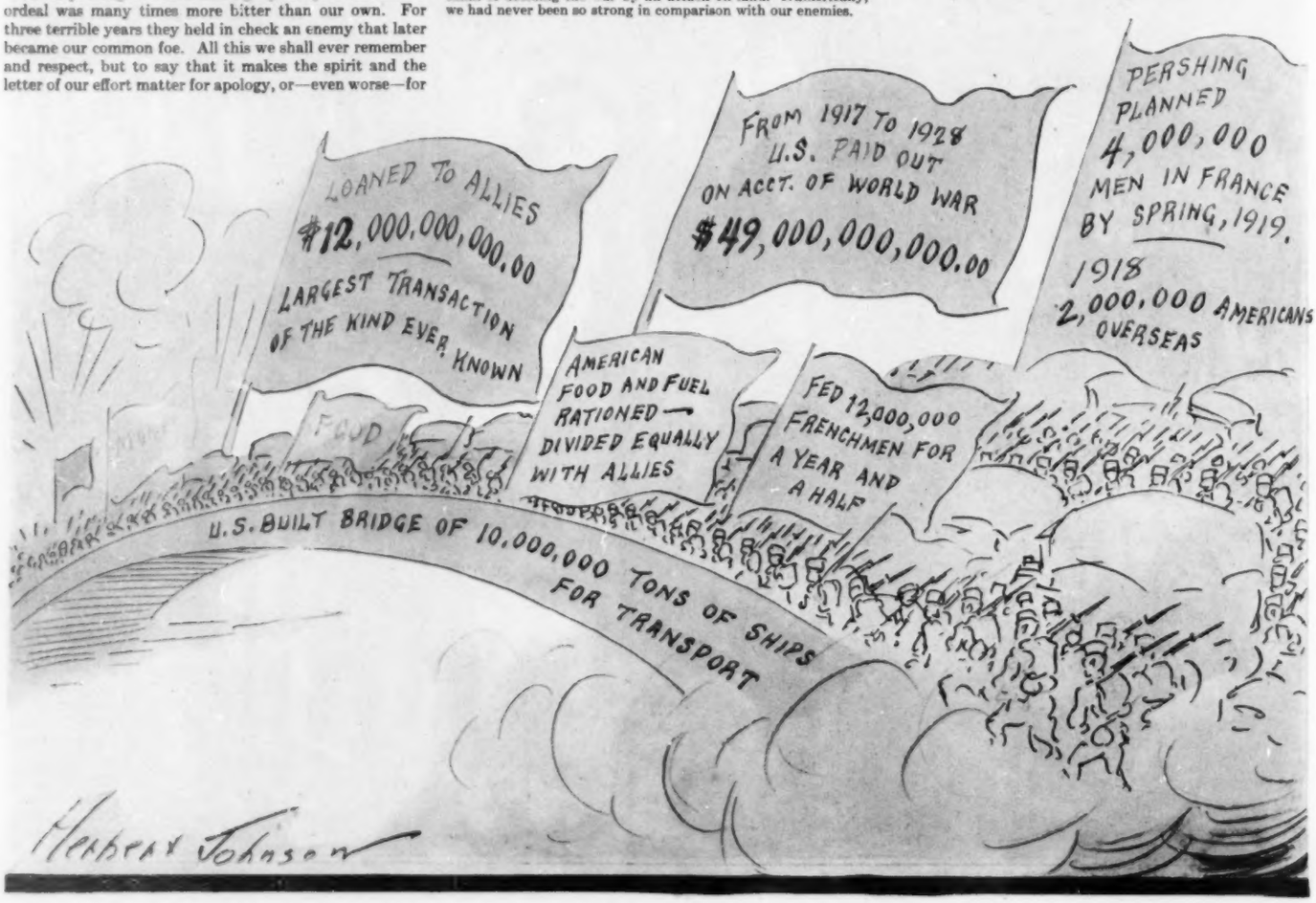
The sinews of war are five—men, money, materials, maintenance [food] and morale. As we were coming into the conflict, both Allied strategy and these elements of Allied strength were failing fast. The Central Powers, which, in 1915, had been almost completely ringed by a hedge of hostile steel, were systematically clearing three quadrants of the circle, with the declared purpose of an overwhelming and conclusive concentration on the Western Front in 1918. The Gallipoli attempt had failed. The Allied effort to create new and decisive fronts in the Balkans and the Near East promised nothing. On the other hand, Mackensen had erased the Rumanian Army from the battle maps. Russia was no longer a military factor. In five months German submarines had strewn the wreckage of more than 3,000,000 tons of Allied shipping along the bottom of the sea, and there was no relief in sight. In October, 1917, came the catastrophe of Caporetto, which temporarily rendered Italy a strategic liability. The Allies had passed the peak of their man power. Their supplies were running low. Their credit was exhausted. The morale of their armies and of the civil populations supporting them was showing the effect of staggering losses. Says Ludendorff in his review of the war:

> The military situation was more favorable to us at New Year's, 1918, than one would ever have expected. We could think of deciding the war by an attack on land. Numerically, we had never been so strong in comparison with our enemies.

The United States was distant by 3000 miles of submarine-infested sea. We were unorganized for war. No major over-sea military operations had ever been conducted so far from base, and high military authority doubted the practicability of such an attempt. Ocean transport was at a minimum and, as against the submarine, even Great Britain could not claim the mastery of the ocean lanes so essential to an over-sea campaign. It is incontestably true that both friend and foe believed that we could do little more than strengthen the resources of the Allies in money, food and such products of our industries as we had hitherto supplied. There was a later request that we send a few regular divisions as earnest of our effort, and also recruits to fight under Allied battle flags. They asked no more and in their early counsels they advised no more. Indeed, I think it not too much to say that there was a distinct feeling among them against any effort on our part to create a great American army in France, because they thought the proposal impracticable and visionary. We were to lend them money and sell them unlimited supplies. Our effective contribution was to be economic rather than military.

It is heartening to recall the very different determination which seemed instantly and spontaneously to grip our whole country. I have never entertained a doubt that its inception and growth were largely due to the leadership of our great war President, Woodrow Wilson. He had held out for peace until there was no peace. When he at last reluctantly turned his face toward battle he revealed himself as one of the greatest lords of war that ever trod the earth.

His vision was accurate. His proclamations and state papers ring like brazen bugles. His profound knowledge of the history of statecraft in war enabled him to avoid the great blunders of the past. His high purpose and inflexible will pointed the path and led the nation along it in a single unfaltering march to victory.


LOANED TO ALLIES
$12,000,000,000.00
LARGEST TRANSACTION OF THE KIND EVER KNOWN
FROM 1917 TO 1928 U.S. PAID OUT ON ACCT. OF WORLD WAR
$49,000,000,000.00
PERSHING PLANNED 4,000,000 MEN IN FRANCE BY SPRING, 1919.
1918
2,000,000 AMERICANS OVERSEAS
FOOD
AMERICAN FOOD AND FUEL RATIONED — DIVIDED EQUALLY WITH ALLIES
FED 12,000,000 FRENCHMEN FOR A YEAR AND A HALF
U.S. BUILT BRIDGE OF 10,000,000 TONS OF SHIPS FOR TRANSPORT
Herbert Johnson

"It is not an army that we must shape and train for war; it is a nation," he said, among other terse but wise and inspiring things in his early proclamations and speeches. "The whole nation must be a team in which each man shall play the part for which he is best fitted. . . .

"This is a war of resources. Men have thought of the United States as a money-getting people. Now we are going to lay all our wealth, if necessary, and spend all our blood, if need be, to show that we were not accumulating that wealth selfishly. . . .

"Every power and resource we possess, whether of men, of money, or of materials will continue to be devoted to our purpose until it is achieved. . . .

"Germany has once more said that force . . . shall decide. . . . There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

This was his interpretation of our motive, and this became the slogan of our effort.

He avoided Lincoln's early error of assuming the rôle of military strategist. Yet he was a fierce protagonist of the doctrine of attack. He insisted on the North Sea mine barrage. To the Navy he said, "You are not sent to avoid battle and to save ships. You are sent to destroy the ships of the enemy." He was impatient of piecemeal assaults against the submarine menace. He demanded operations against their bases. "Run the rats to their holes and go in after them!" was his word to our sailors long before the gallant British attack on Zeebrugge.

He was the first American to divorce politics from wartime military preferment. Professional fitness and not pull was his single rule for promotion. He espoused conscription fearlessly and immediately. He cast aside all outworn Civil War precedent and insisted on scientific perfection in organization, administration and logistics of our armed forces. A mere mention of some happy war omissions—new in our history—will briefly suggest organic reforms with which none credits him: No political generals. No draft riots. No military bounty or bonus. Expenditure of $49,000,000,000 without even one accusation of graft or peculation. No embalmed beef, misfit shoes, dud ammunition, shoddy uniforms, sleazy blankets, or tin bayonets. No failure of hospitalization or blundered expeditions. No typhoid, typhus or camp scourges, hitherto more deadly than bullets. And, above all—so remarkable that it deserves a pæan in itself—practical eradication of social diseases from an army for the first time in history and no return of recruits taken fresh-faced from home and returned a peril to themselves and their communities. No untrained levies under ignorant officers rushed to slaughter and shame, and no taint of scandal or incompetency in the whole conduct of the war.

He had the leader's gift for choosing men, an inspired executive's talent for outlining what he expected of them and for fitting their tasks into a coördinated whole and, most important of all, he showed genius—rare even among the world's greatest commanders—in leaving his chosen lieutenants alone with their tasks, except to support them against all annoyance by timid friends or jealous foes.

The First Liberty Loan

PERSHING'S letter of instructions was as broad as the Constitution, but it was also as concise and sufficient, and Pershing is witness that, through all the pulling and hauling of inter-Allied politics and military uncertainty, he felt the strong and constant hand of that great but little-understood man at his shoulder. It was the same with Hoover, Baker, McCormick, Daniels, Hurley, McAdoo, Garfield and the writer. From the day of the declaration of war to the day of the Armistice, there was no backward step. The ringing language was not empty oratory; it was a directing voice which organized and inspired the nation into a compact military and industrial unit more comprehensively and accurately conceived for victory than that of any other nation engaged in the conflict.

It is difficult to schematize any narrative of the progress of America's conversion from a peaceful industrial community to the most potent instrumentality for war the world has ever seen, but the alliterative prescription of "men, money, materials, maintenance [food] and morale" is more than merely facile; it is true.

Money was the first thing we could furnish.

When Congress met in April to declare war the Allies were close to the end of their fiscal resources. To some extent, they had pooled their strength and, borrowing or buying American securities owned by their own citizens, they had been able to get vast sums from our bankers by using these dollar securities as collateral. In this way Great Britain had borrowed more than $1,000,000,000 here, and France $774,000,000.

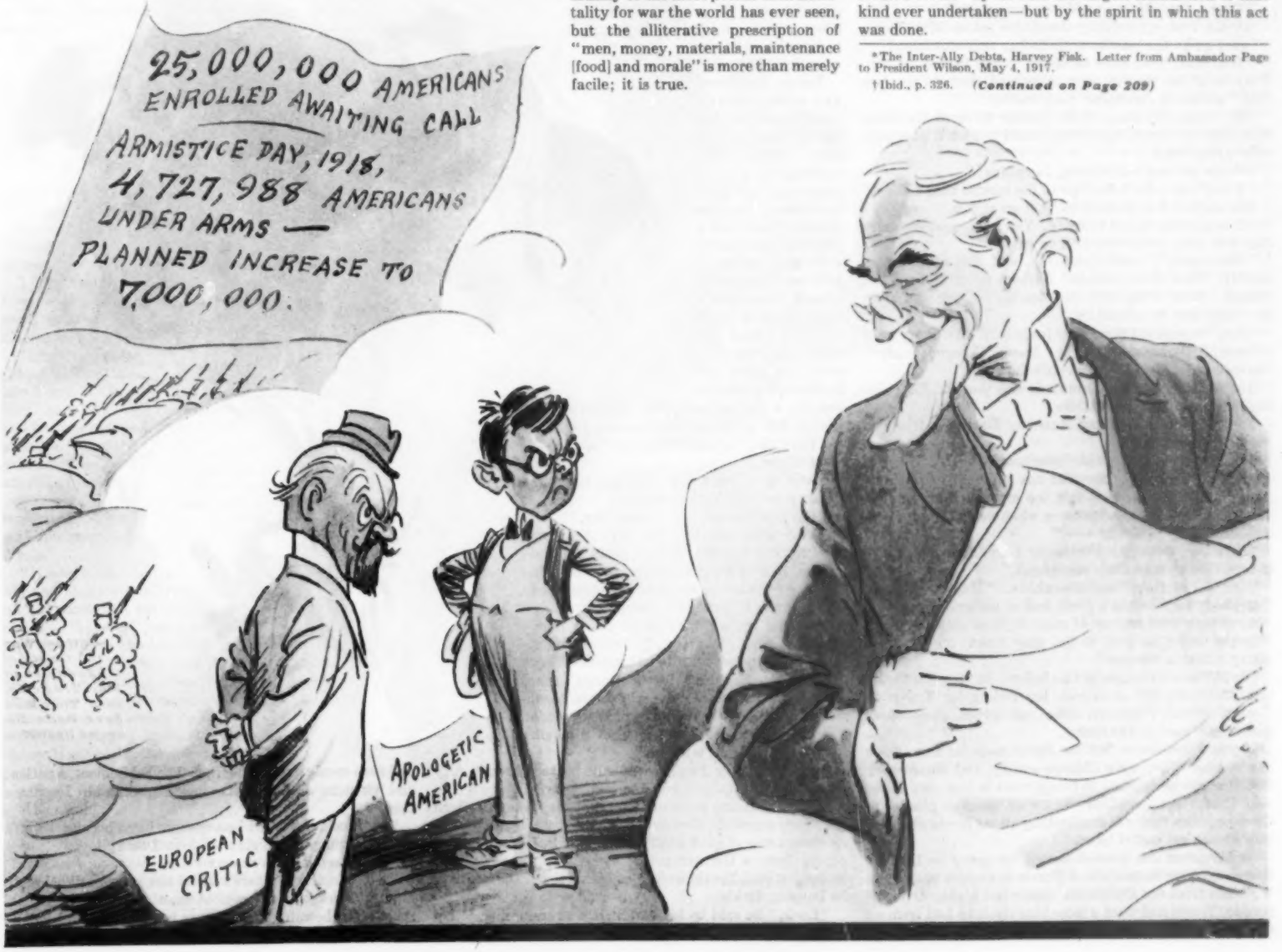
The possibilities of further financing of this kind had dwindled to next to nothing. As a high British authority is quoted: *". . . . the British Government, with commitments in the United States running into hundreds of millions of pounds, was at the end of its tether. It had no means whatever of meeting them," and again: ". . . supplies of securities which could be used as collateral were becoming exhausted."

On April sixth we declared war. Five days afterward there was introduced in the House of Representatives a bill authorizing a bond issue of $5,000,000,000, of which $3,000,000,000 was specifically authorized to be extended as credits to Associated Powers. This was the first of the Liberty Loan Acts, under the terms of which our country was eventually to become a creditor to our war associates in an amount which, by November 15, 1927, had reached the tremendous total of nearly $12,000,000,000.† This is more than a quarter of the entire direct cost of the whole war to either Germany or Great Britain. It is also more than a quarter of the aggregate cost to all the Allied powers up to the day of our declaration. It is over half the cost of government of the United States from its inception through the year 1913, including the direct and continuing costs of all wars America ever fought, including the Civil War—the cost of building through a century the very governmental structure which loaned this treasure. Though these crude yardsticks give some idea of the sum advanced to our Allies, the actual meaning of such great figures is beyond human comprehension.

Looking back at April, 1917, one is impressed not only by the promptness with which we opened this vast unsecured credit—by all odds the largest transaction of that kind ever undertaken—but by the spirit in which this act was done.

*The Inter-Ally Debts, Harvey Fisk. Letter from Ambassador Page to President Wilson, May 4, 1917.

†Ibid., p. 326. *(Continued on Page 209)*


25,000,000 AMERICANS ENROLLED AWAITING CALL
ARMISTICE DAY, 1918, 4,727,988 AMERICANS UNDER ARMS —
PLANNED INCREASE TO 7,000,000.
EUROPEAN CRITIC
APOLOGETIC AMERICAN

FIRST BLOOD

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

Josephine Sat Motionless for Some Minutes; Grief Was Suddenly Gone

I REMEMBER your coming to me in despair when Josephine was about three!" cried Mrs. Bray. "George was furious because he couldn't find anything to do, so he used to spank little Josephine."

"I remember," said Josephine's mother.

"And so this is Josephine."

This was, indeed, Josephine. She looked at Mrs. Bray and smiled, and Mrs. Bray's eyes hardened imperceptibly. Josephine kept on smiling.

"How old are you, Josephine?"

"Sixteen."

"Oh-h. I would have said you were older."

At the first opportunity Josephine asked Mrs. Perry, "Can I go to the movies with Lillian this afternoon?"

"No, dear; you have to study." She turned to Mrs. Bray as if the matter were dismissed, but "You darn fool," muttered Josephine, just audibly.

Mrs. Bray said some words quickly to cover the situation, but, of course, Mrs. Perry could not let it pass publicly unreproved:

"What did you call mother, Josephine?"

"I don't see why I can't go to the movies with Lillian."

Her mother was content to let it go at this.

"Because you've got to study. You go somewhere every day, and your father wants it to stop."

"How crazy!" said Josephine, and she added vehemently, "How utterly insane! Father's got to be a maniac, I think. Next thing he'll start tearing his hair and think he's Napoleon or something."

"No," interposed Mrs. Bray jovially as Mrs. Perry grew crimson. "Perhaps she's right. Maybe George is crazy—I'm sure my husband's crazy. It's the war."

But she was not really amused; she thought Josephine ought to be beaten with sticks.

They were talking about Anthony Harker, a friend of Josephine's older sister.

"He's divine," Josephine interposed—not rudely, for, despite the foregoing, she was not rude; it was seldom even that she appeared to talk too much, though she lost her temper and swore sometimes when people were unreasonable. "He's perfectly ——"

"He's very popular. Personally I don't see very much to him. He seems a little superficial."

"Oh, no, mother," said Josephine. "He's far from it. Everybody says he has a great deal of personality—which is more than you can say of most of these country jakes. Any girl would be glad to get their hands on him. I'd marry him in a minute."

She had never thought of this before; in fact, the phrase had been invented to express her feeling for Travis de Coppet. When, presently, coffee was served, she excused herself and went to her room.

It was a new house, but the Perrys were far from being new people. They were Chicago society, and almost very rich, and not uncultured as things went in that city in the year 1914. But Josephine was an unconscious pioneer of the generation that was destined, by all the forces of American life, to get out of hand.

In her room she dressed herself for going to Lillian's house, thinking meanwhile of Travis de Coppet and of riding home from the Davidsons' dance last night. Over his tuxedo, Travis had worn a loose blue cloak he had from an old-fashioned uncle. He was tall and thin, an exquisite dancer, and his eyes had often been described by female contemporaries as "very dark"—to an adult it appeared that he had two black eyes, in the collisional sense, and that probably they were justifiably renewed every night. The area surrounding them was so purple, or brown, or crimson, that they were the first thing you noticed about his face, and, save for his white teeth, the last. Like Josephine, he also was something new. There were a lot of new things in Chicago then, but lest your interest be divided, it should be remarked that Josephine was the newest thing of all.

Dressed, she went down the stairs and through a softly opening side door, out into the street. It was October and a bare wind blew her along under trees without leaves, past houses with cold corners, past caves of the winds that were the mouths of residential streets. From that time until April, Chicago is an indoor city, where entering by a door is like going into another world, for the cold of the lake is unfriendly and not like real northern cold—it serves only to accentuate the things that go on inside. There is no music outdoors, or love-making, and even the wealth that rolls by in limousines is not glamorous, but only embittering to those on the sidewalk. But in the houses there is a deep, warm quiet that is peaceful, or else an excited, singing noise, as if people were inventing things like new dances. That's what people mean when they say they love Chicago, and one argues with them incredulously.

Josephine was, indeed, going to meet her friend Lillian Hammel, but their plan did not include going to the movies. In comparison to it, their mothers would have preferred the most objectionable, the most lurid movie. It was no less than to go for a long auto ride with Travis de Coppet and Howard Page, in the course of which they would kiss not once but a lot. The four of them had been planning this since the previous Saturday, when certain unkind circumstances had combined to prevent its fulfillment.

Travis and Howard were already there—not sitting down, but still in their overcoats, like symbols of action, hurrying the girls breathlessly into the future. Travis had a fur collar on his overcoat and carried a gold-headed cane; he kissed Josephine's hand facetiously yet seriously, and she said "Hello, Travis!" with the warm affection of a politician greeting a prospective voter. But for a minute the two girls exchanged news aside.

"I saw him," Lillian whispered, "just now."

"Did you?"

Their eyes were like blazing windows across a court of the same house.

"Isn't he divine?" said Josephine.

They were referring to Mr. Anthony Harker, who was twenty-two years old and unconscious of their existence, save that in the Perry house he occasionally recognized Josephine as Constance's younger sister.

"He has the most beautiful nose," cried Lillian, suddenly laughing. "It's ——" She drew it on the air with her finger and they both became hilarious. But Josephine's face composed itself as Travis' two black eyes, conspicuous as if they had been freshly made the previous night, peered in from the hall.

"Well!" he said tensely.

The four young people went out, passed through fifty bitter feet of wind and got into Page's car. They were all very confident and knew exactly what they wanted. Both girls were expressly disobeying their parents, but they had no more sense of guilt about it than an English airman escaping from a German prison camp. In the back seat, Josephine and Travis looked at each other; she waiting, he burning darkly.

"Look," he said to his hand. It was trembling. "Up till five this morning. Girls from the Follies."

"Oh, Travis!" she cried automatically, but for the first time such a communication failed to thrill her. She took his hand, wondering what was the matter with herself.

It was quite dark outside, and he bent over her suddenly, but as suddenly she turned her face away. Annoyed, he gave several cynical nods of his head and lay back in his corner of the car. He became engaged in cherishing his dark secret—the secret that always made her yearn toward him. She could see it come into his eyes and fill them, down to the cheek bones and up to the brows, but she could not concentrate on him. The romantic mystery of the world had moved into another man.

Travis waited ten minutes for her capitulation; then he tried again, and with this second approach she saw him for the first time in her life. It was enough. Josephine's imagination and her desires were easily exploited up to a certain point, but after that her very impulsiveness protected her. Now, suddenly, she found something real against Travis, and her low voice was modulated with sorrow.

"I heard what you did last night," she said. "I heard very well."

"What's the matter?"

"You told Ed Bement you were in for a big time because you were going to take me home in your car."

"Who told you that?" he said guiltily, but belittlingly.

"Ed Bement did, and he told me he almost hit you in the face when you said it. He could hardly keep restraining himself."

Once more Travis retired to his corner of the seat. He accepted this as the reason for her coldness, and in a measure it was. In view of Doctor Jung's theory that innumerable male voices argue in the subsconscious of a woman,

Anthony Was the Object of the Saddest and Most Tragic Regard That Had Ever Been Directed Upon Him

and even speak through her lips, then Ed Bement, a patient and virtuous admirer, was speaking through Josephine then.

"I've decided not to kiss any more boys, because I won't have anything left to give the man I really love."

"Bull," replied Travis succinctly.

"No, it's true. There's been too much talk already around Chicago about me. A man certainly doesn't respect a girl he can kiss whenever he wants to, and I want to be respected by the man I'm going to marry some day."

Ed Bement would have been indeed overwhelmed had he realized the extent of his dominance over Josephine that afternoon.

Walking from the corner, where they discreetly left her, to her house, Josephine felt that agreeable lightness which comes with the end of a piece of work. She would be a good girl now forever, see less of boys, as her parents wished, try to be what Miss Benbower, at her private school, called an Ideal Benbower Girl. Then next year, at Breerly, she could be an Ideal Breerly Girl. But the first stars were out over Lake Shore Drive, and all about her she could feel Chicago swinging around its circle at a hundred miles an hour, and Josephine knew that she only wanted to want that, for her soul's sake. Actually, she had no desire for achievement. Her grandfather had had that, her parents had had the consciousness of it, but Josephine accepted the proud world into which she was born. This was easy in Chicago, which, unlike New York, was a city state where the old families formed a caste, intellect was represented by the university professors, and there were no ramifications—save that even the Perrys had to be nice to half a dozen families even richer and more important than themselves. Josephine loved to dance, but the field of feminine glory—which is to say, the ballroom floor—was something you slipped away from with a man.

As she came to the iron gate of her house, she saw her sister for a moment, and a young man; then the front door closed and the man came down the steps. She knew who he was.

He was abstracted, but he recognized her for just a moment in passing.

"Oh, hello," he said.

She turned all the way round so that he could see her face by the street lamp, lifted her face out of her fur collar and toward him, and then smiled.

"Hello," she said modestly.

They passed.

"Well, now he knows what I look like, anyhow," she told herself as she went on into the house.

II

SEVERAL days later Constance Perry spoke to her mother about a serious matter:

"Josephine is so conceited that I really think she's a little crazy."

"She's very conceited," admitted Mrs. Perry. "Father and I were talking, and we decided that after the first of the year she'll go East to school. But you're not to say a word about it until we know more definitely."

"Heavens, mother, it's none too soon! She and that terrible Travis de Coppet running around with his cloak as if they were about a thousand years old. They came into the Blackstone last week and my spine crawled. They looked just like two maniacs—Travis slinking along and Josephine twisting her mouth around as if she had St. Vitus dance. Honestly ——"

"What did you begin to say about Anthony Harker?" interrupted Mrs. Perry.

"Well, she's got a crush on him, and he's about old enough to be her father."

"Not quite."

"Mother, he's twenty-two and she's sixteen. Every time she and Lillian go by him, they giggle and stare ——"

"Come here, Josephine," said Mrs. Perry.

Josephine came into the room slowly and leaned her backbone against the edge of the opened door, teetering upon it calmly.

"What, mother?"

"Dear, you don't want to be laughed at, do you?"

Josephine turned sulkily to her sister. "Who laughs at me? You do, I guess. You're the only one that does."

"You're so conceited that you don't see it. When you and Travis de Coppet came into the Blackstone that afternoon, my spine crawled. Everybody at our table and most of the other tables laughed—the ones that weren't shocked."

"I guess they were more shocked," guessed Josephine complacently.

"You'll have a fine reputation by the time you come out."

"Oh, shut your mouth!" said Josephine.

There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Perry whispered solemnly, "I'll have to tell your father about this as soon as he comes home."

"Go on, tell him." Suddenly she began to cry. "Oh, why can't anybody ever leave me alone? I wish I was dead."

Her mother stood with her arm around her, saying, "Josephine—now, Josephine"; but Josephine went on, not hysterically but with deep, broken sobs that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart.

"Just a lot—of ugly and jealous girls who get mad when anybody looks at me, and make up all sorts of stories that are absolutely untrue, just because I can get anybody I want. I suppose that Constance is mad about it because I went in and sat for five minutes with Anthony Harker while he was waiting last night."

It Was a Smile and Not a Smile—Two Big Gray Eyes With Bright Triangles of Color Under Them, and a Mouth Twisted Into a Lovely Pity That Seemed to Include Both Him and Herself

"Yes, I was terribly jealous," said Constance sarcastically. "I sat up and cried all night about it. Especially because he comes to talk to me about Marice Whaley. Why, you got him so crazy about you in that five minutes that he couldn't stop laughing all the way to the Warrens."

Josephine drew in her breath in one last gasp and stopped crying. "If you want to know, I've decided to give him up," she said.

"Ha-ha!" Constance exploded. "Listen to that, mother! She's going to give him up—as if he ever looked at her or knew she was alive! Of all the conceited ——"

But Mrs. Perry could stand no more. She put her arm around Josephine and hurried her to her room down the hall.

"All your sister meant was that she didn't like to see you laughed at," she explained.

"Well, I've given him up," said Josephine gloomily.

She had given him up, renouncing a thousand kisses she had never had, a hundred long, thrilling dances in his arms, a hundred evenings not to be recaptured. She did not mention the letter she had written him last night and had not sent, and now would never send.

"You mustn't think about such things at your age," Mrs. Perry said. "You're just a child."

Josephine got up and went to the mirror.

"I promised Lillian to come over to her house. I'm late now."

Back in her room, Mrs. Perry thought: "Two months to February." She was a pretty woman who wanted to be loved by everyone around her, and there was no power of governing in her. She tied up her mind like a neat package and put it in the post office with Josephine inside it, safely addressed to the Breerly School.

An hour later, in the tea room at the Blackstone Hotel, Anthony Harker and another young man lingered at table. Anthony was a happy fellow, lazy and rich enough, and mildly pleased with his own current popularity. After a brief career in an Eastern university, he had gone to a famous college in Virginia and in its less exigent shadow completed his education. At least, he had absorbed there certain courtesies and mannerisms which Chicago girls found charming.

"There's that terrible Travis de Coppet," his companion had just remarked. "What's he think he is, anyhow?"

Anthony looked remotely at the young people across the room, recognizing the little Perry girl and several other young females whom he seemed to have encountered with some frequency in the street of late. Although obviously much at home here, they seemed to him a little silly and loud; presently his eyes left them and searched the room for a party he was due to join for a dance, but he was still sitting there when the room—it was of a twilight quality, in spite of the lights within and the full dark outside—livened to confident and exciting music. A thickening parade drifted past him. The men in sack suits, as though they had just come from portentous affairs, and the women in hats, as though they were about to take flight, gave a special impermanence to the scene. This implication that this gathering, uncalculated, clandestine and free, would shortly be broken up into formal series, made him anxious to seize its last minutes, and he looked more and more intently into the crowd for the face of anyone he knew.

One face emerged suddenly around a man's upper arm, not five feet away, and for a moment Anthony was the object of the saddest and most tragic regard that had ever been directed upon him. It was a smile and not a smile—two big gray eyes with bright triangles of color under them, and a mouth twisted into a lovely pity that seemed to include both him and herself, yet, withal, the expression not of a victim, but rather of the very demon of tender melancholy, and for the first time he really saw Josephine.

(Continued on Page 81)

OFF THE ARM

By DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

I FIRST met Sally through her husband, Hugh Cass. One might think there could be no more conventional way to meet a lady. But Sally managed at once to give the meeting a touch of the unusual and the informal without half trying.

"This is Mr. Wadleigh, Sally," said Cass, as I came, puffing and panting, with him into their living room.

"Mr. Waddle?" said Sally, and giggled.

It was the sweetest voice and the most musical giggle imaginable, but there was a flicker in the girl's brown eyes which showed that it was a deliberate comment on my gait. I have no doubt that I was waddling. I am short and stout, and I had just toiled after the long-legged Cass up four flights of steep French stairs. Their apartment was at the top of a house in the Cour du Dragon, a picturesque remainder of an older Paris—indeed, across the street was a building in which D'Artagnan and some of his companion musketeers had stabled their horses, and the place was old even in D'Artagnan's day; the hôtel at one corner had been the town house of a noble of Louis XI's uneasy court.

"The name is Wad-leigh, not Waddle," said Hugh Cass, with a precise dignity which verged upon anger.

"Howdy, Mr. Waddle—ee!" said Sally, with the grin of a *gamine*. Cass had taken her by surprise. She was standing on a chair, when he burst in upon her, fixing with thumb tacks a water-color sketch over an ugly scar high up on the wall. She made me a curtsy like a child's, and the rickety chair curtsied with her dangerously. Having accomplished this demurely acrobatic feat, she jumped lightly to the floor with a swish of bobbed hair and slender legs.

"Mr. Gerald Wadleigh, the novelist," insisted Cass, making the further presentation an added rebuke. The bridge of his high nose was red with vexation.

"Why not Waddle?" said Sally, refusing to be rebuked. The grin on the creature's vivid face turned to a smile as sweet as her voice, as she gave me her slim hand, and from that instant I was her slave.

There was something in the girl's quality that made me not only pardon her rudeness but want more of it, as if it were a sauce to cookery. The truth is, I felt complimented. I was forty and fat and bald, and this child—she looked seventeen and was actually nineteen at that time—had immediately taken me into a kind of impudent comradeship. After one frank, appraising stroke of her eyes, she had assumed that I was a good enough fellow to laugh over being called Waddle. I liked it; it took fifteen years off me mentally in an instant. But Hugh Cass scowled.

"Sally!" he cried. No one could have liked his voice. It lashed. She had obviously been about to give him a welcoming kiss, but his tone and manner struck the intention from her.

"Don't be a stuffed shirt all the time, Mr. Hugh Cass!" she flared. "Can't you ever forget you're a great man and a great genius, and just be ordinary folks now and then?"

It was too hard a blow. It struck Cass right where he lived. They stood and sulked at each other. But she was hardly done speaking before she was sorry. Her flare-up came from nothing deeper than a hurt that would have been obliterated at once if he had gone and put an arm around her. But he did not. His anger grew.

Stuffed shirt! The blithe, direct American slang crystallized for me all my doubts about Cass. I had known him a couple of months, and had been attracted to him by his appearance and his enthusiasms, and it had interested me to study one of my countrymen in that strange transitional stage toward a pseudo-Europeanism which so many with an artistic bent experience. For Cass was one of those Americans living abroad who have not yet made up their minds whether they are to be born again as French or as English. He had a French beard and he had an English accent, both a little too carefully cultivated. He was the son of a respectable upstate New Yorker who ran a grocery store, was proud of him, and sent him a check every month. But Cass—though accepting the check—shuddered away from the paternal grocery store, from his bourgeois beginnings, from his early fame as class poet at a fresh-water college; he was beginning to shudder away from America generally.

Nevertheless, he had shown me some verse and prose sketches that made me think the stuffing behind the shirt was not altogether cotton waste. He was big and handsome, and although he was not yet thirty, he appeared to know more about all the arts than anyone who has ever lived, including Leonardo da Vinci, whom he generously approved. He talked artistic modernism with an eloquence and fervor and, frequently, with a charm that must have convinced me if I had been able to understand what he was talking about. Why he bothered with me I was at first unable to determine, for I make my living turning out mystery stories, detective tales, and sentimental he-and-she romances of adventure—everything Hugh Cass was pledged to abominate. But I found that he was studying me just as I was him; writers and fish have these cannibal propensities.

"I Read One of Your Stories Last Week That Was Just as Lovey-Dovey as That Too!"

Cass was the center of a little group of serious thinkers who took in his words and his food and his wine, and ministered to his sense of his own importance. But, beyond this group, and in no wise associated with it, were several real workers who thought Cass might have something in him. It was in the air that any year Cass might emerge from among the hundreds of facile talkers into the rare performer. His wife, calling him a "stuffed shirt," had slashed at his egotism, and he wanted to choke her.

But she was already half choked with tears, repentant.

"There's one thing you've got to learn about us, Waddle," she said to me, "and that is we fight all the time and we don't really mean it at all."

She went up to him and hesitatingly patted his arm.

"Do we, Hugeous?" she appealed.

"Of course not," he had the grace to say, although his anger had not subsided. But he did give her the answering pat she was begging for, and even though it was perfunctory, she smiled at once.

Reassured, she immediately put her foot in it again.

"I'm a terrible drawback to Hugeous," she said, fingering Cass' coat lapels. "He's got such a swell line and I'm so common at times." She snuggled against him like an affectionate pup. "I'm a regular little guttersnipe, ain't I, Hugeous?" And like an affectionate pup that is out of favor, she got pushed aside—literally.

She was instantly hurt. "I really meant you've got a swell line," she said; "I wasn't kidding you, Hugh!"

His manner still rebuffed her, however, and it was with a change of tone that she went on—as if quite willing to sting him a little, and knowing exactly how to do it.

"You've known Waddle here a couple of months now," she said; "and I suppose you've told him how you happened to marry me. All your friends get to wondering—the way you sometimes treat me makes them wonder."

I really sympathized with Cass at this juncture. All I had been able to do for some moments was to make gurgling noises in my throat and edge toward the door. I knew I ought to get out of there at once, but I kept wanting, from moment to moment, to hear what the candid little wretch would say next, and my curiosity overcame my sense of decency; I stayed and listened. She struck me as pathetic; all she needed was a good hug from Cass, whom she obviously worshiped, and she would have behaved herself at once.

Cass had the tawny hair of a lion and a rich voice that vibrated like the plucked strings of a cello—the two seemed to complement each other, somehow. He shook his mane and loosened all his music as he began:

"Sally, don't you think that you have gone quite far enough with this—this abysmally ——"

Words failed him for once in his life, but his gesture supplied: "This abysmally crude, this disgusting, this incredible exhibition."

Sally declined to be squelched. It was not merely bruised affection that spoke as she went on but a sudden bubbling delight in her own deviltry.

"I was trying to learn to draw at the Art Students' League and working in a hash house when Hugeous met me—I was dealing them off the arm," said Sally—"and he fell for me because he thought I had a domestic touch. And

I fell for him because he packed such a swell vocabulary. Waddle, you must have heard that big boy there make the parts of speech lie down and roll over and jump through colored hoops! The dictionary is just a tank full of trained seals for Hugeous, and ——"

But the expression on Cass' face was such that even Sally had to stop. She was swiftly remorseful again, and again she ran to him, and again he repudiated her.

"Oh, big boy," she cried, "you know I wouldn't really hurt you for a billion berries!"

Cass turned to me with the beginning of a sonorous apology, and his air toward both Sally and myself was more patronizing than anything Augustus Cæsar, Doctor Johnson and Mussolini, rolled into one, could have managed.

"See here, Mr. Hugh Cass!" cried Sally. "If you're going to beg his pardon for the way I act, I'll crown you—I'll crown you with this samovar!"

She reached for it. Since it was going to be used for that domestic purpose, rather than its more genial function of tea making—Cass had asked me home to tea with him—I thought the time had really come for me to go away from there. I heard the sweet brat's voice rising into something like a wail as I went down the stairs—she was once more begging for forgiveness—and was tempted to go back. As I emerged into the cobbled street and glanced across at the place where the musketeers had stabled their horses, I reflected that were I D'Artagnan, it would be the simplest thing in the world to whistle up Porthos or one of the other homicidal bullies and carry the girl off—her husband didn't seem to want her very badly, anyhow. But this is the twentieth century—whatever that means—and I was not D'Artagnan; I was merely a bald, fat writer of lowbrow fiction. I sighed and mopped that brow, and went on.

Just why Sally did not strike me as too rude to sigh over, as hundreds of her unlessoned sisters might, is something that I cannot explain. In one glimpse I had seen enough impertinence displayed to accouter a dozen militant flappers, but I have never been able to explain Sally, or to mitigate her, or to excuse her, or to do anything but adore her.

But I couldn't understand why Cass himself should be so excessively annoyed. He wasn't, I knew, when he found slang and spicy candor and rudeness among the women of his own little group of satellites; those qualities were all a part of the pose which they professed. But Sally got his goat, as she would have said herself. And he could not forgive her for it. He didn't even try. The fact that she loved him devotedly seemed only to irritate him more. I suppose Cass was already seeing himself as a celebrity at this time, and trying to fit Sally into his picture of what a celebrity's wife should be, and Sally refused to fit in.

A couple of weeks after our first meeting, I met her again by chance. She was sitting alone on a bench in the Luxembourg Gardens, sketching, and she hailed me cheerily.

"Come and feed the pigeons, Waddle," she said. "I want to make a sketch of a fat man feeding pigeons."

I posed for her, and she chuckled as she worked. When she showed me the sketch, I was obliged to confess that she had taken a good deal of liberty with me. She had drawn me as an egg, surrounded by a dozen pigeons, all bigger than the egg, who were looking with fondness at me—the egg was quite recognizable as me, for she had unmistakably endowed it with my features, and you knew that when that egg moved, it would move with my rolling gait. It brought home to me a little more clearly than I quite liked what my general shape is and how bald I am. The pigeons were all regarding the egg with a look that was the very essence of saccharine pride; they were proprietory and doting, and had the air of a bevy of Victorian aunts looking at the family hope. She had written under the sketch: Such a Good Little Egg!

"You are, you know, Waddle," she said. And then, with a devastating simplicity: "I read one of your stories last week that was just as lovey-dovey as that too!" She laughed and gave me a fugitive little pat on the sleeve. "Don't get sore," she said. "Lots of people like that kind of tripe!"

While I rubbed my head—I should always feel afterward that it was naked to the fond glances of cooing doves—she accomplished one of her quick transitions of mood.

"Ikey the Agent is dead," she said. "He used to speak of you."

"Did you know Ikey?" I exclaimed.

"Know him!" said she. "Why, that dear old Yid practically brought me up—not that I ever was brought up."

Ikey used to be an institution in New York; he sold tons of thrillers, which he never read, to sensational magazines. He looked a little like Punch and a little like Walter Hampden made up for Shylock, but I think he was the most charitable man, Gentile or Jew, that I have ever known. His specialty was getting hold of broken-down newspapermen, discarded failures, taking them to his house on the Brooklyn water front, feeding them, resting them, instructing them how to write salable stuff, and handling their subsequent output as literary agent. He kept a stable of wind-broken horses. Sometimes they were grateful, sometimes they were not; some of them even beat him out of their board bills. Ikey was the last hope of the desperate, and he did his kind deeds simply and secretly.

I have seen a story written between nine A. M. and three P. M. under Ikey's auspices, sold and paid for before five P. M. and the entire proceeds lost at poker before midnight. Ikey sold my first story, nearly twenty years ago, and I had always kept in touch with him since, but it had been years since I had visited his home.

"Poor old Woof-woof," said Sally, giving Ikey one of his several nicknames. "They finally peeled the house off of him, too, before he cashed in."

She had lived five or six years at Ikey's house. "The formative years of my life," she told me with a self-satirizing grin. "One hell of a *milieu* for a *jeune fille*, what?

"My old man died there when I was ten years old," she explained simply. "T B and hooch. Old Ikey Woof-woof buried him and staked me to the eats. If it hadn't been for Ikey, I'd have gone plumb to Hades. But I scoffed and dossed there, and I learned to cook and mix drinks and wait on the table—I started in life dealing them off the arm. And that bunch of hamstrung has-beens knew all about the fine arts, too, believe me, kid. They'd seen 'em from the underside! Sometimes I wish I was back there listening to that outfit wrangling over how to write and draw—and helping Mrs. Ikey roast the goose for the Sunday dinner. We always turned on the phonograph and danced when I came in with the cocktails. We used to get bill collectors soused and have 'em stay to dinner and borrow what money they had. It wasn't Ritzy society stuff, Waddle, but it was friendly. Poor old Woof-woof!"

She wiped her eyes, childlike, on the back of her hand. I began to understand her better—her habits of speech and her direct, flippant attack. "I loved that bunch," she sighed; "and I was everybody's little sister—I was raised

(Continued on Page 88)

"Suppose it is Bad Work—it's Work, Anyhow—and I Never Heard of Any of You Wise-Crackers Doing Any!"

TOLL BRIDGE

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

I Do Myself Rather Well on the Next Deal and Bid Three No-Trump. I Make it, Too, But it Would Have Been a Sad Story for Me if Brice Hadn't Muffed the Message Behind One of Sadie's Discards

MY DEAR!" gasps Olivia. "Are you intimating that the Streeters cheat at bridge?"

"Of course they do," I returns, "but they don't know it. Two folks playing together as long as they have can't help cheating. To them, every hesitation, every lip movement, every flick of an eyelid's a signal painted on a white-washed fence in black letters ten feet high. Luke can tell in an instant whether Sadie's three-heart bid's a push-over, a gamble with the milk money, or a leap out on a limb for a force-up."

"Maybe they do understand each other," says the missis, "but there's no law against that, is there?"

"No," I admits. "Any set game's bound to become technically crooked after a while. That's why practically every club compels the boys and girls to pivot."

"Perhaps," suggests Olivia, "if you were to study me and my moods a bit more ——"

"Wouldn't do any good," I cuts in. "The Streeters can play rings around us to begin with, and besides, have too long a start. By the time we got as intimate with our inner thoughts as they are, the sheriff'd be out on the porch auctioning off the bird's-eye-maple bedroom set."

"Well," says the frau, "we can't play against each other. There's no percentage in that."

"True," I comes back, "but where's the pretty, pretty percentage in putting the bee on the bank roll for Luke Streeter and his sister? They're not our friends any more—they're paid companions. Fifty-eight dollars last week, nearly seventy tonight, and there's no telling when they'll up and ask for a raise in salary."

"Our luck'll turn," predicts Olivia.

"Yeh," I grunts. "It's been turning for six months now—like a pneumatic drill, getting us deeper and deeper in the hole. I'm afraid we'll have to pass 'em up and pick on somebody our size."

"How do you get that—our size?" demands the missis. "I know more about contract than Sadie Streeter's forgotten—I mean ——"

"Never mind what you mean," I interrupts. "That eighteen-hundred-point wallop you took on the chin's the tip-off."

"I wouldn't have been set at all," she snaps, "if you'd 've displayed as much intelligence as a gnat. The idea of you taking me out with only four spades to the queen!"

"I was trying to show you weakness," says I.

"You don't have to show me weakness, ever!" shoots over Olivia. "I can always see that just by looking at you."

"Even so," I returns, sarcastic, "you can't go to six hearts on my retreating chin and watery eyes. Anyhow, I'm through being a pay roll. If you want to play with the Streeters, get yourself another partner. I hear there's an agency in town that supplies companions for lonely women."

"I think I'll try it," says she. "Even if they send me a backward Eskimo, it'll be so much velvet. He'll know enough, at any rate, not to lead me a club when I've been discarding high diamonds for an hour."

"Probably," I agrees, "when he once fathoms your quaint device of discarding from fright or from a feeling that the Swiss tariff on Irish lace's unfair to Uruguay. I couldn't tell by your sloughs this evening whether you wanted a diamond or a pair of onyx earrings."

"Of course you couldn't, you dear," coos Olivia. "That's why you played a spade you'd reneged on and let Sadie get rid of the losing club that'd have set her."

"Oh, all right," I growls. "Have it my way, but ——"

"Pardon me for intruding my aged personality at this point," remarks Uncle Joe Brice, "but how long does this go on as a rule?"

"Hours and hours. This hut's pointed out by the sight-seeing busses as The House of a Thousand Post-Mortems."

"Do you have to play bridge?" inquires Brice.

"No," I replies, "I don't have to. I do it naturally and with considerable skill, but that niece of yours is undoubtedly ——"

"Undoubtedly," cuts in Uncle Joe, "but you never seem to notice it when you come home with the loot. You folks were probably taken tonight because you didn't have the tickets—or don't you have to have 'em in contract?"

"The papers and the child'll do you no harm," says I, "but it takes more than mere cards and spades to get the message to Garcia in this pastime. A pair of slickers'll make a grand slam and the rent money out of the same lay-out that a couple of retailers wouldn't get to first base with. You get only what you bid for in contract, and what you bid depends on the information you trade over the table."

"I should imagine," observes Brice, "that Olivia would make an excellent partner. She was never what you would call a reticent child ——"

"Says you and says me!" I interjects. "There never was a chattier chit, but it doesn't help my heart make any to learn that Annabel Miffle's domestic affairs have gone tabloid. What I want's the scandal about her hand."

"Lots of good it'd do you," sniffs the little lady. "I could draw it in pictures or put it in Braille and still it'd mean no more to you than a Mozart mazurka would to a deaf-mute Digger Indian. I certainly did you a dirty trick, uncle, when I made you an in-law to this."

"That's all right," declares the big-hearted Brice. "The Seven Sutherland Sisters didn't know anything about contract, either, but they still had beautiful hair. Pete may yet work out to be an indulgent husband and a credit to the community at large."

"I wish he was at large," says Olivia. "As far as I'm concerned, he'll never be anything but a symptom of something chronic."

"Yeh," I grunts. "A chronic casualty of your misplays."

"Better pipe down, you two," suggests the elder statesman. "Remember the woman out West who shot her husband over a bridge hand?"

"Well and favorably," returns my wife. Brice picks this as a good spot for a detour.

"For my weight and age," says he, "I used to wave a pretty red flag in auction, but contract's a mystery to me ——"

"You and Pete," chimes in Olivia.

"How," inquires Brice, "would you like to teach me the pastime—this greatest of American indoor spats?"

"Sure," I comes back.

"I laugh immoderately," announces the wife. "If you really want to learn the game, I'm the ——"

"I laugh immoderately, doubled," says I. "You don't want to take lessons in revoking and leading out of turn, do you?"

"Suppose," offers Uncle Joe, "you both take me on. One of you can teach me the dance routine and the other the dialogue. After I get the hang of the game I'll cut in when you're playing the Streeters. That'll bust up a lot of perfect understandings, and some not so perfect, and, besides, bring a glow of peace and benevolence to the bridge table. You might even win enough from me to ——"

"But," demurs Olivia, "I don't want to take money from you."

"Don't you worry," says Brice, pulling her to his lap. "Anything I lose means only so much less residue for my residuary legatee, once you've buried me with simple honors."

II

THE following Tuesday we again play with the Streeters, and we're once more taken to the cleaners in a big way. Luke and his sister run shoestrings into tanneries by dovetailing their bids, while Olivia and I don't get together as often as a couple of Australian sheep herders. There's some difference of opinion as to where the fault lies, but at two in the morning the responsibility's still unfixed. That night Uncle Joe shows up for his lesson.

"Now, listen," says he. "I'm here for contract, not conflict. I've kept unmarried for a purpose. Please respect that purpose. All I want from you is the rules and regulations of the game, the simple rudiments that even you agree upon. There are some, aren't there?"

"The merest handful," I returns, "but you can count upon a peaceful and instructive evening, unaccustomed as we are to such. We are not unmindful of the fact that you're our wealthy bachelor uncle ——"

"That's the spirit," interrupts Brice heartily. "Bring on the deck and let's to our learning."

"Do I understand," I opens up, "that you used to play a bouncing rubber of auction?"

"I always agreed with myself that I did," he replies, "but then I never went to the altar for a real criticism. May I also add that I've seldom been called to the phone when Lenz or Whitehead was asked for?"

"You're a very lucky lad," I tells him, "to be getting that kind of service. I'm regularly called to the phone when Annie or the Aquarium is asked for, but that's neither here nor in the operating room at St. Luke's. We're talking about contract, aren't we?"

"Are we?" inquires Uncle Joe politely.

"Contract," I explains, "is no different from auction except in the bidding ——"

"And the scoring," contributes Olivia.

"My dear," says I coldly, "there are some buttons upstairs that need shirts sewed onto them. Will you kindly attend to it and leave the menfolks to their mulled wine and walnuts?"

"I'll do nothing of the sort," she flares. "It's my uncle who wants to learn auction, not yours."

"Selfish!" I scowls. "Won't even split an uncle with me."

Uncle Joe

"Keep this up," yelps Uncle Joe Brice, "and there'll be no uncle to split. He'll just disappear in a cloud of codicils. Come on. 'Livy, you tell me how the game goes."

The frau picks up where I'd left off, going into a detailed diagram of the bidding and the scoring, with side excursions into "vulnerability" and the other features that distinguish contract bridge from a bad crop year in the Yakima Valley.

"The points sure run high, loose and liberal in this pastime," remarks the old-timer. "How do you keep from confusing the count with the 1930 census figures?"

"That's easy," says I. "You put your fingers in the mouth of the census figures. If they bite you they're contract scores. How'd you like to have the game really explained to you by one in the know?"

"Shoot," invites Brice. "I'm always willing to listen to both sides of any question."

"Suit yourself," shrugs Olivia. "You might learn shark fishing from what he tells you, but you won't even get a faint clew to contract."

"That's all right," says Uncle Joe. "I've always been rather keen about shark fishing. Let's go."

I decides to do my explaining with a couple of hands dealt face up. In my mitt are the ace-king of spades and the ace of hearts. The rest of the cards are so much riffraff. Brice has a fair bunch of pushers, but nothing you could bid on even if you were playing for matches and trying to save a rubber.

"In auction," I begins, "you'd throw this hand in the ash pit. But not so in contract. I'd say one club."

"A club!" exclaims Brice. "Why, you've only got four of 'em to the nine."

"Very true," I admits, with a trace of condescension, "but I'd bid a club even if I was blank in 'em. This is what is known to us adepts as the Vanderbilt convention. I'm merely telling you that I have three quick tricks."

"I see," says Uncle Joe. "What am I supposed to do—blush prettily and pass?"

"You can blush as prettily as you please," I returns, "but you must never pass. With your fist two courses are open. You can either go to one without or ——"

"—— you can call a meeting of your creditors," horns in Olivia. "Bid a no-trump on that mess and you'll sleep in the streets. Why waste your time with the Vanderbilt convention? It's as *passé* as a poke bonnet. Nowadays nobody plays it but grocers' adopted daughters and notaries whose commissions have expired."

"I rather like it," observes Brice. "In fact, I'm for anything associated with the Vanderbilts. Look what they've done with the Grand Central Station."

"A noble piece of work," I agrees, "but let's sidetrack the Central and get back to our beagle hounds. Perhaps your hand is a bit weak for a bid. In that case, you say a diamond, which indicates you haven't anything but a sunny disposition and a date with your dentist next Wednesday afternoon."

"I trust," says Uncle Joe, "I'm not left in it. After all, three square-cuts to the seven are nothing to parade the troops for."

"I wouldn't leave my worst enemy with the diamond," I assures him. "The chances are I'd go to a no-trump."

"Sure," cuts in the missis, "and if he was pressed any he'd go to seven of 'em. Ever since he heard of the Vanderbilt convention he thinks he is Vanderbilt."

"Personally," says Brice, "I think that club bid is the sliced sausage. I'll bet it gets you into jams seventy-five times out of a hundred like the double of a one no-trump. If your opponent has a good hand and you have a hot one, what can your partner have?"

"Good gosh!" I exclaims. "He's just sat down at the table and is already criticizing the food!"

Sadie

I deals another sample hand, and this time I treats myself royally. I've a flock of spades with three honors, the ace-king of hearts and a peck of portraiture in the other suits. Uncle Joe has the two black aces, three other spades and a blank in diamonds.

"What would you bid with that layout?" he asks. "Three coal heavers?"

"I would in auction," I replies, "but not in contract. I'd open up with two, which is the strongest of all makes, and you'd have to keep the bidding open, going to a couple of no-trumps if you had no help. This is the way our hands'd work out: After my starter, you'd jump to three spades and I'd come back with four hearts to tip you that I had the top of the suit. You'd name five clubs, thus placing the ace for me. I'd then call five spades and you'd run to six diamonds ——"

"Without a diamond?" demands Brice.

"Because you're without a diamond," says I. "You'd be telling me you had no losing tricks in the suit. Thereupon I'd bid seven spades and we'd make a grand slam without any trouble. Wouldn't we, honey?"

"I doubt it," declares the frau. "The material's there, but the chances are you'd block yourself or renege or something, and finish up with a handsome enameled set."

"She's not a wife," says I. "She's just a pal. . . . Beginning to get an idea of the game, Unk?"

"It's sitting on my lap and calling me papa," he answers, "but I've been wondering what the result'd be if you happened to be watching a dog fight at the moment and left me in that six-diamond bid."

"I wouldn't worry about that," says I. "The best hostesses are no longer featuring dog fights at bridge parties. There's enough battling going on as it is."

"I should imagine there would be," remarks Brice. "Never have I seen a game where your partner could do you so dirty. You sure got to play it in cahoots."

"Pete does," offers Olivia—"in cahoots with the opponents."

"I have to," says I. "I can't get any help from you. You wouldn't throw me a deuce if I was drowning."

"Lay off, love birds," growls Uncle Joe, "and get on with the lesson. I expect to get a diploma and a scholarship before I leave. Where do we go from where we were?"

We resume play with cold hands, Olivia kibitzing from the sidelines. The old boy's quick on the pick-up and in an hour or so he's far enough along in contract to take care of himself in the clinches. I'm about to ring the bell and dismiss the class when the missis reminds me that we haven't introduced Brice to the goulash.

"What's that?" he wants to know. "Or am I too young to be told?"

"A goulash," says I, "is to contract what spit-in-the-ocean is to a poker game—a pain in the neck, no matter who writes the nation's songs. It's got about as much business in sound bridge as a silk hat has at a clambake. It's the ——"

"All right," cuts in Uncle Joe, "but let's get to the meat of the goulash. How do you do it, and when?"

"When everybody passes," I explains, "all the hands are thrown together counter-clockwise and dealt without shuffling, five, five and three. Then the partners exchange cards, one, two and three. The result is a lot of cock-eyed mitts and slam bids. It's not at all unusual to gather thirteen of a suit and then have it topped a couple of times by bozos holding thirteen cards in a higher suit."

"The goulash doesn't click so heavy with me," says Brice, "but I expect I'm going to like contract. It ought to be a great game when you once know your people."

"Yeh," I grunts, "like the Streeters know each other, for example."

"Well," opines Uncle Joe, "I don't imagine it'll take me long to tumble to their stuff. I'm a fairly good journeyman when it comes to reading folks' faces."

"You can read Sadie's between the lines," suggests Olivia.

"That's just so much meow," says I. "Sadie's a looker in any league. She may not be eighteen again for quite a while, but she still puts enough it on the ball to talk traffic cops out of tickets."

"I've met Streeter," remarks Uncle Joe Brice, "but his sister's an unknown soldier to me. How old do you think she is?"

"About thirty," I ventures.

"About that," agrees the wife, "not counting leap years and the anno dominis ending in odd numbers. Sadie's been forty so long they're thinking of using her for a parallel of latitude."

(Continued on Page 142)

"How Do You Get That—Our Size?" Demands the Missis. "I Know More About Contract Than Sadie Streeter's Forgotten"

THE OVERTHROW IN SPAIN

By Isaac F. Marcosson

A WISE observer of political conditions in Europe said toward the close of 1929: "It is the nemesis of dictatorships that they make all changes difficult and dangerous, and the more difficult and dangerous the longer they are deferred."

The overthrow of Primo de Rivera in Spain last January is a case in point. For at least two years the utterances of the dictator constituted a continuous promise to formulate a constitution and to retire. But a promise in Spain, as someone aptly put it, is "a benevolent attitude toward the consideration of the idea, with no commitment of the will." In other words, the well-known *mañana*, which means "tomorrow."

In consequence, the dictatorship became a day-to-day government in a chronic state of crisis. This, in turn, impeded the orderly course of economic events, as the eventual fall of the peseta showed. More important was the decline in national morale. Instead of wavering between conservatism and liberalism, or their equivalents, as obtains in most other countries, the issue was between absolutism and constitutionalism. The sense of citizenship was largely aborted.

A unique reckoning was imposed. The mandate that made for Primo's accession to power was pinned to the point of a bayonet, for he had the army's support at the start. The time inevitably came when those bayonets, like the thumbs in the ancient Roman arena, were pointed down. He rose by the sword, bloodlessly to be sure, and figuratively he fell by the sword. The decision of the leading military chiefs, to whom he referred his fate, put him out. He was doomed, however, long before that final and fateful decision. Like many another Napoleon, whether in the stock market, the wheat or cotton pit, or in public life, he did not know when to quit.

The transfer of authority in Spain may signify much more than the fall of a régime that for six years and three months had wielded an autocratic power. It registers the first break in the chain of Continental dictatorships forged since the close of the World War. Perhaps the twilight of the dictatorial gods is setting in. In any event, the shift has world-wide interest and significance.

A mere change of premiers does not mean that there has been a complete reversal in Spain. Primo's successor, Gen. D'Amaso Berenguer, is also a soldier. Moreover, he took over the Ministry of War in the new cabinet, which does not include outstanding representatives of the old political parties. At best, it may be regarded as a transitional body—what the Spaniards call a "cabinet bridge"—to function until the long-deferred election to name a parliament of the people. During the entire Primo adventure, the Cortes, as the national legislative body of Spain is known, was suspended. A so-called Consultative Assembly, named by the dictator and therefore highly reactionary—it was merely a debating society—went through legislative motions. Its counterpart today is Mussolini's Corporative Parliament, elected in the yes-yes election.

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY SPANISH TOURIST INF. OFFICE, N. Y. C.

A Street Scene in Seville

Knights Street in the "Spanish Village" of the International Exposition at Barcelona

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY

The American-Built Skyscraper That Dominates All Madrid

Four encouraging signs marked the beginning of the Berenguer administration. One was that the succession was made without bloodshed and became a simple transfer of office without dramatic high lights. It is worth noting, in this connection, that the entire Primo period, despite sporadic army revolts since 1926, to say nothing of endless student uprisings, was not marred by a single serious, sanguinary clash.

The second was Berenguer's immediate declaration of allegiance to the Constitution of 1876. This constitution, which had been effective until Primo came into office, is a liberal instrument guaranteeing adequate popular representation. Primo suppressed it completely. Government was by decree. Berenguer further declared that judicial normalcy would return. Under Primo, trial by jury was abolished.

Third is a quasi-freedom of the press, despite the appointment of a new censor. Until four months before he went into the discard, Primo clamped the lid down hard on free expression of opinion. As in Italy, no criticism of the government was permitted. Frequently, at the end of an official statement by the dictator, you would see the words "obligatory insertion." Toward the close of his dictatorship Primo eased the ban to permit some degree of discussion of the proposed new constitution. When I was in Spain in December, I was surprised to see adverse comment on the dictator and his doings in some of the Madrid newspapers. Various books derogatory to the régime were to be had everywhere. The dictator's number was up. The weariness that I noted in his appearance when I went to see him shortly before Christmas was matched by a let-down in his one-time iron rule. Vocally and physically he gave evidence that his stern administrative race was nearly run.

The fourth heartening evidence of change in policy was the broad amnesty declared on February sixth pardoning political and military offenders. The former list included numerous eminent philosophers and educators like Prof. Miguel Unamuno, former rector of the University of Salamanca, who had been in exile in France for more than three years.

On the other side there was former Premier Sanchez Guerra, who headed the abortive revolt against Primo in January, 1929. Every officer who had figured in the various uprisings since 1925 received a pardon. It meant a consolidation of the military arm behind the new order.

A Three-Phase Dictatorship

IT IS worth noting that this amnesty was declared on the first anniversary of the death of the Queen Mother, Maria Christina. There was more than a sentimental reason behind this circumstance. The Queen Mother had a profound dislike for Primo de Rivera and objected to his method of government. It is no secret in Spain that she largely inspired the revolt led by Sanchez Guerra.

On the other hand, Spain, so far as strong and big-visioned leadership is concerned, has no windfall in Berenguer. He lacks the indomitable will that drove the Primo autocracy through its years of stormy waters. As High Commissioner to Morocco during part of the ill-fated period of the war with Abd-el-Krim, he was a conspicuous failure. When Primo de Rivera assumed personal command of the African war shortly after his accession to dictatorial power, Berenguer had been tried by court-martial for his omissions in Africa and given a prison sentence. That sentence was never imposed. The king pardoned him and in 1926

appointed him to be head of his military household. This act on the part of Alfonso constituted the first rift in the relations between the dictator and his monarch, a breach that was to widen with each succeeding year.

The history of the Spanish dictatorship falls into three periods. The first, dating from September, 1923, when Primo assumed authority, lasted until the close of 1925. It was dominated by a military directorate. Early in 1926, with the dawn of the second phase, a so-called Civil Directorate composed of three generals, an admiral and five civilians was set up. The third commenced in 1927, when a civil cabinet with Primo as premier and president—his official title was *presidente*—was constituted. Then began

The Right Tower of the Palace of Spain in the Ibero-American Exhibition, Seville

the stalling about a constitution which continued until the final act of the drama.

During the entire dictatorship Primo enjoyed what amounted to undisputed authority. Government was by decree. The king signed the dictator's mandates on the dotted line without a murmur. Save for instances such as the appointment of Berenguer to his household and the pardoning of army officers implicated in the various revolts, he exercised no arbitrary rights. Primo was the whole show.

Twelve Cabinets in Five Years

IN SPAIN, as in Italy and Poland, the contributory factors to dictatorship were largely identical. All the iron hands seemed to have been invoked primarily by kindred parliamentary chaos aggravated, as was the case in Italy, by communist agitation. The red seed is always most effective when planted in the soil of unrest.

Spain was a welter of political parties. There were seven in all, headed by the traditional Conservatives and Liberals. It reached the point where no single group could maintain a government. Between 1918 and September 13, 1923, the date of Primo's coup d'état, there were exactly twelve cabinets, each more inept than its predecessor. The rotative method of alternation in office, which had begun during the regency, when Alfonso was a boy king, dulled patriotism and made spoils the chief objective of many installed in high places. No wonder that Antonio Maura, who had been premier five times, once exclaimed: "Let those govern who impede government!"

This impasse was intensified for two reasons which eventually brought matters to a head. The first was the war in Morocco, which had raged intermittently since 1909. It became, as one authority stated it: "A bottomless sea for the exchequer and an endless drain on young lives." The crowning disaster came at Anual, in 1921, when Spain lost 10,000 men at the hands of a comparatively few Arab tribesmen under that doughty old chieftain Abd-el-Krim. Each succeeding month witnessed some fresh reverse. A committee of inquiry to fix responsibility held hearings both in Morocco and Madrid. It found that graft and corruption were rampant in the supply department. It recommended that various generals on active service receive death penalties. This report was promptly shelved and the ghastly affair across the Mediterranean went on. Spain's foreign prestige became increasingly impaired. The whole country cried out for reprisal, yet, at the beginning of the autumn of 1923, the vacillating government was about to conclude what was considered to be a shameful peace.

Second was the acute situation in Catalonia. This province for many decades has been the center of a strong nationalistic movement which took two forms. One, under the banner of the Separatists, stood for complete divorce from Spain and the establishment of a Catalan government. The Catalans are a proud and passionate people with their own language, traditions and literature. Barcelona, the principal city, is the most important industrial community in Spain and contains more millionaires than the rest of the country combined. Catalonia provides 80 per cent of the national revenue. The other wing comprises the Regionalists, who are willing to continue as part of the Spanish nation, but with autonomy.

Primo de Rivera

In one respect, Barcelona is something like Munich, in that she is the seat of the two extremes of political thought. On the employer side, reaction is strongly entrenched, while among the workers, communism has a firm hold. Between these two classes a continuous and sometimes bloody duel was waged. In the early part of 1923 the reign of terror—337 employers and workers were killed and 434 wounded in riots and strikes—reached the stage where it had to be ruthlessly put down by Gen. Martinez Anido, who subsequently became Minister of the Interior when Primo formed his first directorate. An ominous calm followed. September, 1923, therefore, found Spain about completely in the grip of dissension at home and increasing misfortune abroad.

We now come to another similarity in the establishment of European dictatorships. Without exception, you find that a nation almost invariably turns to autocratic rule in the moment of crisis. During the preceding year, Mussolini and his Fascist cohorts had begun to bring order out of chaos in strike-ridden Italy. It set the precedent for a distracted Spain.

PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

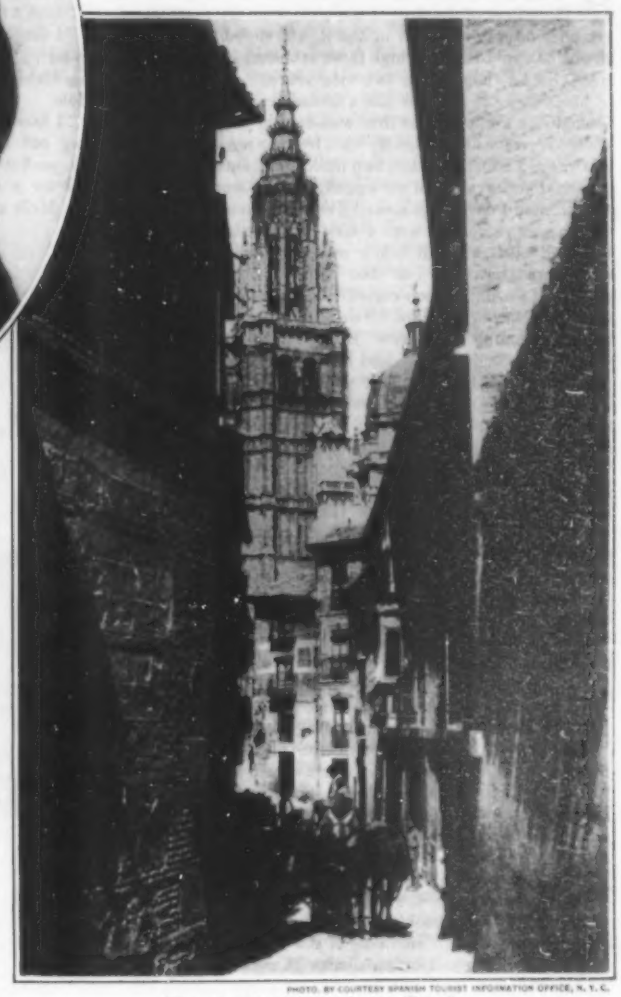
General D'Amade Berenguer

The Call for a Dictator

FOR some years it was widely believed that the Spanish dictatorship was instigated by Primo de Rivera on his own. It has lately been proved that this is not the case. Various revelations last year show that early in 1923, King Alfonso asked Maura to assume the functions of dictator, but the offer was declined. It is also known that early in September the king invited various generals to take on the job, and they also side-stepped. Primo was fourth choice.

In Primo de Rivera the king found a leader who by temperament, training and tradition was equipped to meet the troubled hour. A grandee by birth, and a gallant soldier, as he had proved in the Philippines, Cuba and Morocco, he was a loyal monarchist at heart. At the same time he had expressed such contempt for politics and politicians as to feel the iron hand of the law on more than one occasion. When Spain's political, economic and military affairs reached the lowest ebb, he was governor general at Barcelona, where he had succeeded in temporarily pacifying both wings of the nationalist movement with a promise of eventual autonomy. The Catalonian job was the final preparation for the bigger task that now confronted him. Bluff, genial, hearty of manner, and always smartly turned out, he has a genuinely winning way. In this respect he is the exact opposite of Mussolini, who is sternness personified. Yet under that amiable exterior reposes the

(Continued on Page 201)



PHOTO, BY COURTESY SPANISH TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE, N. Y. C.

The Street of St. Isabel in Toledo

MR. MOLE

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

The Girl at the Information Desk Received a Pleasant Little Nod of Greeting. Mr. Clark Was Her Favorite Partner in the Concern

JOSEPH L. CLARK, alias Ernest J. Dorrance, alias Edward L. Germaine, alias Arthur B. Luce, member of the investment concern of Dunbart & Clark, walked into the offices of the firm at ten o'clock on the morning of October twenty-seventh, in the joyous mood of an artist about to apply the final high light to the masterpiece upon which he has labored for two long years.

Mr. Clark did not look like a financier any more than he looked like a man whose firm was due, in thirty-five minutes, to receive an unfriendly visit from an assistant state's attorney, a court writ and two husky policemen under the personal supervision of an equally bulky lieutenant. He was slim and dark, and looked five years younger than his thirty-nine years. He wore a dark-blue, double-breasted suit, a small black mustache which curled up—naturally—at the ends, a heavy mass of dark hair which curled—unnaturally—to either side of a sallow forehead, and a general air of happy unconcern. Even the whining whisper of warning which had been poured into the receiver of his telephone while he still lay abed had failed, beyond a sudden start, to prevent the enjoyment of a cold shower and the cold touch of steel as it cut across his blue jaw. The pressing urgency of the whisperer, receiving five hundred dollars for a single telephone call, did not hurry, in the least, Mr. Clark's selection of a light blue broadcloth shirt and matching neck-wear and hose, or vary, to the extent of a single note, the cheery whistle which issued from his lips as he looked around his hotel home for the past two years and bade it a silent farewell.

For Mr. Clark was an artist in time as well as money—a man that knew his Blücher as well as his Napoleon.

The girl at the information desk received a pleasant little nod of greeting. Mr. Clark was her favorite partner in the concern. She liked men who had that extra little touch—such as a white carnation in the buttonhole. She watched him stop at the cashier's cage—where Mr. Mole, who never wore a white carnation and rarely smiled, was looking over the strong box which he had just brought up from the safe-deposit vaults of the bank on the first floor—for a word of greeting before passing into the big private office shared by both members of the firm.

But Mr. George Dunbart, alias Morgan J. Anderson, alias E. J. Schwarz, alias George J. Morgan, Sr., swelling over his ornate chair of yellow leather, did not share, on the face of it, his associate's roseate view of life. His large flat eyes hung heavily on the smiling Mr. Clark, and a dry cigar rolled uneasily on the dead swell of his thick lips.

"Hear anything from Bergman?" he demanded abruptly.

Mr. Clark arranged his light tan polo coat carefully on a hanger, and said pleasantly, "Not a word."

His partner shook himself. "I don't like it," he declared. "I'm nervous. This waitin' for the last minute to steal the cherries ain't in my line. Suppose Bergman gives us the double-cross? He knows the five hundred we slipped him is his whether he gives us the tip or not. Suppose he turns aroun' an' ——"

"Bergman will keep his word," said Mr. Clark confidently.

"Yes?" Mr. Dunbart wondered about it gloomily. "Maybe," he concluded, "but I wish I felt as confident about him as you do. I'd sleep better."

"I sleep like a log, George."

"Don't rub it in, Joe."

"I dream," Mr. Clark went on lightly, "of the seventy grand—all other people's money—tucked away in nice negotiable securities and watched over by the faithful Mr. Mole.

"I know I must smile in my sleep when I dream of stepping out to Mr. Mole and slipping that envelope into my pocket on the pretext that I am going to make a loan for a new deal—and—and then leaving the upright Mr. Mole and the rest while I ——"

"We," corrected Mr. Dunbart with a frown.

"I meant, 'we,'" his partner went on hastily. "—— we make a nice quiet fade-out."

Mr. Dunbart sighed. "I hope it works out the way you got it planned, Joe, but ——"

Just for an instant, Mr. Clark's genial brown eyes took on an added twinkle, a fleeting glimpse of inward mirth. "It will," he assured his partner. "You just light that cigar of yours and sit back. I—I'm going out for a little while, and when I get back we'll sit down and talk this thing out. Not waiting any longer, I mean. I don't want you going to pieces at the last minute."

Mr. Dunbart took a match out of his vest pocket. "You hurry," he urged.

Mr. Clark looked at his wrist watch. It was 10:20. He grinned at the puffed face of his associate. "I never hurry, George. You know that. Crooks hurry. Thieves run. Cheap dips beat it. Joe Clark goes his quiet, unhurried, honest way." He reached for the topcoat on its hanger. "See you later."

In the doorway, coat on arm, he lingered for a moment. "You know, George, the next time I go into business I'm going to pick an honest man for a partner—a monument of righteousness that won't know what all the shooting's about until the patrol wagon has pulled up to the door. These clever crooks get too nervous."

The hot flame from the match twisted itself about Mr. Dunbart's pulpy forefinger, and he dropped it with a curse—a curse that took in the smiling Mr. Clark as well as the smoking splinter of wood on the glass-topped table.

"That goes for me too," he concluded with a snarl. "I'm tired of these crooks that think the Lord gave them the only brain in the world since Napoleon crossed the Alps. I'll take a dumb hick of a crook for mine, after this. You ——"

But the door had closed. With another muttered curse, Mr. Dunbart lit another match and went back to his waiting.

Out at the cashier's cage, Mr. Clark was speaking to his cashier:

"Give me the securities envelope, Mole. Mr. Dunbart and I have decided to go into that copper syndicate. You know, that one I spoke about a few weeks ago? It looks like a big thing. I'm going down to Treadman and see what sort of loan they will make us on the proposition."

"Yes, sir." Mr. Clark hummed a bit from a popular revue as he watched the angular cashier turn from the window to the long green steel box that rested on the top of the safe. As he hummed he thought that Mole, except for his length, was aptly named. Grubbing along on two hundred and fifty dollars a month, saving, pinching, like his hundred and twenty million brother and sister moles. Taking orders. Blind as a bat—or a mole. Neat but shiny in his blue serge suit and his black bow tie. Eternally worried about the pennies that dropped out of his balance sheet between the adding machine and the high desks. He almost said it as the cashier turned from the box with the large envelope in his hairy, bony hand. "Poor Mole!" Instead he smiled and nodded approvingly as he noted that the large wax seals which he had had affixed in his presence several days before were intact. Unlike most security houses, Dunbart & Clark did not approve of the handling of securities, except in the presence of one of the members of the firm. An odd rule, Mr. Clark had admitted to his cashier, but a sound one in a small business where such a procedure would cause no delay—or where, he might have added, sudden subtractions would not be instantly noted by honest but dumb moles.

"Here you are, sir."

"Crooks," Mr. Higgins Was Saying, "Average Up Just Like Other People"

"Thank you, Mole. If—if anybody should come in to see me, I'll be back in an hour."

"Yes, sir." And then, hesitatingly: "Would you mind signing this—this receipt, sir? It's for my own protection. In—in case anything should—er—happen to you, sir, they couldn't say anything was wrong with the accounts. I—I do it with all the salesmen, but this is the first time a member of the firm has ever taken anything from the office. Of—of course, if you'd rather not, sir ——"

Mr. Clark nodded approvingly. "Of course I'll sign. A member of the firm is no better than anybody else where money is concerned, Mole. You're the watchdog of the treasury."

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Clark almost laughed in the old fool's face. Laughed right out loud at his grubbing, persnickety honesty. But the "watchdog" suggested a final touch—a parting little brush stroke.

"By the way, Mole; how much money have we got in the cash drawer?"

The cashier blinked. "Seven hundred dollars, sir. I just checked it over."

"Give me five hundred of it," commanded Mr. Clark carelessly, "and put a white ticket in the drawer. I'll give you a check when I get back. I'm a little short of ready cash."

He flipped up his left wrist. It was 10:28. Mr. Mole's lower jaw hung slack as he counted the money, and then, slowly and painstakingly, recounted it. His principal was amused by the slack, because he knew so well what caused it. Five hundred dollars was more than a "little ready cash" to a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar cashier. It was two months of running adding machines and writing in ledgers and scratching the head with ink-stained fingers; a year, perhaps, of pinching and saving, eating cheap meals and living among cheap people and wearing cheap clothes until they fell apart. Mr. Joseph L. Clark barely resisted an impulse to toss a golden fifty back through the little opening, and with it the suggestion that Mr. Mole take his tired, polite, white face and his shiny blue suit and his black cloth spats out for a real time. Instead he nodded pleasantly, scrawled his initials on the white slip Mr. Mole shoved through the grille, and went past the information desk with its smiling attendant to the outer door. As it closed he kissed his fingers lightly to the lettering on the ground glass.

"Good-by, my Chicago," he murmured lightly; "farewell, my Golden West."

It was 10:33 as the door of a descending elevator opened and Mr. Clark stepped in. But in that brief period of opening and closing a white light flashed and an upward-bound car deposited a thin man in a black overcoat and a derby hat, two heavily breathing policemen and a burly velvet-trimmed lieutenant.

"Perfect," said the departing partner to himself, and smiled proudly.

A patrol wagon was parked before the entrance of the building, surrounded by the usual pushing, peering crowd of onlookers. A beefy policeman lounged over the wheel. Mr. Clark saluted him airily as he stepped out to hail a passing taxi.

"Wilton Hotel," Mr. Clark directed the driver.

Deposited at the main entrance, he strolled carelessly through the lobby and down the stairs to Randolph Street.

"La Salle Street Station," he told the cabman.

At the baggage counter he presented a yellow stub and received a black leather suitcase that had seen better days. Though the gilt letters on the end were nearly obliterated, they still proclaimed the owner of the suitcase to be P. J. M., of New York.

P. J. M. sauntered slowly from the baggage counter to the men's wash room. The room was deserted. Ten minutes later another P. J. M. stepped out of the room. A P. J. M., in a dark topcoat. A smooth-faced P. J. M., who mopped his shiny bald spot in full view of the hurrying crowd before making his way to the ticket window where he purchased a ticket and a chair to St. Louis.

Sixteen minutes later, Joseph L. Clark, of Dunbart & Clark, had joined Ernest J. Dorrance, Edward L. Germaine and Arthur B. Luce in that limbo of names best forgotten, and there came into being Pelham J. Miller, to whom all things in life were good.

Before boarding his train, Mr. Miller purchased a large manila envelope, and, after addressing it to Pelham J. Miller, General Delivery, New York City, New York, placed another brown package in it and mailed it.

Seventy-four grand was on its way, and so was Mr. Pelham J. Miller. At St. Louis he boarded the Eastern Limited and, as the train twisted along the muddy banks of the Mississippi, he wandered back to the smoking compartment and to Mr. Bernard Higgins, investigator for The Bankers and Brokers' Protective Association.

"Good-by, My Chicago," He Murmured Lightly

II

MR. HIGGINS was a large pouchy man whose chin and neck surged over his collar like red breakers over a white sea wall. A black pipe stuck out of the corner of his mouth, and his gray soft hat came down almost to the level of his white brows. As Pelham J. Miller pushed aside the green curtain he was discoursing to a little man in a large derby huddled back into the far corner of the swaying car.

"Crooks," Mr. Higgins was saying, "average up just like other people. A few of 'em have brains an' most of 'em think they have. That's why we get the most of them before they get very far."

Pelham J. Miller took the small seat on the left and lit a cigarette.

"Good evening," he said pleasantly.

"Good evening," piped the little man.

"Evenin'," rumbled the pouchy man.

Pelham J. Miller nodded brightly. "Don't let me interrupt," he pleaded. "You were talking about crooks?"

"Mr. Higgins here," the little man explained, "was talking about the mental handicaps most crooks, like most honest people, labor under. Mr. Higgins is with The Bankers and Brokers' Protective Association."

"You don't say!" murmured Mr. Miller admiringly. "Well, well. Just think of that."

"Sure," admitted Mr. Higgins.

"I'll bet it is an exciting life."

Mr. Higgins acknowledged the obvious respect his position in life had created in the mind of the new arrival with a wave of his hand. "So-so," Mr. Higgins was modest about it in a heavy way—a way that reminded Pelham J. Miller of that friend in another life—George Dunbart. "The percentage is in our favor, though; like in life insurance tables."

Mr. Miller wondered just what Mr. Higgins meant by that.

"Bless you," chuckled that gentleman. "Why do honest people fail? Why, because they're dumb, or because they're lazy, or because they think they're smarter than they are. A lot of things like that. Crooks are no different. Most of them have their faults just like us that get them in the end—just like they got Old George Morgan over in Chicago today."

Mr. Pelham lit a fresh cigarette. "I haven't seen a paper today," he confessed, "so I don't really know. Morgan you say? What did he do? Shoot somebody up?"

"Not George." Mr. Higgins puffed his pipe to eruptive activity. "No guts is George's weakness. That an' dumbness. He an' another crook by th' name of Clark was runnin' a little investment business when somebody complained to the district attorney. They got Old George—he was goin' under the name of Dunbart—but the other lad got away a minute or two before the raid. Got a tip an' cleaned out the place, leaving Old George to take the rap."

"The rap?" puzzled the little man.

Mr. Higgins explained, "Holdin' the bag. Told the cashier he was goin' out to make a loan, and took all the securities with him and beat it. But they'll get him. He ain't got any brains."

(Continued on Page 121)

Mr. Higgins Nodded. "Al," He Said, "Meet My Friend Miller"

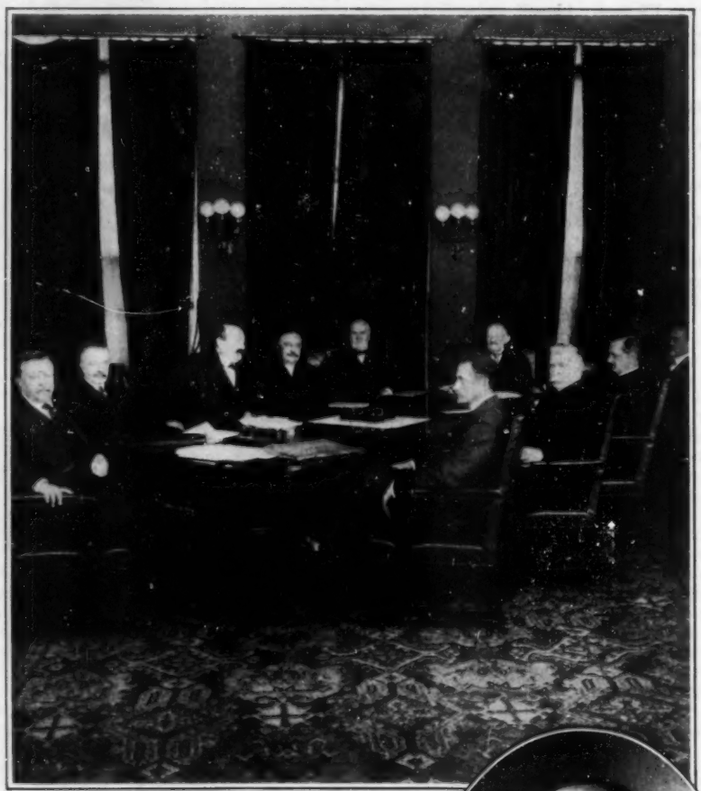
My Friendship With Roosevelt

By OWEN WISTER

VIII

IN EUROPE—chiefly in France—after the seventeenth century down to my personal adventures, an institution known as the salon played a leading part. Its influence—political, intellectual, social—pervaded the times and is recorded in many familiar memoirs. A salon was somebody's drawing-room, the somebody usually being a woman with or without an important husband, but always herself ably equipped to draw the important about her. Charm was her magnet, seconded by tact, with worldly wisdom, brains, sometimes by imperfect virtue, and often by skill in flattering the illustrious. Basking in the climate of her adroit spells, generals, poets, statesmen smiled and expanded.

Distinguished civilized men and charming civilized women came as a habit to the White House while Roosevelt was there. For that once in our history we had an American salon. It was not a woman, as in France; it was a man who drew them together; yet even such a man as this could not have done it without Mrs. Roosevelt. His clever and delightful sisters, Mrs. Cowles and Mrs. Robinson, helped. It was a combination such as Washington had never seen before and is unlikely to see soon again. Anybody from anywhere in the world, no matter how eminent or how hard to please, could dine at the White House, from 1902 to 1909, without having to make their private allowances for democracy. Ever since Thomas Jefferson, by way of asserting American simplicity, in dirty clothes received a foreign minister, he has had imitators in this kind of simplicity. Within the past decade one of these arrived at Washington from the Middle West, broadcasting the fact that he had never owned a dress suit. It was presently noticed that he had acquired one. The day is certain to come—though I shall not see it—when our whole democracy will really feel at ease, and none of us will offer bad manners as a proof that we are just as good as anybody. At the place and time for it, Roosevelt wore cowboy clothes, and put on his white waistcoat and swallowtail when the occasion called for them, and was at home in whatever he happened to be wearing. Both he and Mrs. Roosevelt took themselves as naturally as they did their responsibilities, whether social or political. That is why the zest and pleasure with which they made their guests welcome at the White House marked their hospitality as an epoch.



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Second Roosevelt Administration Cabinet in Regular Session

In one point my parallel between the French salon and the social White House obviously ceases—the hostess in France held herself in the background, stimulating the good talk lightly and imperceptibly; in the White House the host used to dash his opinions and challenges across the company much in the same manner that he served tennis balls in the court. During seven years it was my extraordinary good fortune often to be there when Roosevelt gathered round him both his familiars and his unfamiliars. You could never tell what the unfamiliars were going to turn out to be, but you shared the President's dread of them. They were perforce a part of his or any President's job; they had to be entertained; they arrived with credentials of many varieties—political, educational, philanthropic, scientific—and more often than not they stood for something—a tropical commonwealth, a seat of learning in Nish, a medical mission to the hookworm belt, the street railways in Kansas City, votes for women, the war against cigarettes—and they ranged from ambassadors and captains of industry to the lowest strata of male and female enthusiasts.

Roosevelt would come hurrying in from his forenoon of work and say perhaps:

"Dan, Emily Tuckerman is expecting you to lunch at their house at 1:30. I begged her to save you from the people who are coming here."

Or he would say:

"I don't know what lunch is going to be like today, and we've all got just to bear it together. I've put you at Mrs. Roosevelt's left, with my sister Corinne next, and then Winty Chanler. There's a celebrated engineer coming from Chiasso, who is the leading authority on boring tunnels, and I'm afraid he's going to tell us all about it; and an equally celebrated economist from Leeds, who wishes me to urge the British Empire to adopt the decimal system."

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

John La Farge

After remarks like this, made with a comic twist of expression and a plaintive touch of his falsetto, our demeanor would be tremulous as we stood in the stately room, striving to keep a serious face while the eminent strangers began to arrive. Perhaps Winthrop Chanler's voice would be heard whispering from behind: "Bet you the bearded guy's the tunnel borer. He's going to bore us all."

Ceremonious introductions, with careful bows and well-worn syllables of greeting, followed, and presently we filed decorously in to luncheon.

There we familiars would speak but little and behave with reserve, while Roosevelt, with a celebrity on each side, plunged deep into tunnels and the decimal system, and no social unity was possible.

And once the celebrity had started on his specialty, Roosevelt's inexhaustible curiosity about all well-presented subjects would carry him along. He would talk first as if a decimal and then as if a tunnel was the only thing in the world he had ever loved; he would refer to the Thames and Severn tunnels, and the incurable British dread of a Channel tunnel, and to the monetary system in China or the currency experiments of Frederick II, of Hohenstaufen. Sometimes, for unity, he tried to bring us in.

"Winty," he would call across the table, "you certainly must have been through the St. Gotthard tunnel. Signor Castellomaggiore says it could have been put through at precisely five-sixteenths of what it cost."

"How very interesting, Mr. President! And what did it cost? I went through too fast to calculate." Chanler was versed in that kind of mischief.

"Yes, five-sixteenths," Signor Castellomaggiore would utter in a foreign accent, and with a cold eye for a moment on Chanler. Then he returned with determination to the President, who had worked at top speed all morning and would have so liked to play for an hour. When the celebrities were safely gone, perhaps he would burst out: "Winty, how dared you! You nearly upset me."

Sometimes an unfamiliar would prove a delightful surprise, and this possibility did leaven our dread with a pinch of hope; but salons are not made so; they depend on the preponderating presence of familiars, and it was when none but familiars assembled that Roosevelt let himself go, that the whole company let itself go, that it became sheer luxury to listen to these distinguished and brilliant men turning their minds loose to play. Most of them came straight from taking an official hand in the day's national or international doings. Meeting here in a sort of freemasonry, they dropped their caution; nobody was going to quote anything outside; therefore much inside was laid bare, and Secretary Root's "shop," or Secretary Taft's, or Senator Lodge's, became thrilling and alive, and sparkled with frequent comic relief. Nor was "shop" by any means all; it might be Henry Irving and what he acted best, or Wilbur Wright and the new portent of the aeroplane, or Paderewski's concert, or jiujitsu, which the President was practicing with a Japanese instructor, or the German Kaiser and Venezuela, or the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or the sliding scale of honesty in a Central American government, or Tillman beating the face of a brother senator, or the scene of Mrs. Minor Morris leaving the Executive Office, or which of Walter Scott's novels was the greatest, or how much of Mark Twain was likely to live. Whatever it happened to be, it was skillfully tossed about in general conversation, everyone at his best through Roosevelt's stimulating electric current; it was never a collection of mere tête-à-têtes, like today's dinner parties, exchanging puny personal items. This, too, was a special point in the White House salon—the women, civilized and cultivated as they were—Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. La Farge, Mrs. Lodge, Emily Tuckerman, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Chanler, for instance—did not take the lead; it was the men who set the pace, but the ladies kept up with them handsomely, and knew how to listen as well as how to reply.

IX

WHO were the familiars of Roosevelt's Golden Age? Some, like him, are gone; some are still here; and when I close my eyes my memory can see them all.

Here is evidently a great aristocrat. A soldier? Possibly; some hint of it. A dreamer? Probably; much hint of it. An intellect? Certainly; no equal to it in the whole gallery. Austerity is present, and Imagination. Irony is not absent. A Stoic? Decidedly. A face shining with some noble, life-long aspiration. A lonely man? Not on the surface; rather tolerant and social. An eye equally able to be stern and understanding.

It is Holmes, the judge. The Law his mistress since the Civil War. A captain in that. Three times wounded in those four years. Hurt in health for a while. Bearing in his soul forever the mark—which all of his generation that had souls bore forever—of our Union's four years' wrestle with death. Law student, attorney at law, teacher at the

Harvard Law School, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, writing opinions in his ninetieth year. The most illustrious and beloved figure ever in that court; a great personage in its history.

He was lean as a race horse when I first knew him, and had just finished making a cup with red wine for his three guests, informally asked to supper on the South Shore. The ice tinkled in the pitcher as he brought it in. Art had gone into this, as into all else that he did. Throughout the evening it was my part to be seen and not heard, for I was the youngest there. Two brilliant listeners—handsome ladies both—set his talk going; and I was captured by it then as I have been captured by it since, through fifty years, often when he had no better listener than I. His talk would always bubble and sparkle from him, a stream of seriousness and laughter, imagination and philosophy, in which enthusiasm was undying; and the style of a master in English marked his improvisations, just as it marks his considered writing.

Certain ladies in those Boston days used to transport me beyond laughter by assuring me with concern that certain other Boston ladies "were spoiling Wendell Holmes."

BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.

Mrs. Cowles, the President's Sister

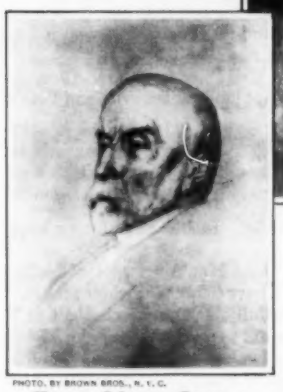


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

Henry Adams. From a Drawing by J. B. Potter

"I hope they are," I sometimes answered. Even in a Boston spinster there is a smack of the eternal feminine.

In those Boston days we had many walks together, and by the time I was attending the Harvard Law School I would ride into Boston to spend Saturdays and Sundays at his house in Chestnut Street. And we students would sometimes entice him out to dine with us in Cambridge.

Once, on a walk, he stopped and turned to me with solemnity:

"Young fellow, think of it. I am forty-five years old today." The thought of it seemed to awe him.

On another walk, as we were passing the Parker House, I suggested that he come in and have a drink with me. There was something not remote from embarrassment in the disclosure of his strict code which he then made, putting it a little like an apology.

"Come up to my house," he said. "Before I went on the bench I didn't mind, but—you can understand, I think—I don't somehow cotton to the notion of our judges hobnobbing in hotel bars and saloons. The bench should stand aloof from indiscriminate familiarities."

An aristocrat in morals as in mind, with a fortunate touch of both Puck and Ariel. During those same years the horrified ladies of Boston appealed to him for a judgment on the new French author, Zola.

"Improving, but dull," he said. He held realism to be a timely tonic for thin blood and happy endings. He was as impatient as Henry James with the genteel Victorian demand that a novel must be as comfortable as woolen stockings and as pretty as a Christmas card. But with the absence in Henry James and his disciples of all muscular action, he was equally impatient. "Fifty years of polite conversation and nothing doing," he styled it to me one day in 1929. He liked to meet and he liked to use the paradox and the homely analogy. He was the first to quote me this observation, which had delighted him:

"No generalization is wholly true—not even this one." He had a way of putting his thoughts so unusually that they stuck: "It's only when you mix your metaphors badly that it's wrong." "You can strike illuminating flashes by the juxtaposition of the unrelated." In his book, The Common Law, to push home, to make clear the early historic legal meaning of vengeance, he says:

> Vengeance imports a feeling of blame, and an opinion . . . that a wrong has been done. It can hardly go very far beyond the case of a harm intentionally inflicted—even a dog distinguishes between being stumbled over and being kicked.

That work, meditated by a man in his thirties, actually published when he was but forty, seems to hold the essence of him complete, his attitude toward law and his attitude toward life, then, and ever since. It has become a textbook in the law schools of the world. He says on the first page that the life of the law has not been logic, it has been experience; that the law embodies the story of a nation's development through many centuries, and cannot be dealt with as if it contained only the axioms and corollaries of a book of mathematics. In addressing some young students a few years later, he tells them that in this universe, "every fact leads to every other by the path of the air," and that, as thinkers, their business "is to make plainer the way from some thing to the whole of things." But he warns them "that to think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone . . . and in hope and despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved . . . the isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought."

"By the path of the air . . . moving to the measure of his thought." It is by the eloquence both of intellect and of passion that Holmes strikes forth these phrases,

COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

The President at His Desk

glowing not merely with the perfection of their art but with their embodied truth. By the path of the air Galileo went from the swinging lamp at Pisa to the rotation of our planet, and today both astronomy and physics move to the measure of his thought.

No master so aptly as Frans Hals could have brought out the significance of the next face in the White House gallery of Roosevelt's familiars. A kind of jovial serenity seems articulate in the broad sweep of his mustache and the benevolence that sparkles in his blue eye. He does not look as if he could be any man's enemy long, and he entirely looks as if he could be a warm and constant friend. Aggressiveness of no sort is indicated, nor anything of the abstract, but rather those gifts of balance, common sense looking at a thing all round, which make for taking life easily. And he might be imagined to say, "Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us."

Once a shrewd physiognomist—a well-known figure whose name you would know if I could remember it—was shown the likeness of a person unknown to him and, after close scrutiny, said: "He is either a great cook or a great critic." It was Sainte-Beuve! What guess would such an acute observer make as to the man whose face I have been trying to present in words? He was never a doctor or a churchman, but he was a governor, a President and a judge.

When William Howard Taft sat at that White House table the genial glow around even that board seemed heightened. Tolerant outlook, jocular comment, a readiness to listen and to enjoy—these were his particular contributions.

"What would you do," he was asked by a somewhat puzzled friend who was having him to lunch with a foreign Prime Minister honoring the United States with a brief visit, "if I sat him, instead of you, at my right?"

"I'd go right home!" chuckled the former Chief Justice of our Supreme Court—and sat, of course, where his host put him. What were precedence and Washington etiquette to him upon such an occasion? The point was to be pleasant and help make things go.

Not many months before this, when a great loneliness and darkness fell upon a colleague on the bench, it was the Chief Justice who stretched both hands to him, lost no chance of any kind to take burdens from him and lift him along. Are there many still alive who remember a certain illustrated edition of A Christmas Carol, by Dickens, in which the Spirit of Christmas Present is pictured? The Spirit sits high amid all the happy emblems of the season—it was then a holiday of peace, and good will, and plum pudding, and punch, and children's games, and parlor theatricals, and parents romping with their children. I often used to think of Chief Justice Taft as the very man to come down from the bench and play the part of the Spirit of Christmas Present; and then, after play, to go back and leaven with his broad and balancing serenity the court over which he presided so admirably.

Perhaps the bitter time through which he was destined to pass so soon after those cordial and laughing hours at

(Continued on Page 149)

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.

The Roosevelt-Longworth Wedding

DETOUR!

By ANNE CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Mrs. Allen Worked Her Way to the Front Row, Where the Light Fell Full on Her Bandaged Face

MRS. ALLEN, her sunburned face aglow from the novelty of daily bathing, looked regretfully at the blue, sun-faceted waves of Salt Lake, and even more regretfully at the skeleton outlines of roller coasters, merry-go-rounds and piers where she and her brood had squealed and giggled for a week. It was time to move on. She put her fingers into her mouth and whistled, calling from the deep three skinny spirits in dripping underwear—Pete, aged fourteen; Bunny, eleven, and Buster, eight.

Water had unquestionably changed the looks of the migratory Allens, making their features more legible. But for their car, blazoned with wise cracks wherever there was paint to hold them, and Gambler, their large white goat, one who had passed them a week before would not have recognized them.

Pete shook the dripping hair out of his black eyes. "What you want?"

"We've got to get started. There's a right smart lot of land between here and Hollywood, and maybe Bunny's losing a chance to get into the movies while we're laying around here. Shake a leg, you kids."

Joyous confusion filled the air. The children whisked off their wet things without the formality of towels, and put on dry overalls. Mrs. Allen gathered up clothing and bedding, rolled them indiscriminately, and tossed them into the back of the car. Bunny dumped food and dishes into various boxes with one hand, while she held her harmonica in her mouth with the other. Buster poured water into the radiator, which promptly tithed to the thirsty earth in a rusty stream. Pete whistled as he commenced to pump up the flat tires.

"No matter how nice a place is, it's fun to start off for some place else," said Mrs. Allen cheerily. "Has anybody saw my sun visor?"

"Gambler ate it."

"Well, let's get her into her trailer before she eats anything else."

"She won't go."

"Tip it down, then we'll shove her on; and, Pete, you be ready to jerk it up quick."

The two-wheeled trailer which was the goat's *wagon-lit* having been lowered, Mrs. Allen added her considerable force to that of Bunny and Buster, and the entraining was accomplished. Gambler stood looking down on the scene with the bulk and dignity of a lady chairman on a rostrum. She bleated inquiringly.

"Yes, Gambler," said Bunny. "You're going to California now."

"You are if it's downhill the rest of the way," amended Pete. He was squinting at a nebulous wall rising to the west above the farthest reaches of the plain. "Is that clouds or mountains?" he asked, with a troubled light in his dark eyes.

"Clouds, I guess," said his mother comfortably.

"I'll bet it's more mountains."

"No, I don't think so, honey. I was talking to a man out at Saltair yesterday, and he said it was mostly all downhill and desert the rest of the way."

"Where's that map we got in Laramie?"

They found it finally under the old pillow which took the place of a cushion on the front seat where Mrs. Allen sat. Pete smoothed it out as well as he could.

"Here's where we're at now," said Mrs. Allen, setting her thumb down on Salt Lake. "And down here's Los Angeles. All we got to do is follow this road that runs kattycorner."

"Yeh?" Pete pointed to an area heavily ridged and blackened. "How about them mountains? When this car sets her lamps on them, she's going to lay right down in the road and bust out crying."

"Well, there's some way to get there without mountains. That man said so, and he just come back. Maybe you go north instead."

"It looks a lot smoother that way. There ain't half as many ridges."

"Let's go that way, then. It will give us a couple more states to scatter pa in too."

She brought out a glass jar with a red rose pasted on the side, from under the back seat. It held a small quantity of powdery matter; the residue of the considerable bulk of the late Mr. Allen, which his family scattered dramatically at each state line they crossed. "Leave that out where it will be handy," she directed. "We're coming to Idaho pretty soon."

The next morning they stopped at a marker between Utah and Idaho, and having consulted their battered map to see how many states lay between them and their destination, measured out what seemed to be a fourth of the ashes and sprinkled them on the sandy soil. Then they went on their way cheerily.

After an hour or so, Bunny pointed to a large red car almost concealed by a clump of bushes in a dry wash some fifty yards off the road.

"Let's go see what that car's doing over there," she suggested.

They bumped across a slope rutted with prairie-dog holes and stopped beside it. Across the back ran a platform with a gilt railing, and a large light was hanging above.

"It's a show!" exulted Pete. "That sign on the side says, 'Doctor Higgins, The Singing Dentist.'"

They leaped out and surrounded the intriguing vehicle. On the far side of it they found a tall youth in spectacles bending over a gasoline stove, cooking ham and eggs. He looked up at them with cold surprise, making no answer to their greetings. The door at the back of the car opened quietly and an older man stepped out on the platform. He craned his neck around the corner to see them, and his black eyes darted here and there like a snake's tongue. Seeing merely an untidy woman in knickers and a stocking cap, with three frowzy children, he spoke:

"There's no use hanging around. We never feed auto tramps."

"Who's auto tramps? We're tourists."

"Where are you going?"

"Los Angeles."

"What are you doing up here in Idaho, then?"

"Trying to keep away from mountains."

"Then you want to take the southern way."

"No, doc. There's lots more mountains that way."

"Why, you're crazy."

"I'll just show you. . . . Petey, hand mamma the map. It's under that pillow."

Doctor Higgins joined the group and she spread out the map.

"There; ain't them mountains?" she demanded, pointing to the crinkled surface of the southwest.

Doc Higgins rubbed his finger tip over them.

"Madam," he said, bowing ironically, "I've heard of women who made history, but you've got them beat. You've made geography. You've left your impression on the southwest."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Mrs. Allen bewilderedly.

"Look, Archie. The lady has been sitting on the map!"

Archie set down the coffeepot and burst into a loud guffaw.

"Do you mean those mountains are just wrinkles?" asked Pete.

"That's what they are."

"And we've got to turn around and go back to Salt Lake?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Allen's mouth dropped open in consternation. Then her eyes crinkled and she began to laugh. The children joined in shrilly, and even Gambler added a derisive bleat. Doc set down his coffee cup suddenly.

"Who's that?" he asked suspiciously.

"That's our goat."

For the first time he noticed Gambler, standing in the trailer with that fine detachment that marks her kind. Her long horns gleamed in the morning sun.

"What'll you take for that goat?"

"She ain't for sale," said Pete.

"Well, now, Petey, if he was to offer a good price ——" began Mrs. Allen.

Bunny and Buster burst into a wail.

"Sh!" commanded doc. "She'll be better fed and looked after with me than she is with you."

"What do you want with a goat, doc?" asked Archie.

"Parades. You don't often see one that big. Touch up her horns with gold paint, and maybe dye her wool red or green. She'll make a grand flash."

"Wouldn't that be nice, kids?" coaxed Mrs. Allen.

But Bunny and Buster wept louder than ever, and Pete's face was grim.

"She's not for sale," he reiterated.

"I'll give you ten dollars."

Pete shook his head.

"Twenty."

Pete shook his head harder. Buster and Bunny wept louder.

"You see how it is, doc," said Mrs. Allen apologetically. "If you want the goat you'll have to take the whole family."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Your teeth don't fit," he said abruptly. "Where did you get that job done?"

"I like them loose," said Mrs. Allen, "but I do wish they wouldn't crowd up in my mouth like they was all trying to see out at the same time. Still, I can't complain. They didn't cost me anything."

"Darn those drug stores," said doc bitterly. "They'll be giving away babies next at their one-cent sales."

"I didn't get these at a drug store. Mr. Allen found them in the washroom at a camp in Wichita. I guess somebody left them there the night before, and we was getting out early. I've used them ever since."

The Singing Dentist shook his head gravely.

"I'm glad no dentist was responsible for marring the looks of as handsome a woman as you are. Now, what you want to do, Mrs. Allen, is to let me fit you here and now with teeth worthy of your beautiful mouth."

She looked at him archly.

"Aw, I ain't nothing now, but you ought to of saw me when I was a girl."

"It is like comparing a ripe, red, juicy apple with a green one."

"I was green," she admitted.

"Think what that smile would be over one of my porcelite plates!"

"Won't do me a bit of good to think about it. I've got enough to think about as it is, getting three kids and a goat to California without any money."

"I'll make you a rock-bottom price."

"Rock-bottom ain't low enough. If I bought your teeth I couldn't buy any victuals to exercise them on."

The dentist laughed. "You folks had breakfast?"

"Yes, but it was a long time ago."

"Fix them some ham and eggs, Archie."

He watched them while they stood around the stove, their eyes on the frying pan.

"You folks may as well keep on, as long as you've started this way," he suggested.

"That's just what I was thinking," said Mrs. Allen. "We're not in any hurry to get to Los Angeles." She looked at the dentist over her coffee cup with a light in her eyes that Pete had seen before. She had looked that way at old Schneller, the widower, and Flippen, the cowboy.

"There's too many mountains this way," he demurred.

"They're not bad," said doc. "I think I can make it worth your while to trail me through Oregon. I can use you. First of all, I want that goat."

"I told you she wasn't for sale," said Pete sullenly.

"I'll rent her, then. And when we come to a town, one of you kids can lead her around."

"Lemme," begged Bunny.

"She's my goat. I found her," protested Buster, pushing himself to the front.

"You can both do it."

Bunny and Buster joined their mother and Doc Higgins, but Pete stood apart, scowling and digging the dirt with the toe of his ragged shoe.

"I've got a job for you, too, Mrs. Allen," said the dentist. "All you'll have to do is get into a town a little bit ahead of us, with your face all tied up like you had a bad tooth. When I come in, act like you'd never seen me before, see? Archie and I put on a show to draw the crowd, then we set up the operating chair and begin work. It's hard to get them started. That's where you come in. You're to be the first patient every night."

"If you try to pull one tooth out of my plate the whole thing will come down. It's awful loose. Looky!"

"I'll fix up a special plate for you, with loose pegs set into it."

"You're going to fool them!"

"Think of her seeing through that, Archie!" said Doctor Higgins, turning to his assistant. "The minute I set eyes on her I knew she had brains as well as beauty."

"I'm not so dumb," said Mrs. Allen complacently.

"How much are you going to pay?" asked Pete.

"Now, Petey, doc will do what's right."

She Lay There in the Hot Saffron Shadow of the Tent and Thought of Doctor Higgins

"How about two dollars a night for you and the goat?"

"Oh, doc!"

"I'll give you a tryout tonight, and if you put it across you're billed through to Portland. We work back in the sticks mostly, where there's one toothbrush to a family, and plenty of toothaches."

"Where do we start in?"

He pushed back his breakfast dishes and spread out a map on the folding table. Mrs. Allen, leaning over his shoulder, followed his finger.

"Your hair smells nice," she said. . . . "There's a place called Boys. Let's go there."

"Boise. Hell, no. That's the capital. Dental board's hangout. Here's a place called Buzzard, back in the hills. Just an easy run from here. Let's try that."

He sketched off a map roughly on an envelope and gave it to her. "Follow that. And you'd better get started. No telling what that car of yours may do."

"Ain't we going to travel with you?"

"Certainly not. You're not supposed to know me at all."

"Oh."

"You ought to make it before dark. Where are you putting that map I gave you?"

"Here in my hand bag."

"Well, don't sit on it this time. When you get to Buzzard, tie up your face and try to look unhappy."

"It's going to be pretty hard when I think of all this prosperity I've fell into, but I'll do my best." She backed toward the car, waving her hand, almost trampling her offspring underfoot. "Say, how about them trick teeth?"

"I'll slip them to the kids tonight when they come after the goat. By the way, you'll have to leave the goat with us. What's her name?"

"Gambler."

The dentist advanced, holding out his hand persuasively. "Here, Gambler, Gambler!"

The goat lowered her horns and charged. Doctor Higgins jumped behind Mrs. Allen. Pete roared with delight.

"She's an ugly brute. Archie, come get this goat."

Archie stopped his dishwashing and led Gambler back to the trailer. His eye, meeting Pete's, winked.

Seeing an Untidy Woman in Knickers and a Stocking Cap, With Three Frowzy Children, He Spoke: "There's No Use Hanging Around. We Never Feed Auto Tramps"

II

A MISERABLE-LOOKING cavalcade drove slowly down the brief Main Street of Buzzard late that afternoon. Their hot, steamy faces were calcimined with fine alkaline dust mixed with perspiration. So great had been the heat of the day, so violent the jolting over unpaved roads, so sharp the anxiety lest the time lost in repairing four blowouts should make them late, and so patent Pete's disapproval of Doctor Higgins, that it required no acting at all to write misery on Mrs. Allen's

(Continued on Page 76)

RACE

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ANDERSON

IT WOULD not need a second shot. The yellow flanks twitched and were still. Lupus lowered the revolver and some boy out among the hired men whimpered, "Ain't it a shame?" as if he might sob. And it was a shame. Lupus let the weapon hang in his hand, but the feeling of its polished wood in his palm turned him back into Sergeant Van Eck.

"Murphy!"

"Sir?"

"Take four men an' dig a grave out by the fence there, in the south lot. Wrap him up in these blankets. Get him buried fast. Hear?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lupus."

Lupus walked from the shed into the sunlight, and the heat was a shock on his chest. He had been cold all over, waiting for them to fetch down his revolver from the house. This was not just the end of a good horse, but the end of his son's first horse. He looked at his son's grandfather and saw that Mr. Van Eck had taken his hat from his black hair.

"We done all we could, pop."

"I could ha' told you it wasn't no good last night, boy," said Mr. Van Eck, "but it satisfied Carolus. . . . Peterson!"

A thin young fellow came among the grooms and milkers. He came thirty feet, although Mr. Van Eck had not raised his purring, sleepy voice. Everybody gave back and left his victim standing alone before Van Eck's unmoving amber face. The old man looked at the boy and spat casually to the left.

"Nick Shuttleworth's daughter gave you five dollars to git Bullard saddled yest'day afternoon and fetch him out to her on the road?"

"Yes, sir."

"Since you own up to it, somethin' like a man," the voice purred, "and your mamma's a widda, you needn't go to jail. . . . Git off the place! . . . Murphy!"

"Yes, sir," said the chief hired man.

"Pay the dirty dog off," Mr. Van Eck commanded, turning. The brass ring at the end of his peg leg twinkled. He said to the rest of the men: "You fellers, I want you to call attention to that black colt of Starlight's when Mr. Carolus is 'round. It's the likeliest colt on the place. Until he picks himself a new hoss, you ain't to bother Carolus for no reason. And you ain't to mention Bully anywheres he can hear you."

He tapped his stick on the gravel. The sound seemed to rattle in the great yard and to echo from the ancient red stables of fine brick off toward the plebeian barns of mere wood where the lowly cows lived. Lupus slipped the revolver inside his blue shirt and stood watching his father begin to walk away, not at all wanting to follow him. But he had to follow him. He nodded to the little veterinarian shoving things back into his bags, and tramped after the head of the tribe. Only, when he came to the alley between the two stables, he flinched, because Carolus was sitting on an old bench against a wall, bent forward so that his black hair was shimmering, but his face invisible.

"Carolus."

"Aw, pop, leave the kid be!"

"Shut yer face, Lupus."

"Yes, grandfather," said Carolus clearly enough, watching a straw spin in his hands.

"Boy, if that hussy of Shuttleworth's writes you a letter, you ain't to answer it. If she or Nick Shuttleworth or his woman speaks to you downtown or tries to say anythin', you ain't to see 'em any more than they was air. Dirt's dirt, an' dirt fathers dirt. You could have that chit in jail. You're not to take an apology, nor a cent of money, nor nothin', boy. The Shuttleworths," said the chief of the tribe, "don't exist. Mind me!"

Carolus looked up for a moment. His father got a thrill from the glimpse of a blank face. No Van Eck showed what a Van Eck felt in time of trouble. "Yes, sir."

"All right, boy," said the sachem, and walked along.

Lupus stood and blinked down at the top of his son's head and the amber skin of Caro's neck. The boy's shoulders in a tight scarlet jersey were almost a flat table of muscles, he sat so stooped. After a while Lupus dropped a palm on the dark neck, kept it there a breath, then strode away. The red house and the thin limestone pillars of the porch all moved in an opalescence, as if the blue June sky had melted down on the Van Eck lands. He came abreast of his father and wiped his eyes on the back of a hand.

"Git a bath, Lupus, an' shave quick. If your Englishman's comin' in on the three o'clock you ain't got much time."

"An' I wanted Colonel Beausire to talk to the kid! They'd ought to get on swell."

"Carolus'll be all right, you dumb an'mal. Your woman'll make him cry when he comes up to the house. Git shaved an' washed," said Mr. Van Eck tranquilly. "Anyhow, this Englishman'll be lookin' at the stock, an' Mary. . . . How old a man's he?"

"Aw. He'd be about forty-eight now."

"I'll drive down to the station with you. Hustle."

Lupus ran up the porch and into the gray living room. His son Pieter Lupus Van Eck was industriously screaming in the lap of a nursemaid out behind the mansion, under the oaks. His son Henricus Abram, who was recently two years old, stood in the upper hall pounding a black rubber ball on the gray paint below the painting of Fancy Girl, the Van Eck colt presented to President Grant by pop's father in 1871. His wife, Mary, was leaning on the wall with her hands pressed on her ears. She took them down as she saw Lupus, and her red hair fell all every way on her shoulders.

"Were you tryin' not to hear the shot, honey?"

"I was afraid there might be two, Lupus. . . . Oh, how's Caro?"

"He's all right, Red. I'd ruther he bawled his head off, though," said Lupus.

"It's not in the ethics of your race," she said, "to have him do that. In honor of your ancestress, Cavorting Terpsichorean Porpoise, the poor boy'll hold it against you. I don't suppose you cried when your first wife died!"

"The hell I didn't, honey," Lupus said, pulling his shirt off. The revolver banged on the floor. Henricus looked at it and fell over toward it. Just as the baby's fingers got to the muzzle, Lupus picked it up. "The hell I didn't, Red! . . . No, Henricus, this wasn't meant for a fella your age. You stick to rubber balls, kid. Come an' watch your old man shave."

Henricus sat with dignity in the bottom of the bathtub and pounded his black ball on his black head diligently. Lupus shaved. He had slept three hours or so while two veterinarians worked on Bullard. It was not until almost one o'clock that Carolus, driving out from a dance in town, stopped in the stable to tell his great horse good night and had not found Bullard in his stall. Miss Nancy Shuttleworth left her mount where it fell on the staked fence south of the Paramore place, across the highroad. Lupus tried to think how any being could walk off and leave a mangled horse in a ditch, and shook his head.

"What, dear?"

"How could she do 'at, Red?"

"Lupus, I adore you and you're the most extraordinary person who ever lived, but you are stupid! Haven't you looked at the girl?"

"Naw! Seen her drivin' past a couple of times. All I know is she's black-headed."

"Look at her mouth the next time you see her, my darling infant," said his wife, "and you'll understand. She must have a charming mother!"

"Nick Shuttleworth's a hunk of tripe, Red. You wasn't old enough to remember him when he lived home. Whatever this woman was he married down in Washington, she ain't a lady. A lady couldn't marry Nick."

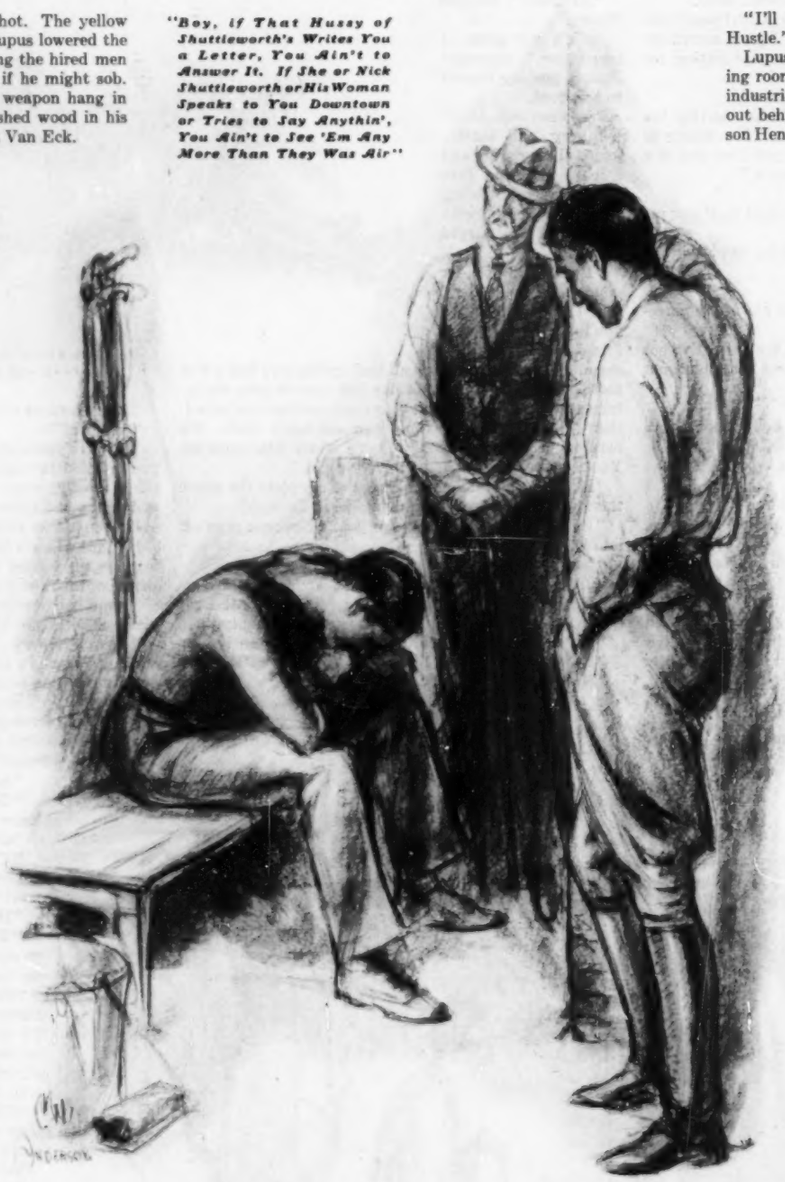
"Wasn't she some senator's daughter?"

"Yeh. Only daughter. Dunno how Nick could get to meet a senator's daughter!"

"He's handsome, Lupus."

"Him? He'd blow in two in a windstorm!"

The red-headed woman drawled, "My own Lupus, father of my children! Horse-breaker! You were forty in April, and you've a son twenty-one years old! You were a soldier, and women'll go on making eyes at you until you're dead. But you haven't learned that some girls like pretty men



"Boy, if That Hussy of Shuttleworth's Writes You a Letter, You Ain't to Answer It. If She or Nick Shuttleworth or His Woman Speaks to You Downtown or Tries to Say Anythin', You Ain't to See 'Em Any More Than They Was Air"

yet! It's your Iroquois blood that makes you insensible to Mr. Shuttleworth's elegant attractions!"

"You could see through him in swimmin', honey," said Lupus meekly, lifting Henricus out of the bathtub. "When his dad was drunk he'd heave Nick clean out over the front fence. 'N' when Shuttleworth's wife was drunk she'd lay the boy out with a broom. Nobody ever blamed Nick for runnin' away. . . . He's forty-two or three. . . . Gee, I'm hungry! Let's have dinner early."

"You can't, with an Englishman in the house. He'll probably think dinner at seven's a ghastly solecism. . . . No, Henricus, you mustn't eat towels! They don't digest."

Lupus slung himself into a fresh blue shirt and wondered about a necktie, but couldn't find one. However, he pulled on his best and newest boots, and slipped a spur on the right heel. They were wonderful boots. Even Carolus had said "Gosh!" when they came out of the box, and had undertaken to color them with saddle soap at once. Lupus saw them with satisfaction in the long glass beside his wife's dressing table and beamed at her when he noticed that she was smiling.

"Now brush your hair, my own, and you'll be quite perfect. You look about twenty-four. Be sure to tell your Englishman that Caro's your kid and not your brother."

Lupus brushed his black hair flat, and Mary kissed him under his left ear and let him carry Henricus downstairs onto the porch. Mr. Van Eck was planted in the back seat of the open car, watching a pup on the grass and occasionally spitting, his hands locked on the top of his cane. Nobody was supposed to know that pop's left leg stayed in Cuba when the army came home in 1898; the matter was ignored. He always got into cars, though, privately, and did business along the main street of Couveris by summoning merchants out to the machine.

"Powhatan, are you going down to receive this tourist?"

"I got business in town, daughter."

"Well, many scalps, Sitting Bull. Henricus, wave to the big chief. You've oceans of time, Rain in the Face."

"I'll git Henricus a tommy-hawk, daughter," Mr. Van Eck purred. His head shifted a little. He had heard Carolus inaudibly climbing the four steps from the flagged walk without turning to see whose rubber soles those were. "Need anything downtown, boy?"

"No, sir."

Lupus jumped down the steps and into the car, because something would happen. Mary wouldn't hear that tone from the tall boy's mouth and not do something. Before he could start the machine, she cried out, "Oh, Caro, you poor angel!" and there was a terrible answering sound. The car started. Lupus found himself whirling the machine through the gates with Henricus in his lap. And then he found himself whistling as he turned down the highway.

"Did you notice you got Henricus still with you, you big fool?"

"Yes, sir. He's all right."

"Well, boy, if you want to show off your second son in just a bellyband downtown, it's nothin' to me. The weather's warm. Don't it strike you Pete's lighter complected than this one?"

"Kinda. But he'll darken up, pop."

"I ain't complainin' of Mary, boy. Your woman's done handsome by you. A Van Eck with three sons is pretty m'raculous. We could let Red make Pete a lawyer, or one of them things. I'll buy in some extry land pretty soon, so's the kids can have equal shares. Of course," said Mr. Van Eck, "you'll will the house an' the old farm to Carolus, boy."

The car ran a quarter of a mile past the Van Eck pastures. They had been the Van Eck pastures, trodden by famous horses and prize cattle, for a meaningless time. Some English troops had camped there in 1777, near the round grove of oaks, and it was a legend that the Mrs. Van Eck in charge had refused to let some English officer inside the red brick house, thus causing it to be burned. But the next Van Eck built it up again.

"It's good Caro ain't married young, like I did, pop. The babies'd get mixed up."

"It'll be compl'cated when he gits his woman," the sachem purred. . . . "Turn into Shuttleworth's place, boy."

"Pop!"

"Turn in," said his father.

Henricus leaned back and looked up with black eyes at Lupus. His face was still round, not lean and long, as it would be when he came to be fifteen or sixteen. Lupus took a hand from the wheel and patted his second son's knitted stomacher, and then turned between gateposts of rosy concrete. Nick Shuttleworth's architect and contractor had changed the old farm into what the newspaper called a Mediterranean villa last winter, but Mary and Carolus said the restless front of the house was vulgar. A lady of yellow marble hugged a swan on a low pedestal in the midst of a circular grass plot before the five steps which rose from the drive to a terrace of black-and-white stone. The pink villa put a shadow on a lot of people in deck chairs. Lupus stopped the car before the steps and a girl stood sharply up in riding breeches from a litter of cushions. That was Nick Shuttleworth's daughter. Lupus saw her mouth. Yes, there she was. And Mary was right about her mouth!

"What a beautiful baby! Just like a bronze fountain piece!" a lady bleated.

"I say, he is a jolly kid!" said a man in white whose arms were sunburned.

Lupus grinned at this young man all in white, standing on the edge of the terrace. But Nick Shuttleworth was working among his guests in black boots and white pants, with a wide black belt hiding the band where his silk shirt and the starched breeches met. His hair had turned gray, but he was very elegant, and he looked pretty young.

"Well, hello, Lupus! . . . And how are you, Mr. Van Eck?"

"I'm in damn good shape," pop purred loudly, "considerin' I'm sixty-three years old, Nick. Come down here."

Shuttleworth had paused on the top step. His voice, high and nervous, came ahead of him:

"But please come on in! Been meaning to run over and see you ever since we got here. But moving into a new place is such a ghastly—ghastly job. Do come in for a minute!"

A dozen people in the chairs or spread on pillows turned their faces.

"I haven't the time, Nick," said Mr. Van Eck. "You come down here! I've got somethin' to say to you."

His sleepy purr was still sleepy, but it had changed to a loud sound barytone insistence. Lupus looked away from the terrace and down at his son's head against his blue shirt. Everything was now so quiet that Shuttleworth's spurs clanged on the stone as he came down the steps.

"What—what was it, Mr. Van Eck?"

He had always repeated a word in every sentence when he was a skinny kid. Lupus looked ahead and patted Henricus. Everywhere paths stretched away among shrubberies, and little statues of naked people took the light. A groom was rubbing down a horse by the rosy stables, and some pigeons seemed to be fighting on the roof of a garage.

"Nick, I've been waitin' all day for a sound from you or yer woman or that girl there."

"You've been—been waiting—sir?"

"You heard me. You," the chief purred, "come of dirt. I've known your folks for three gen'rations. But I thought you might ha' learned some manners away from here, an' I've waited all day for that chit over there to send word she's ashamed of herself, or for you to be a man and come and say you're ashamed of her. You was fed in my kitchen when your folks were too drunk to feed you, but you ain't turned out a man, Nick. You ——"

"Nicholas," a woman called, "order that man to leave the grounds!"

(Continued on Page 133)

"—— She Spoiled the Hoss an' Run Off an' Left Him Like a Yeller Little Coward"

ON THE CRIMINAL SIDE

By Richard Washburn Child

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

SOLEMN-FACED fact finders have been gathering statistics as to our prison population. This prison population represents in the main the element which has failed to pass the elementary examinations in the college of real American organized crime. Other fact finders have been trying to prove that instead of 10,000 murders compared with some other country's twenty murders, there are really only 9480. Others may be engaged in the solemn task of proving that robbery, burglary and theft losses in the United States, borne by the consumers as a charge on doing business, should be defined and figured by a scientific survey, and at large expense to the taxpayers, down to cents and fractions; and that cannot be done in any case. Others have been trying to prove that prohibition and traffic have thrown a doubled burden on police and courts. Who, for patience's sake, does not know that already?

Worst of all, these solemn and innocent investigations, worthless compared with Charles Coe's interpretations of modern organized crime in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to Raymond Moley's important books on the subject of crime and politics, fail utterly to understand that the breakdown of criminal prosecution and justice is no longer a question. It is a settled fact.

What is not settled is the future of the uneven battle between shrewdly organized crime, up-to-date, armed, protected, possessing huge investment, and, on the other side, a judicial system behind on its work, adapted to yesterday, preserved by the mutterings of a toothless legal profession to the effect that "the system is all right except for the human equation"—a judicial system utterly inefficient to give swift and certain punishment—a judicial system which, on the criminal side, is more calculated to cause disrespect for law than any attitude of a citizenry which fundamentally is law-abiding and desires to have respect for law.

You can throw a great deal of mud at our police, but no one can counter the reply the police make when they say, "We catch some of 'em at least, and the courts let 'em go."

The New Criminal Alliance

HOW the courts let them go! Exclamation. And how do the courts let them go? Query. These are the two practical points for our attention.

There is no gainsaying that several of the loopholes of the machinery of the law are due to human failings. No one can deny that many others, and perhaps the most serious, are chargeable to the alliance of some court clerks, prosecuting attorneys and witnesses, with corrupt urban political machines and pull. This alliance is far worse in the presence of bootleg and blackmailing gangs than ever heretofore. The fraternity and intrigue and alliance of racketeering and gangster kings, having the force not only of violence but of great wealth behind them, increased the sinister influence of corrupt political power in our criminal-law procedure.

Usually it is only general knowledge which shows us that in the United States our criminal prosecution, compared with English or other foreign systems, is so feeble. Now and then we expose the real scandal by the work of state or local investigating bodies which have conducted useful surveys.

The late Governor Hadley, in the Missouri Crime Survey, drew a conclusion which I have often quoted:

"Stated in terms of percentages, the result is that our system of apprehending and prosecuting those guilty of criminal offenses is only from 5 per cent to 10 per cent efficient; considering those apprehended and indicted for major offenses, it is only from 25 per cent to 30 per cent efficient; and including those tried for major offenses, about 50 per cent efficient. Such figures, stated in the abstract, oftentimes mean little to the casual reader, but if he should stop to consider a similar result in the conduct of a business such as banking, transportation or manufacturing with a percentage of efficiency from only 5 per cent to 50 per cent, he could more clearly realize the seriousness of the problem that confronts society today, depending as it does for the protection of life and property upon a system of apprehending and prosecuting violators of the law which is from 50 per cent to 95 per cent inefficient."

The disclosures of the Illinois Crime Survey recently compiled are even more discouraging.

In Illinois, out of 16,812 cases of felonies, 7340 were eliminated at preliminary hearings. Say the police, "We catch 'em and the courts let 'em go." Of those left, 2034 were set free by the grand jury. Say the police, "We catch 'em and ——" Of those entering trial courts, 3977 were eliminated. Of the remaining 20 per cent of the first figure, 782 were put on probation. Seventy appealed. Of the total of cases, only about 15 per cent executed sentences at all.

In Chicago, almost the same percentage executed sentences. Not much difference between urban and rural Illinois!

The proportion of cases in which the plea of guilty was made to a lesser offense than the one charged is an ever-present hope to the criminal that even if he pleads guilty or is convicted, he gets off easy.

In New York, the story is no different. About half of those arrested in felony cases are let off at preliminary hearings, and about 15 per cent are imprisoned or fined after the big sieve has done its work to the end of the extravaganza.

The Cleveland Survey indicated that only about 30 per cent of those arrested were finally really punished at all. The police say, "We catch 'em and the courts let 'em go."

Raymond Moley, who has done more, perhaps, than any other man to show by statistics the modern relationship between gangster and racketeering politics and our criminal-process paralysis, gives the Missouri figures for 1922–1924, showing in felonies a record of only approximately 30 per cent of the sentences executed, and heaven knows how many of these were sentences for lesser offenses than those actually perpetrated! Say the police, "We catch 'em and the courts let 'em go."

It is no answer to reply to the criticized police that they, too, let a great percentage of criminals slip through their fingers. It is no answer to say that politics touch the police as well as the courts. It is no answer to say that we may have police systems as antiquated—and now overburdened by prohibition and traffic—as are the courts. What remains is a growing conviction, based not only on general public knowledge but also upon such statistics as we have, that the criminal courts, in the sense of the whole legal machinery after arrests, is justly accused when it is said, "We catch 'em and the courts let 'em go."

Prima Donna Investigators

THE same kind of answer can be made to those who assume a professional monopoly of everything said or to be said about crime, and become prima donnas, and get themselves into various crime commissions; their usual attitude toward the suggestions from public good sense is as follows: "Don't listen to anything written or said about our crime and the failure of our criminal procedure until it has been surveyed by our own crime-investigation clique. Any outside work is journalistic and sensational. If the question is whether more crime is committed in speak-easies or on children's playgrounds, or whether criminals with political pull get off easier than those without it, such a question may be settled only when our brand is on our own container."

I do not refer to surveys like those of Missouri, Georgia and Illinois. Nor could any one of the able, effective, and journalistic as well as statistic conductors of such surveys feel envy or jealousy of these cloistered voices, with reputations gained from repetitions of pronouncements and the heavy manners of the learned. What bothers me is that the professional, philosophic, monopolistic attitude of such high priests tends to obstruct and to throw dust into the eyes of a public opinion which no longer is able to overlook the truth about our criminal procedure, and drugs public common sense, which is ready to recognize that something may really be done about our fiasco of criminal loopholes.

It is equally senseless to turn the edge of public demand for reform in criminal procedure by making it appear that in some future Utopia no criminals will be in existence. When I wrote a series of articles for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in 1925, I received hundreds of letters from good

souls and high-minded individuals suggesting that our whole law-enforcement system should be replaced by the removal of poverty, of ignorance, of adenoids and hard luck, and that other forms of social control should ultimately replace the deterrents of the enforcement of normal laws against violence to persons and property.

More recently, the Editorial Research Reports has said:

Leading jurists point out that, when all is said on the subject of law reform, there are other factors in the causation of crime which are of equal or greater importance. These are social and economic factors. Sweeping changes within the country in recent years, it is declared, have brought a breakdown of social control.

Harlan F. Stone, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, has said that reform in court procedure, however needed, will not of itself replace "the spirit of obedience to law and the zeal for enforcement." In an address, June 11, 1928, he referred to a "breakdown in social morale," produced by recent striking changes in the nation's life: (1) The movement from farm to city; (2) unrestricted immigration; (3) replacement of skilled performance by mass production.

Dean Roscoe Pound has said that "law is but one agency of social control," and that legal reform may not, of itself, check crime. Agencies of social control cited by Dean Pound and other writers include home training, religion, education, trade ethics and the internal discipline of clubs and associations.

No intelligent person thinks otherwise, but, as I have often pointed out, the ordinary citizen whose house is on fire would not value highly a fire department which sent word that it could not come until it had finished a debate on the fundamental, historical and psychic origin and cure of fire.

Who are the Real Criminals?

NOR can any intelligent person stand against experimentation in the mental or neurological prevention or cure of criminality. The more exploration—unless it becomes a fad—the better. But no one but a fool would say, "Let our reform of criminal procedure wait until we diagnose and treat all criminals." We would not catch and confine enough or sufficient variety of real criminals under our present system to furnish a decent laboratory supply. Our present prison population probably is about a twentieth or less of our real criminal population. In the main, it is the moron dregs of society which go to prison. Somewhere among the other nineteen-twentieths of the criminal population are the real representatives of the dragon we are really trying to catch—the one represented by gangsters, racketeers, gunmen, audacious organized criminals. They are the ones who slip through the holes in our criminal procedure. The crime problem in the United States is not found in asking who is in the prisons; the crime problem is raised by who is out.

The crime problem is not even found by asking who is criminal now; the crime problem is found among those growing or coming generations who may choose the well-ordered business of crime and the strategic campaign of crime for their self-expression, because crime is smarter than law enforcement, is mentally alive while criminal procedure is sodden and moribund, and is much more practical and in touch with living events than most of the solemn gentlemen who cast their gentle survey over crime through cultural lorgnettes.

From the very start of any common-sense interest in crime suppression, there is raised the question of why we punish or confine criminals at all.

At the two absurd extremes of the answers to this question we find at one end the revenge doctrine and at the other the reform-of-the-criminal doctrine. The first grew out of the desire of a feudal lord or a monarch, not only to show 'em, when subjects disobeyed, but an almost perverted desire to torture and otherwise seek revenge. Historically, much of old criminal law found its source right there.

You will find sentimentalists and the soft-sobbers of today trying to make us believe that the alternative to their program of treating the criminal to an ice-cream soda and a visit to a psychopath can only be a grinding of the teeth of the law while it burns a violator of parking rules at the stake. This is merely silly. The revenge doctrine and the revenge practice are only as common among Americans as leprosy.

Between these absurd extremes there is no choice as to absurdity; but for practical purposes, look out for the deadening influence of those who want to treat law enforcement as if it were only purposed for the benefit of the individual criminal—that is, to get him, experiment on his mental states, and cure him, if possible. This school of thought is the one we have all heard preaching the doctrine that severe punishment does no good, less punishment does more good. Perhaps, then, no punishment would be better yet, and since an unenforced law is no law, we can swallow anarchy at once, and thus please all the radicals. Whether in the garb of soap-box orators, or preachers and teachers, on crime commissions or off, they are trying to worm in that direction anyhow. Carried to its logical conclusion, a reward for the commission of crime would do what severity of punishment never could do—perhaps prevent it! Is that so?

Severity of punishment does not always prevent the wrongdoer from doing wrong. No one can deny that. The fossil school of law-enforcement surveyors always bores us by pointing to the historic examples in England and elsewhere, when torture or death failed to prevent little boys and girls from stealing buns. Modern common sense, however, is a better basis for our belief that severity of punishment is a real obstacle to convictions by judges or juries or witnesses.

Capital punishment is an instance. Aside from the mistakes which might be made, but seldom are, it is better to give three real murderers certain punishment than to hang one and have juries, reluctant to take life, acquit the others.

Severity of punishment is not half so important as swiftness and sureness of punishment, large or small. But since we have neither severity nor swiftness, and above all, no sureness, no one need worry about hardship to the real criminal. He usually experiences none of the deterrents of crime, nor even has the advantage of enlightened punishment, on the one hand, or correct institutional treatment, on the other hand.

Dragging all these herrings across the trail of our national failure in criminal-prosecution machinery is the work of the impractical idealists and sentimentalists, or of those who, deep in their hearts, yearn for a disordered society, tolerant of misdoing and teeming with opportunities for radicalism and the deification of unfitness and of "something for nothing" for the loafers.

The facts to face are such as these: Less than twenty out of every hundred killers of men in the United States are convicted and, according to the President, even then "a scandalously small percentage are adequately punished."

Seven Out of Ten Go Free

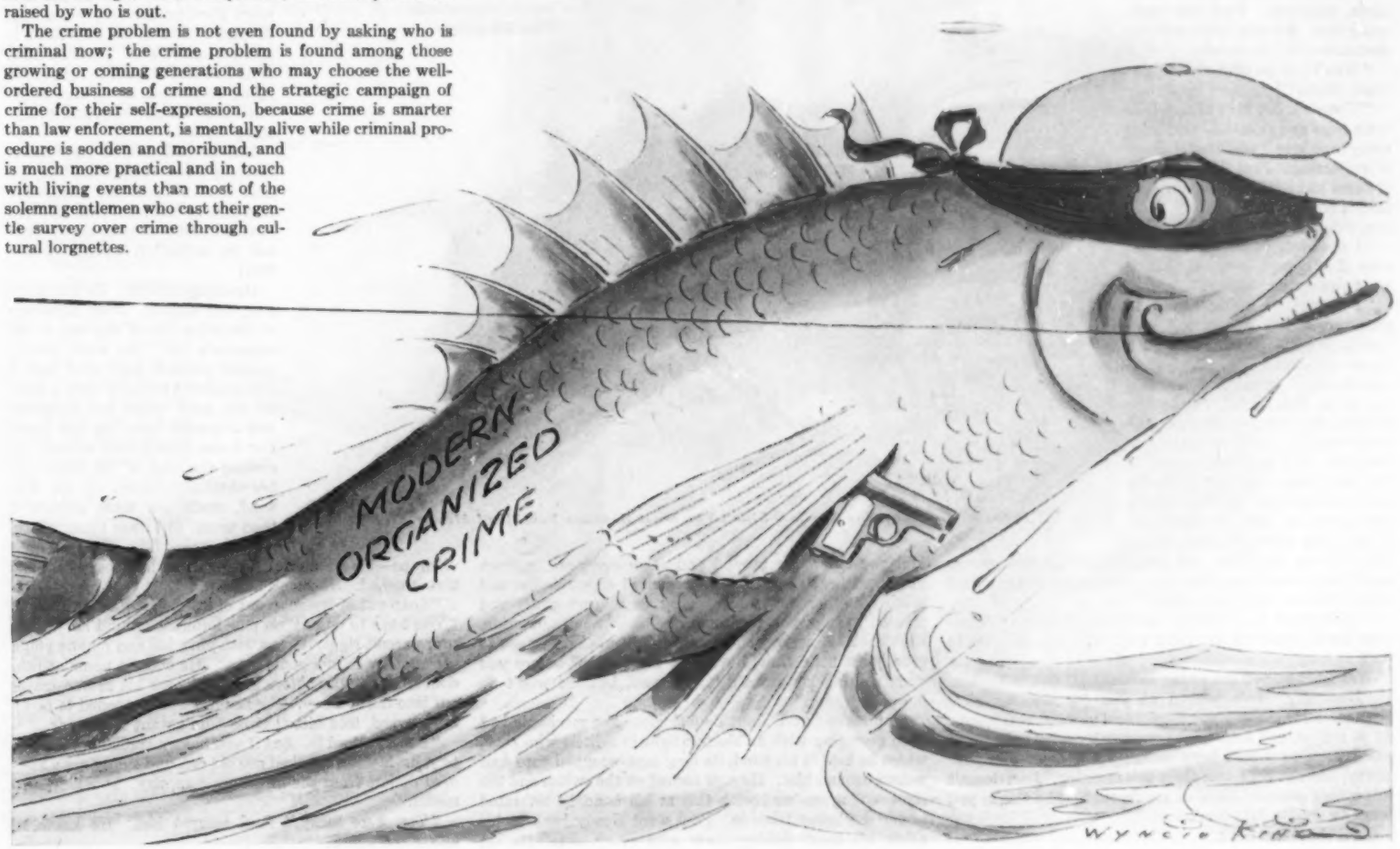
OTHER felons do not fare quite so well as slayers. There is the discharge at the preliminary hearing. Roughly, half of the arrested felons drop out there. The grand jury is the hole where "no bill" lets out 10 per cent more. Then about 10 per cent go free on court trials and appeals; and those who jump their bail must not be forgotten. Finally, without considering the common practice of allowing a prisoner to plead guilty to a lesser offense, we have a round average, in most of our communities, of some 30 per cent of those captured who have to take substantial punishment. In murder, it is a five-to-one chance to go free. And let us remember we are not considering those who are never captured.

How is it worked? We may consider this question first, and in later articles we may answer the question: How can it be stopped?

Step by step in the usual procedure this happens, thus:

The prisoner, after his arrest, goes before a magistrate or officer of like functions. The magistrate holds a political job. Usually he is not a part of any unified judicial system for the whole state, not a factor in any modern organization. Right there is the first instance of a ridiculous failure of the legal machinery. No business would tolerate such disorganization. But here is the magistrate. He may be an honest fellow. He seldom is either a successful lawyer or a great justice. If he were the first, he would not take

(Continued on Page 161)



REPOSSESSED

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFFÉ

PAUL ran across the street on Monday morning, as soon as he caught sight of Joan Fox in the office of her father's garage. He went inside, for it was raining hard and a cold wind was blowing up the street. Joan was standing behind the counter, looking at the morning newspaper, which was spread out before her.

"Hello, Joan," said Paul eagerly. "I called you last night, but couldn't get you. I wanted to see you."

"Did you?" said Joan indifferently. She was as cold and damp as the morning outside. Paul, however, was willing to take a little punishment. Joan had been such a good friend—the best he had in Hilltown—that he could not believe she would be cross with him for long. He knew he had been slow and stupid about realizing how much he liked her. He had taken her friendship and liking for granted, and rushed a silly girl; he couldn't understand it now, but he was sorry, and he wanted Joan's kindness more than anything else, and was willing to wait for it.

"I thought we might go somewhere tonight," he said. "What do you think? I'd like to have a good talk with you, Joan. We could go to the show here, or we could drive to Stone City and go to the Palace. I thought ——"

"Did you?" said Joan again.

Paul felt a slight wilting of his spirit. It was not easy for him to be humble.

"Are you really cross with me, Joan?"

Joan smiled with amusement. "I'm only cross with people I'm fond of," she said lightly, and began to read the paper. Paul looked at it, for want of knowing what else to do, and saw that the page was opened at Dorothy Dix.

"Do you read her column every day?" he said. "I do." He felt that he was being silly, but couldn't help it, in his effort to maintain the appearance of ordinary conversation. "If ever I get married, I'm going to go by the rules she lays down."

Joan said nothing, but she smiled again, patiently. Paul was weakening fast. He said, after a silence destructive to his morale:

"Won't you go with me tonight, Joan, please?"

"There's a list here of the Hilltown boys and girls that have gone away to college," said Joan, instead of answering. Paul flushed hotly. Frances had left that morning. He turned to go, but said feebly, in his own defense:

"I wouldn't be seeing Frances, even if she were here—if that is what you were thinking."

"I wasn't thinking anything about what you might do," said Joan with dignity. Paul went back across the street more slowly, unconscious of the rain. He looked up, as he always did, at the fine electric sign that advertised the presence of the GROVER SALES AND SERVICE. He was very proud of his showroom, with its glittering new automobiles, of the special floor space set aside for used cars, of the shop behind all this, where Walnut, the mechanic, did considerable general garage work, besides servicing their own new and used cars. Paul found Walnut back in the shop.

"You've got Joan wrong," said Paul at once. "Whatever made you think she liked me? She is bored just to look at me."

Walnut regarded the young car dealer.

"Naturally, she's peeved at you for running after Frances Gilde the way you done. And now Frances is gone off to college, and Joan thinks you think you've only got to ask her. You should have waited a few days, you poor ninny, and not gone over there this morning. Joan doesn't know that you and Frances are through. She thinks you want to double-date her."

Paul shook his head.

"No," he said, "Joan's not a girl to hold a grudge. If she wanted to step with me, she would. She just doesn't like me. That's all."

"Listen," said Walnut patiently, "you're cuckoo. Of course she likes you! She's showed she liked you every day since you came here last April. She's been a friend. She's not the one to change overnight. But what did you do? Did you ask her for dates? Did you ever take her to a show, or to the city to dances, or give her a chance to wear her nice dresses for you?

"Joan, Is That Why You Did It? Didn't You Do it Because You Liked Me, at All?"

Did you elbow her around and show everyone in town you liked her? No. You just counted on seeing her and talking to her down here every day. And when you wanted to step, you took someone else. She's got pride, ain't she? Especially, if she did like you. You've got to give her a little time, boy. Let her cool off before you start rushing her. She'll forgive you, but she won't do it this morning."

Paul looked at Walnut doubtingly. The mechanic had been gesturing with an electric light in a little wire cage, which he held in his hand, its long tape-wrapped cord half wound around him. He now turned on the switch and the light sprang up, and with this in his hand he retreated under the latest trade-in. Paul went slowly back to his office, his heart sinking lower with every step. He sat down to go over his list of prospects and plan his day's work, but he stared at the book unseeingly. Of course, if Joan thought that he'd be dating Frances, if Frances hadn't gone away —— Naturally, Joan didn't know that it had taken that frenzied week of Frances to make him appreciate Joan. And that was a thing he couldn't tell Joan. Neither could he tell her that his dates had been of Frances' seeking. Paul was even a little ashamed that he wished Joan knew that he had not been as aggressive about Frances as it appeared.

He tried to look at things from Joan's point of view, and that was very discouraging. From the time he had first opened up his dealership in Hilltown, six months before, Joan had been kind and helpful. She had come across the street like a cheerful kid, to advise and consult with him. She had been anxious for him to succeed. He had not appreciated her interest at first, as he was too pleased with himself—he thought now—to appreciate anyone else. But after a trip they had made to the city where their respective cars were manufactured, to drive away new cars, he had begun to realize what a wonderful girl she was. And still he did not think of her, clearly, for himself. He had expected, always, to find his own girl in some beautiful moonlit garden, or at a wonderful dance, or in some romantic danger—not in a garage across the street. And when she grew more gentle, her eyes deeper and more glowing, her very voice with deepened timbre, he had liked it and not known why. He knew now. If he had had the wit to make that liking something more, she would have been his girl now, and everything settled.

But he had muffed his chance. Nothing is less comprehensible to a man than a burnt-out attraction. And now he had lost Joan. He had hurt her pride. He had shown himself an unfeeling, unappreciative dolt!

He sighed deeply. He felt quite sorry for himself. Joan came out of the office across the way to fill someone's car. She wore, today, a short pleated gray skirt and a gray pullover sweater, with a scarlet silk scarf about her shoulders and a scarlet béret on her head. Her warm brown curls swirled out around the edge of the little cap, her cheeks, reddened by the cold wind, made her more attractive than usual. She wasn't just pretty, like Frances. She was tall and vigorous—his wonderful girl—and he had lost her. His throat ached. He shook himself.

"Snap out of it—snap out of it," he growled at himself. "You have to go on; no pale loitering around here. The props aren't right. Go on with your job and maybe you'll get another chance some day." He chose a name at random from the list before him, and took his demonstrator out into the country. The farmer, who happened to be up in the yard, told him that he didn't want a new car.

"I can't afford it. But if you have a trade-in, I'll listen to you. My son wrecked our old car, and I only got a hundred dollars from the insurance company. It was a 1919 model."

"You were lucky," Paul assured him. He knew all about the wreck.

"There's a List Here of the Hilltown Boys and Girls That Have Gone Away to College," Said Joan, Instead of Answering

"It was a good car," the farmer, whose name was Jordan, told Paul indignantly. "It went. That was all we wanted of it. But I might buy a used car. What have you?"

"I've got a real nice 1926 Wood sedan. The upholstering is good, and the rubber is good, and it has a new starter. The battery needs charging. It's a real buy at a hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"I've only got a hundred dollars."

Paul wished to sell the Wood, and they talked about it a while, and Paul drove the farmer in town to the showroom, and got him to try the Wood, offering to have the battery charged. The car acted nicely, once it was started.

"Walnut takes trade-ins and goes over them carefully, cleans and adjusts the carburetors and the timing, tightens everything, and gets the cars in running order. We guarantee the car to be what we say it is. You can see the mileage on the speedometer."

"I've only got a hundred dollars," said the farmer. "I told you that. But I've a flock of twelve big geese I'll turn in to you. They're worth five dollars each at any market."

"Geese?" said Paul. "What would I do with geese?"

"Sell them."

"To whom? Why don't you sell them and pay me the money?"

"If I sell the geese myself, I'll still have only a hundred dollars for a car," said Mr. Jordan obstinately. He added: "They weigh from twelve to fifteen pounds each—that much dressed. They are worth about fifty cents a pound, this time of the year."

"And there are twelve of them?"

"An even dozen."

"I'll take them," said Paul. "You give me the hundred dollars and take the Wood, and bring the geese in to me, crated."

It was a deal, but after the farmer had gone with his car, Paul looked up the price of geese in the paper. Live geese were not quoted—dressed geese only. He had allowed one hundred and seventy-five dollars for the Wood on a new Grover. If he could get fifty dollars clear for the geese, he would be all right. He called the poultry house, but they were not shipping anything until the middle of the week, and would not handle and dress the geese.

"I can take them alive in crates by Wednesday afternoon," the man said; "can't take them before."

Paul wished he had known this before he parted from Mr. Jordan. But within an hour the farmer had returned, and dumped four crates, with three screaming gray geese in each one, on the sidewalk in front of the Grover showroom.

The geese immediately attracted an amused crowd. Paul did not know what to do with them. He knew only that if they were not fed and watered properly, they would soon depreciate in value.

He said to Walnut: "I'm going to take them to the city market tonight. We'll take them in that flivver truck."

"Blondy, it will never get you to the city—never!"

"It may have to."

"The cream truck goes up tonight. Maybe Gus'll take them for you."

Paul went to see if he would, and made the necessary arrangements. The screaming geese were removed from the front walk, to his great relief. Six months ago he would never have taken them, but now he was learning to take in anything from livestock to wedding silver.

The next morning he went down to his showroom, to find the four crates of geese on the sidewalk, the geese wet and much subdued. They needed feeding and watering immediately, and needed to be taken from the crates, in which they had now spent twenty-four hours.

Paul looked at them malevolently. He went into the office and telephoned Gus.

"Why didn't you take the geese?" he demanded.

"I did," said Gus. "They wouldn't have them. They say they're sick. They've got the roup. More'n half of them have one eye shut already."

"They were all right yesterday."

"I can't help it. I didn't give it to 'em. They wouldn't even let me unload the crates. . . . You owe me five dollars."

"Come around and I'll pay you," said Paul. He called the farmer on the telephone.

"Hey, what's the idea of giving me a bunch of sick geese?" he demanded.

"Sick geese? What geese are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about those geese you brought in here yesterday. They're sick. They've got the roup, or the croup, or something. I can't sell them."

"If them geese is sick, they got sick after they left here. They was running around as lively as all get-out when I put them in the crates. And I want my crates back. They're worth a dollar each."

Paul put up the telephone before he lost his temper completely, and looked out at the sick geese. They certainly looked dispirited. He made up his mind that he wasn't going to keep them. He wasn't going to be cheated in this way. He had stayed by more than one bad deal, but in this case he was going to be stubborn.

He went out and told Walnut what had happened.

"You can't prove a thing," said Walnut. "Maybe he knew they was sick, and maybe he didn't. You took them without looking at them, didn't you? Anyhow, chickens and geese don't die of roup. Not always, that is. Why don't you pen them up somewhere, and get the vet to give you some dope for them, and keep them clean and dry, and maybe they'll be all right in a few weeks. You can get more for them around Thanksgiving or Christmas, anyhow."

"I don't know where I could keep them."

"Mrs. Ferguson's got an empty chicken run. Ask her."

Mrs. Ferguson was interested and helpful. She liked her quiet neat young roomer, who had never before asked a favor of her, and who was prompt and regular in paying. Also, she was sympathetic, and not amused, as everyone else was. Paul had the geese taken to his landlady's and they had the local veterinarian examine them. He took two out to be destroyed, and treated the rest. He left elaborate instructions for their care. Paul looked at them with languid interest. He felt the loss of his luck as he considered the geese. But he tried to bolster up his spirit. He was haunted by some superstition that he was in wrong generally, because Joan had withdrawn her kindness from him. If she knew about them, even if she laughed, he felt he could take it all in his stride. But in the geese that were moping in Mrs. Ferguson's chicken run there was the equivalent of seventy-five dollars' worth of automobile, and seventy-five dollars was a lot of money to Paul.

He was awakened in the morning by the cackling and screeching of the geese, who were exceedingly noisy. He got up and looked out of the window. His room was at the back of the house, and he could see the geese out there in the softly falling rain. One of them was sitting on the ground, huddled up in a corner. The rest should have been in the house, but had not the wit to stay there. He went to town in a low frame of mind. Everyone he met was helpful about the geese, asking solicitously after their health, expressing the grave hope that they would soon be up and about again. Lew, the mechanic at the Spate garage, stopped him in all pretense of seriousness, and said he had a cousin who would like a new car.

"He has a big gray cat with five kittens—beautiful cat. Thought you might allow him something on her."

"Yeah?" said Paul. He grinned good-naturedly, but his ears were red. "Mustn't get the wind up," he cautioned himself. "I rate a kidding." And, evidently, he was to get it. There was no one in the showroom, but Walnut was in the shop in the back of the garage, and he could not resist sticking his head up over the radiator and making an unpleasant noise.

"Yonk-yonk," he said.

Paul ignored him. Paul looked at his mail, at the bulletins from the Grover factory, at a folder revealing a sure way to organize a used-car sale successfully, at a model

(Continued on Page 180)

"If You Want Advice Now, Repossess it Without Delay. That's the Only Way I Can See for You to Get Your Money Out"

HAPPY LANDINGS

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VII

THERE was no one in the dining car at breakfast who Eve considered might be Jed Traill, University of Virginia, 1915, who would, according to the unsigned wire of the night before from Providence, look her up, upon whom she was to go easy, and who used to be a swell guy. The wire sounded like Howard West—Howard's especial brand of humor. Also, she reflected, with a certain fleeting warmth about the heart, that it would be entirely like Howard to put out a hand and direct someone across her way who would, in case of emergency, be available. Eve had the Southern woman's ineradicable instinct that it is better, in any state of affairs to which it has pleased Deity to call one, to have a man at hand. She had, as well, the Southern woman's deep-rooted conviction that while men concern themselves with her comfort and welfare, Deity will not be too far off.

Nevertheless, she did not, glancing up and down the car, between casual attention to her breakfast and newspaper, see anyone who seemed likely to be named Jed Traill. The name caught her fancy. The men in the dining car did not. A hot-faced, heavy man in a brown suit, eating sausage and hot cakes; a stocky curly-headed young man in a green shirt and collar, drinking coffee in deep healthy gulps, crunching toast like an Airedale with a puppy biscuit. If there were anything in a name, Jed Traill would not crunch toast. He might, she fancied, be tall and very slender, with smooth blond hair and light cool eyes.

Prosperous, of course. All Howard's friends had money. Nothing amused Howard except things it cost money to do—polo, speedboating, night clubs, races; New York, Miami, Paris, Deauville—that was Howard's routine. The kindest creature on earth, and the most easily bored. If the wire had really come from Howard, Eve knew pretty well what to expect of Jed Traill.

He Loosened His Hold, Went On Singing, Very Low, With an Undertone of Weariness

She didn't deeply care; she merely expected. Not seeing anyone who corresponded in the least to her expectations, she devoted her entire attention to paper and breakfast, and returned to her section.

Except for herself, the section was empty. A piece of luck! No one in the upper berth. Nothing but Eve's two black bags under one seat. Nothing but Eve's hat and Jimmy Sutherland's two books on the other. Jimmy had presented her with poems by Elinor Wylie and a novel on Hollywood. Intentional, if friendly, malice. Eve turned the pages of the novel and put it down again. If Hollywood were going to be all sawdust and whip cracking, she didn't want to dwell on that before she got there. As she had said to Jimmy, between his warnings about Timberlake and directors in general: "I've got to keep going, haven't I?"

Herself, she found that unanswerable. Life wasn't a thing you could arrange for yourself. Things broke—that was all. And you met the breaks as best you could. You kept going, as she had said to Jimmy, and some day you turned a corner, or crossed a room, or opened a letter, or picked up a newspaper, and maybe for a terrifying moment you saw the pattern take shape. Something in which you had been set down here or picked up there, completing a design of which you were, perhaps as well, quite ignorant. For the sake of your own self-respect, you kept going. You put up the best fight you knew how, with such weapons as you could lay your hands on, but not for a moment did you deceive yourself as to the authorship of the pattern. That came from higher up.

As if Eve were not alone in her knowledge, the thin smoke-and-rose book of Elinor Wylie's poems opened in Eve's fingers at a page which said:

Therefore die when you please.
It's not very wise to worry;
I shall not shiver and freeze;
I shall not even be sorry.

Strange for Jimmy to have brought Eve a book like that. Or not strange? Maybe all one saw of Jimmy, or anyone else, was the pattern he walked in. Maybe, inside the windings of the pattern, Jimmy struggled and rebelled, and surrendered, and rebelled again. Who didn't? Nothing in the landscape between Chicago and New York turned Eve's thoughts a livelier iris. She sat with the book in her lap, staring out at fields defaced with billboards, at towns defaced with smoke. She thought, even: "I hope the Traill man won't find me. It's bad enough to be so low as this, alone."

When he did find her—sometime around one o'clock—he was not in the least what she had expected; he was even, because of his absolute unlikeness to what Howard might have been supposed to select for a friend, distinctly interesting.

He was not, in the first place, blond or cool-eyed, although he was tall and slender. His hair and his eyes were dark. But it was his mouth that made him peculiarly different. It was set upon his face awry. Obviously, when he was a little boy he had not had braces put upon his very white teeth by an expensive dentist. Because now his teeth were crooked—not at all unpleasingly, but very definitely—and so was his mouth. It gave to his rather sad smile an engaging semblance of mockery. It gave to his more serious moments a look of deep skepticism, reluctant but ingrained. It wasn't the twisted smile of the artist in whimsy; it wasn't even the crooked one, long ago gone stale, of sentimental fiction. It was merely a physical defect which happened to be pleasing.

For the rest, a dark-blue suit, sufficiently well tailored, the correct tie, hands well cared for. Eve sensed at a glance that he would send a woman gardenias rather than orchids, that he would prefer Tristan to Tosca, seas to mountains. He wore a heavy seal ring with the look of a crest. His shoes were black. Women are as intuitive as policemen should be, and for much the same reason defenders of society. Eve sensed at a second glance a sort of diffidence in him. To approach her and present himself embarrassed him. His smile was a facial gesture; no more. Even at that, she found it strangely appealing.

He said, stopping beside the timeless green velvet seat she sat on: "Are you Miss Adams? If you're not, I'm sorry."

"Yes, I'm Eve Adams," she told him quickly, to bring his sorrow to an end.

He said, "I saw Howard West in Providence yesterday."

"Do sit down," said Eve. "I was sure it was Howard." He sat down in the seat facing her. He piled the rose-and-smoke book absently on top of the red-and-purple-and-yellow book which was the novel about Hollywood.

"Oh," he said politely, "did he ——"

"He sent me a ridiculous wire," said Eve, unable to wait for that pleasant Virginian drawl to complete a question. She had forgotten how lazy a drawl could be. Or did his embarrassment communicate itself to her? Was she herself laughing out of sheer nervousness, helping him get the first moments over?

"Wait," she said. "You are Jed Traill, University of Virginia, 1915."

"I don't know why West should have bothered to go into that," he said, "unless you're from Virginia too."

"Atlanta, Georgia," said Eve, "and a long time ago."

"Couldn't be longer than 1915," said Traill somberly.

Eve began, "Funny thing about the wire ——"

At the same moment he began, "You're on your way out to ——"

They both stopped short. They both laughed apologetically.

"Let me!" said Eve, feeling any unease in the meeting suddenly dissipated. "The wire wasn't signed."

"You're on your way out to Hollywood," he said.

"Now," said Eve, "we can go on from there. I guessed it was Howard, because I knew he'd been in Boston, which is near Providence, and I didn't know anyone in Providence."

"Well," said Traill, "I knew you were on your way out to Hollywood because West told me so. He said you had a wonderful contract."

"Howard," said Eve sweetly, "is a darling and a perfectly unscrupulous liar. He told me that you ——" She stopped. She sat looking at Traill and wondering. "Used to be swell guy." Why "used to be"? He seemed, to a casual female eye, sufficiently swell, as he stood. Sat rather. One might have expected, taking Howard's phrase for it, to find him tottering upon a stick. He was thirty-five, Eve fancied, at the outside. Probably less than that. She began an intricate mental computation. If he'd finished at the University at twenty-two or three, say; and that was in 1915—and this was '29 ——

"What did Howard tell you?" he inquired at that moment with extreme courtesy. A trace of defiance, Eve thought.

She laughed. "How old are you, by any chance?"

He said, "I'm thirty-four. Did he tell you that?"

"I think," said Eve, "he might if he'd thought of it. He's a great gossip." She opened her bag lying on the seat beside her, and inspected herself in the small square mirror which it held, among other things. "One does get so incandescent on trains," she murmured, powdering her nose absently. "It's quite obvious to me why Howard's thrown us across each other's paths like a pair of red herring. He meant you to see me safely across the continent, so to speak. In case I get left in Arizona, buying post cards."

"Or lose a trunk in Oklahoma," he suggested.

"Why, there you are!" said Eve. "You have only to upset your entire schedule—whatever that may be—taking care of a lost lady. Howard," she sighed amusedly, "is always so thoughtful."

Jed Traill had been watching her out of his dark, rather melancholy eyes. Suddenly something seemed to take wing from him—something released, starving for freedom. Eve couldn't be sure just what it was—the look that flashed into his face, as, sometimes, from under a heavy cloud, a shaft of light escapes, lancing a darkened sea.

"Miss Adams," he said abruptly—abruptness in that drawl!—"do you know people in Chicago?"

"Not a soul," said Eve. "Not even a hijacker!"

"Neither do I," he said. "Isn't that luck?"

"You're fond of desert islands?" asked Eve.

"Desert islands *à deux!*" said he. She shouldn't have supposed he had it in him. "Well, then, why can't you go for a ride with me in a taxi?"

"Howard would be grateful to you," said Eve sedately.

"Of course," said Traill. "I was thinking only of that. And we're there until eight o'clock tonight, you know. We might have dinner too—some nice little place. I suppose," he conjectured hopefully, "there are nice little places in Chicago."

"Where they check their sawed-off shotguns at the door," said Eve. "Oh, yes, I think there must be."

"Then do!" said Traill. "Will you?"

Howard, Eve reflected, had really done her a very pleasant turn in sending that wire. She liked Jed Traill. For one of Howard's friends, he seemed extraordinarily real. And he seemed in some hidden way extraordinarily lonely. Which spoke to her own loneliness in its own language. The world is so full of desert islands, at which ships do not call, on which shoes do not step, where sealing wax does not crimson, cabbages do not grow, nor kings wear crowns.

"I'd love a ride in a taxi," she said. "We're almost in now, aren't we? Suppose I put on my hat."

VIII

FOR a party embarked upon on impulse obviously, for a party restricted to two so briefly acquainted, the ride in the taxi, and even the dinner in the nice little place, later discovered, unfolded extremely well. The taxi was yellow, its driver dark-visaged, but on the whole not without understanding, and the lake, whipped by a shrewd spring wind into yellowish foam, smearing a stained harsh shore—the lake had, as all lakes have, the prisoned mysterious beauty of water, inland.

Eve said, her dark eyes wide, watching the white caps crest and fall: "It's an ugly town, but it has a queer sort of strength, hasn't it? New York is proud. This place is heavy and sullen and powerful. It's like a thunderhead or a black bear on his hind legs."

She could talk to Jed Traill, because he didn't laugh at her. Even when his crooked mouth seemed to smile, his eyes were almost tender.

He said, "Chicago's a cavalry saber. New York's a sword."

It sounded as if he had been in the Army, but Eve didn't ask him. There was a reticence, a dignity about him which kept one from asking him questions. And she didn't, that day in the taxi, particularly desire to know either his antecedents or his anticipations. He was, for an empty day in a strange town, an unexpectedly pleasant companion. She had expected to be alone, so be perhaps a trifle forlorn, to kill time as best she could. Instead of which she found herself delightfully taken care of, even interested and amused. Eve asked no more. She had not looked forward to so much.

Traill was quite apparently the sort of man she had known from her childhood, with whom she was at once on terms of social intimacy. They spoke the same tongue. They interpreted each other's gestures correctly. When they had ridden for almost an hour along the lake and about the town, Traill suggested a movie; and in the quasi-seclusion of dark-velveted divans, with a violin-fretted twilight enfolding them, they made yet further progress into friendship, assisted thereto by the naïve grotesqueries of an unsmiling comedian.

"I feel," said Eve, coming out into waning daylight between steep walls of smoky stone, under a smoke-gray sky—"I feel as if we had gone to dancing school together. I have laughed till the back of my head hurts." Impulse descended upon her in turn, stopped her in her tracks, turned her, facing him on a crowded sidewalk.

"Let's find a place for dinner. I'm dining with you, aren't I?"

"If there's any justice in life," said Traill solemnly.

"Then let's find a place where we can dance," said Eve.

He slid a hand within her arm, turned her toward a taxi. "Those birds," he assured her, "know everything. Let's ask him where's a good place."

(Continued on Page 124)

"You've Got the Sort of Voice That Women Go Mad Over and That Doesn't Mean a Thing"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions: Five Cents the Copy, $2.00 the Year (52 weekly issues). Two Years for $3.50, Three Years for $5.00. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador): Ten Cents the Copy, $3.00 the Year, Two Years for $5.50, Three Years for $8.00, in Canadian or United States Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela: $6.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

In all other localities: $10.00 the Year. No reduction for longer periods.

Remittances from outside the United States and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Bank Draft, payable in United States Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 5, 1930

Bed-Rock Institutions

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES has been Chief Justice of the United States for some weeks now, and presides over our highest court. But the opposition which developed in the Senate to his confirmation will long remain one of the startling flare-ups of American political history. The outburst was comparatively brief, as well as sudden, but it shocked a large proportion of the sensible people of the country. In one respect we feel that the importance of the episode was exaggerated at the time, although its serious implications are not to be overlooked.

It is significant that Mr. Hughes' nomination was the first of major stature to come up since the Senate abolished its executive sessions. It is a question whether such violent attacks would have been made upon Mr. Hughes and the Supreme Court in private session, where they would have been unavailable to the sensation-loving section of the syndicated press. Nor would the fireworks have been so brilliant if the elections for Congress were some months behind instead of ahead. One-third of the members of the Senate will be up for election next November, and owing to last year's extra session, Congress has been in continuous meeting in Washington for an extraordinary length of time; members have been unable to return home to placate their constituents or to repair broken political fences. Their noses have been held to the grindstone of dull, hard subjects like farm relief and the tariff. With a certain type of senator, radicalism is a regular stock in trade. Unable to attend to his political affairs at home, he must produce a stronger brand than ever to get the desired effect. It shows one's independence to denounce the most eminent in the land; that is the way to the headlines.

In the earlier and somewhat rougher period of American history it was common sport to oppose the nomination of chief justices. In fact, until comparatively recent years our history was full of bitter attacks upon not only the appointment of justices but against the conduct of the court itself. Yet we are certain that the public generally felt a painful surprise at the reappearance of these violent passions. The country at large regarded Mr. Hughes' appointment with almost universal approval. Not only was he first in general esteem; there was no second. Possibly a few Old Guard leaders, with smarting memories of Mr. Hughes' lack of clubbiness as a professional politician, may not have defended him so vigorously as they might.

As for the charge of the insurgents that Mr. Hughes has at various times represented corporations in his law practice, people with common sense will merely ask, What is wrong with that? Even the lowest of criminals and degenerates have a right to their day in court, and we presume that business enterprises have the same right. Indeed, the higher type of corporation lawyer spends more of his time telling his clients what they cannot do within the law than what they can do.

But far more suggestive is the fact that Mr. Hughes' whole tradition is a liberal one. He is a member of that great group of moderates, to which most sensible men belong, who believe in gradual progress and the adaptation of institutions to liberal ideas. He was the pioneer in establishing state regulation of public utilities, and he advocated a workmen's compensation law in New York even before Wisconsin adopted it. Many progressive labor laws were passed when he was governor of New York, and Governor Alfred E. Smith frequently referred to the progressive principles of his great predecessor. As a judge, several of his decisions favored labor groups or welfare provisions. It was he who struck at the life-insurance scandals and, by stirring necessary reforms into life, laid the foundations for the present greatness of one of the most helpful of human institutions. Again, it was he who raised his powerful voice in behalf of a group of Socialists elected to the New York legislature after the war, but whose right to their seats was questioned in the prevailing hysteria.

But the serious aspect is that old and many times discarded effort to subordinate the independence of the judiciary to the transient ideas of some senators. Time and again the people of the country have rejected this attempt, and more than one presidential candidate has gone down on this issue. The idea that the type of economic or political mind shall be determined in advance of appointment by the shifting politics of Senate blocs and coalitions is unthinkable. It would mean the destruction of the Constitution.

A small but vociferous minority of senators insist that the Supreme Court has made itself the arbiter of social and economic questions and has become the oppressor of the people. This attitude is based largely on the fact that a number of majority decisions of the court have been opposed to what was regarded as confiscation of property. Therefore the court is accused of being the friend of property rights and the enemy of human rights. Those who say this belong mainly to that brilliant school of economic thought which holds that the road to social welfare and justice is to reduce the profits of corporations to the poverty level. Their theory of prosperity is first to establish as general destitution as possible.

It is true that many unsolved and intricate questions of valuation and rate making in respect to public utilities confront the country. In a fast-changing industrial civilization it is difficult for any court to satisfy all elements. Perhaps we need new methods of preventing corporations from becoming too powerful, but certainly the rhetorical senators who denounce the Supreme Court have contributed nothing of a constructive nature to these problems. The Constitution may be old, but who dares say that its guaranties are outworn? What would become of our very existence without the inviolability of contract?

It can be said in all soberness that the people have reason to be proud and are proud of their highest court. Studious histories of the supreme tribunal point out how it has refused as a cardinal principle to review questions involving the policies of Congress. Indeed, in a comparatively recent decision of Justice Brandeis it is expressly stated that no principle is more firmly established "than that this court may not, in passing upon the validity of a statute, inquire into the motives of Congress." Then, too, the court has refused to pass upon questions except in the form of concrete cases presented to it. Coupled with this is its refusal to take cognizance of questions regarded as strictly political rather than judicial. Another feature which a history of the court shows is the way the hopes of those who expected a judge to follow the political views of the President appointing him have been disappointed.

The only result which can flow from undermining or taking away the independence of the court is loss and suffering for the whole people.

Gold Movements in 1929

GOLD movements during the year 1929, judged by the gold holdings of the central banks, exhibited interesting changes. The chief gainers were France, the United States and Belgium, in the order mentioned. The gold gain of France was no less than $390,000,000; the gain of the United States was $273,000,000. The chief losers were Argentina, Germany and England, in the order named. Argentina lost no less than $165,000,000, Germany $100,000,000 and England $35,000,000. The reported gains were around $765,000,000; the reported losses were around $335,000,000. The difference between losses and gains was a gain of around $430,000,000, which represents the new gold production of the year.

The mobility of gold illustrated how well reëstablished has become the gold standard. During the year there developed, however, three instances of restraint of movement of gold—in Argentina, Australia and Canada. In Canada the dollar, in November, passed the export gold point without gold going out; in Australia the restraint of export of gold was determined by legislation; in Argentina the gold payments were suspended. In all three countries the same explanation was given—a too-heavy excess of value of imports on account of low prices and low volume of agricultural exports.

Under the proposed operations of the Bank of International Settlements, international gold movements are supposed to be restrained. It will be instructive to observe the workings of the proposed bank in this regard.

The Farm Board Tackles Production

THE Farm Board has come to grips with what the agricultural economist calls "overplanting." The heavens determine the yield, but the farmer determines the area planted. The Farm Board has issued a friendly admonition to cotton growers and to wheat growers not to expand their acreage, but to contract it. The winter wheat was planted last fall, before the Farm Board was fairly organized, and the acreage is relatively large. There were indications that farmers in the spring-wheat belt might be tempted to overplanting, hence the warning. The crop year was half over before the Farmers' National Grain Corporation was organized for operation, and the wheat-stabilization corporation was still more recently authorized. It is understood that wheat growers' coöperative associations and farmers' wheat-marketing organizations are being rapidly developed. This augurs well for the handling of the 1930 crop, and it is, therefore, all the more important that the problem should not be aggravated by an exceptionally heavy crop due to overplanting.

In the case of cotton also there were indications that cotton growers, especially east of the Mississippi, were being tempted to expand their acreage. In urging cotton growers not to expand acreage, but to contract it, the Board also pointed out the advantages which lie in the raising of a larger proportion of the farm family's food supply. Raising more of his food supply and less of cotton, the farmer stands to achieve a double gain—the reduction of his purchases and elevation of the price of cotton.

Two things are becoming clear to the agricultural population: There must be some adjustment of supply to demand if better prices are to be hoped for. Certainly a Federal Farm Board can operate better with an adjusted supply than with an inflated supply. Second, adjustment of supply, involving restriction of planted acreage, cannot be accomplished through advices extended by the Farm Board to the individual grower. An intermediary organization is essential, and this is the coöperative association. Not alone for the marketing of the crop is the coöperative association essential; it is even more essential in the adjustment of supply to demand in the control of planted acreage. It is not an easy task the Board is undertaking. But sooner or later farm relief must get down to bed rock, and the Farm Board has decided to do so at once.

THE FORTUNATE COAST

By Hamlin Garland

SIX months' residence in Hollywood does not qualify me as its historian, but I am able to report—and feel moved to report—on certain phases of its life which are seldom spoken of by those who are merely visitors, and who write influenced by preconceived notions. I am not without such preconceptions myself, but I shall begin by saying that Hollywood is not a village built around a group of moving-picture studios, but a part of the city of Los Angeles, which contains more than a million inhabitants. All the studios of which you read are in or near Hollywood, but they are submerged by open-air markets, banks, hotels, branch shops of Los Angeles department stores, and all the other customary enterprises of a city. The Hollywood post office is only twenty minutes from the public library—which, by the way, is a beautiful building, designed by Bertram Goodhue—and the fine tower of the city hall is visible from Hollywood hills. As a matter of fact, the stranger cannot tell where Los Angeles leaves off and Hollywood begins.

In writing of Southern California in general and of Hollywood in particular, I shall report them neither from a real-estate office nor from a seat in the lobby of a Los Angeles hotel, but from the standpoint of a citizen who waters his own lawn and drives his own car. As I did not come here to meet moving-picture stars or to sell a scenario, I have had abundant opportunity to study the normal and busy life of my fellow fugitives from the cold and snow of Eastern winters.

Midwesterners of the Far West

FIRST of all, I observed that the men and women on the streets and in the shops were American. I took pleasure in their blond, familiar, cheerful faces. Whatever their private woes, they appeared genial and prosperous. They were good-humored and neighborly. They understood English and were a blessed relief from the swarms of immigrants in New York City. The people of Los Angeles are familiar in type. They speak my language. Their faces resemble those of my neighbors in Wisconsin and Iowa fifty years ago.

Southern California is largely Midwestern. The threadbare joke is that—just that. "Los Angeles is the largest town in Iowa," paragraphers write. "When an Iowa picnic is announced at Long Beach, Los Angeles shuts up shop for the day!" True, there are a few from Wisconsin and other Midwest States, but they are almost indistinguishable from the Iowans. Texas has sent its quota of blond folk, who use a peculiar intonation, but are English or Scotch in their physiognomy. It is this predominance of Midwestern, middle-conditioned people which leads San Franciscans to call Los Angeles a hick town. Decidedly it is not aristocratic. It is made up for the most part of those who dwell in the middle of fortune's favors.

My second observation is that many of these citizens appear to be living on limited incomes, taking it easy after a life of hard work on the level lands of the blizzard belt. They are mostly middle-aged, with sandy complexions and blue or gray eyes; and the telephone directory is filled with Scotch or Irish or English names. The proportion of elderly folk and widows is very large, and they all drive cars! Every man, woman and child appears to own an automobile, and the broad avenues glitter with long lines of polished windshields, nickel-plated lamps and shining fenders. Endless streams of luxurious sedans come and go from the beaches, the hills and the fruit-land suburbs; while the men who do not possess a set of wheels or do not care to drive may be seen loafing about the parks, well dressed, placid, social, endlessly recalling the days when they were imprisoned in Eastern shops or wallowing in the snows. If you listen you will hear them bragging of the severe storms, the deep snows and the blistering heat they once endured—experiences which give added charm to the serene and perfumed air in which they bask. Meanwhile their wives are shopping in the spacious and beautiful department stores.

This atmosphere of leisure pervades even the shops, which are also Midwestern. Prosperous as the merchants seem, busy as they undoubtedly are, they have time to be neighborly, and their clerks are minded to employ a pleasant word. They show little of that spirit of remorseless warfare with which the Orientals of New York often confront their customers. If the salesman in Los Angeles cheats, it is more in the humor of the frontier horse trader. He interests me and comforts me, even as he overcharges me, by speaking my own language. He is essentially a neighbor when selling me a bag of oranges.

Naturally, these retired farmers fill the moving-picture theaters, and their taste is not high—that I must admit—but they are well-mannered even in the cinema. They gape at passing movie stars, but are not entirely befooled. They do not take the actor people as seriously as some writers imagine. They also read books, but the books they borrow from the library are not mine. They prefer, quite properly, Zane Grey and Edgar Burroughs; they are tireless consumers of detective and adventure stories. Gorgeous women's clubs abound, and in these, discussions of the latest novels and reviews of the latest plays draw large audiences. And they go, they all go—father, mother, bub and sis—to the Hollywood Bowl, where for a season they hear fine singers and a noble orchestra.

This Bowl, a civic triumph, deserves a paragraph by itself. It is an enormous, open-air theater hollowed out of the foothills just above Hollywood, and seats thirty thousand people. No other climate known to me permits so many nightly assemblies as take place for months at a time in this amphitheater. Here is a Hollywood not usually depicted. To sit in an immense and reverentially silent audience in this Bowl, an audience so silent that every note of the violins can be heard, while the moon rises over the near-by hills, is to feel something both nobly Greek and grandly American. No other people, and no other city, can furnish, month after month, a finer form of restorative entertainment. The prices are not high, the night air gloriously humane. This is Hollywood at its best.

Shopping From Your Running Board

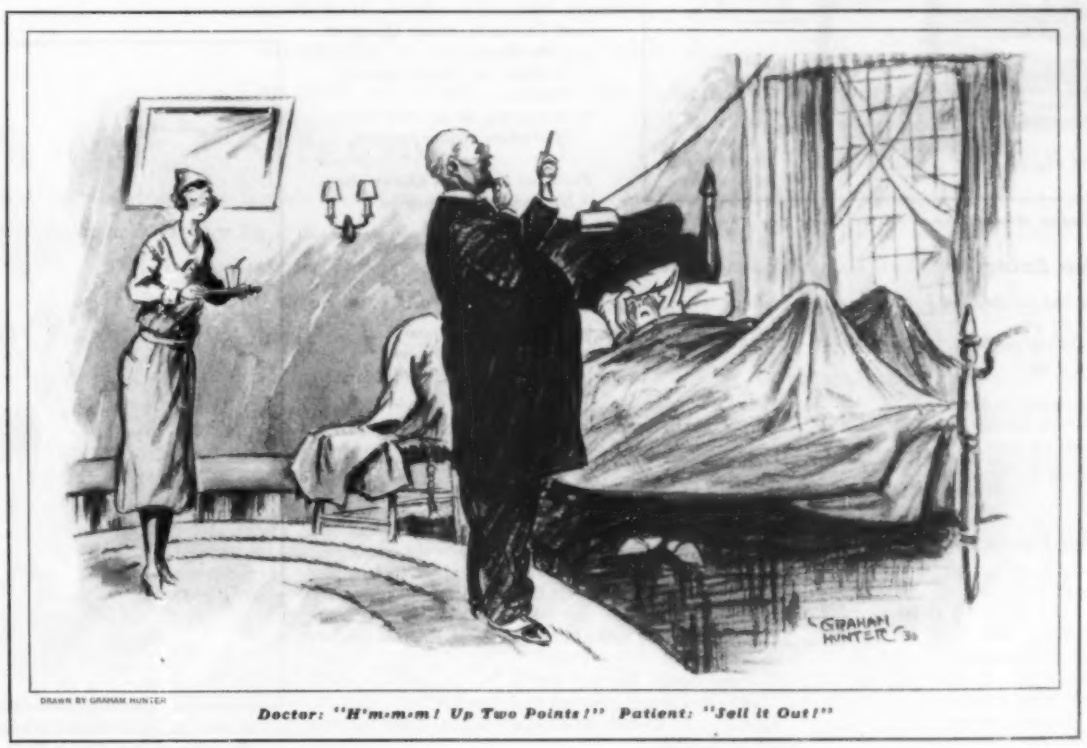
A DISCUSSION of the climate is inescapable—and here I must deal with another preconception. With six months of residence, from January to April last year, and again from August to November, I can say that I have enjoyed every day of my stay; but I have discovered that what is true of Los Angeles, Hollywood and Beverly Hills is not true in detail of other cities farther from the sea. According to the daily weather report—which I studied with care—the difference in temperature between the coast and the interior during August runs from ten to twenty degrees in favor of the coast.

For me, each morning the sun rose over a still grove of eucalyptus trees just above my study. The air, deliciously cool at dawn, gradually became warmer, till at noon the mercury touched seventy-five, and on some days eighty-five, degrees. Then, regularly at four, as the inland valleys became heated, the air from the ocean swept in, bringing a delightful coolness.

Although the citizens complained of the heat, to me, August was the kind of weather I had expected to find here. By six o'clock each afternoon the temperature was delightful, and sunset brought a genial air which made it possible to linger out-of-doors till late without wraps. Only on one night during the summer did I suffer from the heat.

But all this refers only to "the fortunate coast"—land along the seashore from San Diego to Eureka. The marvel of this coastal region is the equableness of its climate. You can depend on freedom from frost and snow, as the beautiful drive-in markets amply prove. Their doors are never closed, and as you drive your motor car into them, you can shop from your running board. These markets, which are to be found all over the western parts of the city, make

(Continued on Page 169)



DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

Doctor: "H'm·m·m! Up Two Points!" Patient: "Sell it Out!"

POST SCRIPTS

"I Like What You've Done Here"

DRAWN BY A. S. FOSTER

Panhandler Plus

IN MAKING this request for the purchase price of a cup of coffee," said the hobo, "I want it distinctly understood that I am a victim of civilization and a martyr to progress. Strange as it may sound, my predicament is the result of constructive and enlightening forces."

"What's the racket?" I asked impatiently.

"No racket," said the hobo. "Every dot and dash that a radio aerial spouted into the air helped to bring me to my present state. Every telephone line that was strung on poles was a noose around my neck. Every new mile of railroad track decreased the need for my talents. The drone of aeroplane motors was a swan song for my calling. Behold in me a man defeated by invention, a victim not only of my own bravery but of other men's bravery as well."

"The speech alone is worth a dime," I said, handing him the shiniest one in my pocket. "Now, tell me, what is your line?"

"Explorer," said the hobo—"Arctic, Antarctic, tropical and general utility." —ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN.

DRAWN BY JOHN HALDEN

"There's Something Pagan About Dance Music, Don't You Think?"

See You Later

YOU'RE very bad for me, and I
Am very bad for you,
And so I think I'll say good-by,
But, darling, if I do

Will you be good enough to swear
You'll slip up from behind
And resolutely pull my hair
Until I change my mind?

—Margaret Fishback.

The Unanalyzing Poets Analyzed

Alas for those who ne'er enjoyed
The freedom's battle cry of Freud!
—Old Song.

I GRIEVE for Edgar Allan Poe,
Who, writing of his Annabel
(Miss Lee), did not appear to know
The things today we know so well.
"She was a child," he sadly penned;
Her love obsession drove him frantic;
Poe should have analyzed her trend;
An utter infantile romantic.

For Wordsworth, ignorance's slave,
I feel contempt (or synonym),
Who said of Lucy in her grave
It made a difference to him.
No stuff today could be so bad
When we who know our Freudian essence
Are certain Mr. Wordsworth had
But necrophilic adolescence.

Jane Taylor fills my soul with scorn,
Who wrote—you know the verses well—
Of her who every night and morn
Would run to catch her when she fell;
And Tennyson, whose Queen of the May
Implored for sleep's extermination,
Were victims, we are sure today,
Of absolute mother fixation.

Today no Keats and Shelley rise,
No neophytes in psycho schools.
Our feelings we can analyze;
We have emotions by the rules.
And when the sentimental show
That poetry is in regression,
We laugh, we bards who do not know
The meaning of the word suppression.

—Franklin P. Adams.

An Examination in Business English

I. QUESTION: Turn the following sentence into business English: "Please ask Mr. Schlupp to ask the salesmen what they think of the new box."

ANSWER: "It is requested that you approach Mr. Schlupp with the request that he approach the customers' contact men with the request that they report their angles and slants on the container for the organization's product."

II. QUESTION: Translate into business English the following dialogue:

"Please, mister, buy my pencils!"

"Like fun I'll buy your infernal pencils!"

ANSWER: "I should like to interest you in our big new pencil proposition."

"Leave me your literature, and I shall be happy to have our research department make an exhaustive study and analysis of your proposition."

III. QUESTION: Translate the following dialogue into correct business English:

"Do you like pie, Mr. Garnisch?"

"Yes"; or "No."

ANSWER: "How do you react to pie, Mr. Garnisch?"

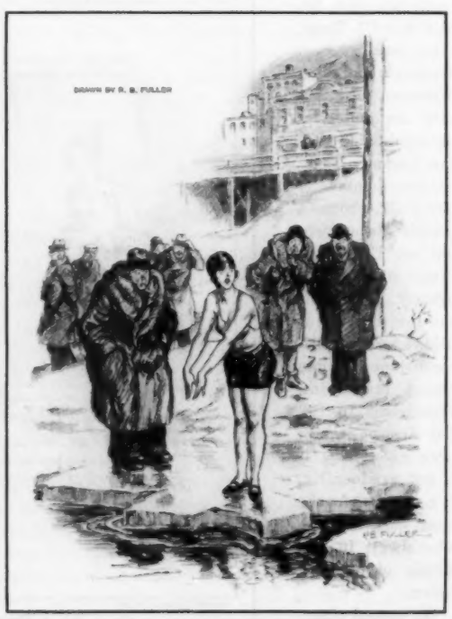
"I react favorably"; or "I react unfavorably."

IV. QUESTION: Give correct equivalents for the following vulgar words: tell, buy, sell, because, active, advertising leaflets.

ANSWER: Advise, purchase, market—or merchandise—due to the fact that, dynamic, literature.

V. QUESTION: When do you use the phrases: "In the last analysis"; "after all is said and done"; "conditions

(Continued on Page 144)



DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

Winter Bather: "Love It? Of Course I Love It—But Where are Those Roto and Movie Men?"

Wholesome nourishing soups that are strictly vegetable

For use during Lent
For vegetarians and the family table all year

ON THE DAYS or in the seasons when meat is excluded from your diet, meal-planning is especially puzzling. How you welcome the tonic, invigorating flavors and the wholesome nourishment of these four Campbell's Soups—Tomato, Pea, Celery, Asparagus! They contain no meat in any form. Instead their strictly vegetable goodness is further enriched with choice butter. And they also make wonderful Cream Soups, with the addition of milk instead of water. (See the labels.) 12 cents a can.

Tomatoes, asparagus,
Celery, peas—
Enjoy them in Campbell's
Whenever you please!

TOMATO SOUP

Favorite of the world! Irresistible in its vivid, challenging color and its racy, inimitable flavor! Isn't it wonderful that you never have to omit Campbell's Tomato Soup! And you enjoy it all the more when your choice of foods is restricted.

PEA SOUP

As famous for its nourishment as for its delicate, appealing flavor of sugar-sweet peas. Campbell's Pea Soup is a pride to the hostess and a veritable treasure of health and goodness for the family table. How children enjoy it!

CELERY SOUP

If your taste takes a special delight in the tonic, refreshing flavor of crisp, snow-white celery, Campbell's Celery Soup is bound to be a favorite of yours. For here is captured the very aroma, the choicest celery itself! Serve it often!

ASPARAGUS SOUP

The first green shoots of spring! How tender! How succulent! Enjoy them all the year in Campbell's Asparagus Soup—that smooth, tempting blend of the finest asparagus, so daintily garnished with asparagus tips.

Campbells' Soups

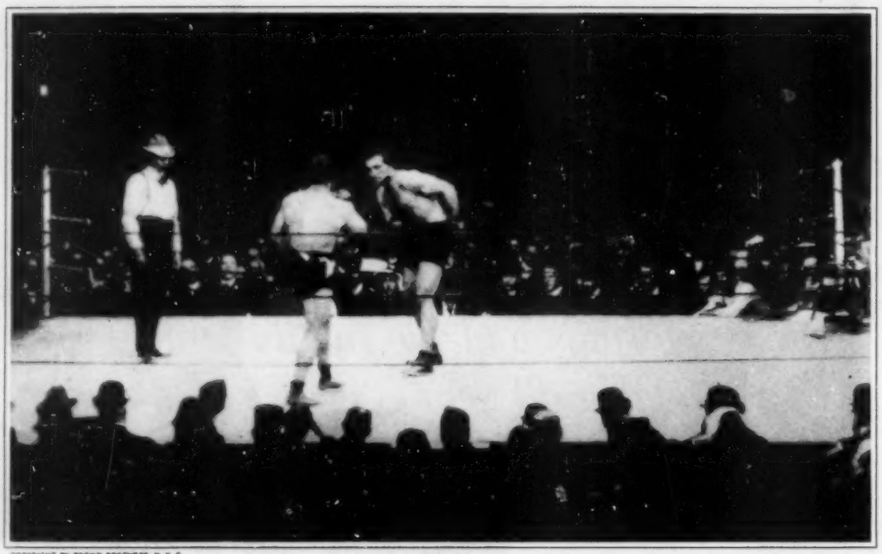
LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

BALLYHOO

By CHARLEY MURRAY, WITH WESLEY STOUT

PROFESSIONAL boxing is an endowed sport. If the newspapers were to give up their sporting pages tomorrow, I should have an ad in the Situations Wanted columns the next day, and the game shortly would be back to lantern-light homicides in rural barns, on barges anchored in the lake, and such speak-easies. The sport writers make boxing commercially possible.

The best writing in the average metropolitan newspaper is to be found in its sport pages, and for a very good reason. The editorial page has been declining for years. The news writer is held to rigid restrictions in what he may say and he says it anonymously, as a rule. The sport writer not only is permitted to write pretty much what comes into his head, but his name is advertised, he travels widely at office expense and his pay is the highest. The sport department is an independent kingdom within the newspaper organization. It offers the young reporter a short cut. Inevitably, it attracts many of the brightest.



COPYRIGHT BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

The Young Jeffries and Tom Sharkey in the Ring at Coney Island

The competition among sport writers to amuse the readers and to make a personal reputation is warm and direct. The newspapers are prodigal with the space they assign to them and not always is there enough spot news to fill it. The rest is gossip, free and untrammeled. It is the writers' ingenuity in inventing striking nicknames, phrases, wisecracks and drama about fighters that furnishes the continuous ballyhoo which turns the wheels. All profess an utter cynicism about the game, but not very convincingly. Once a sport writer, always a sport writer.

It is ballyhoo that pulls in the fans, but make no mistake about this horn tooting and drum beating. If it is synthetic, it is so much hollering down a rain barrel. Jim Corbett came to Buffalo once when Jimmie Slattery was beginning to loom large. Every town has "another Corbett" hatching, and Slattery was ours. Imposing upon Corbett's good nature, we arranged for the two to be photographed squaring off at each other in a room at the Iroquois Hotel. Slattery was supposed to be demonstrating his bewildering footwork. Corbett registered astonishment, but when the plate was developed Slattery's nimble feet were found to be incased in overshoes and bogged down in a carpet. The thought of fast footwork in galoshes on a hotel carpet was a good idea for the funny page, but not for the sport columns.

A Story in Every Fighter

THERE must be something genuine back of your tub thumping. The wise manager or promoter waits for a story to break, then builds it up for all it is worth. No newspaper will print his pipe dreams just to fill up the column; the staff can think up better ones if need be. I maintain that there is a story, good copy, in any fighter if you look for it. Fighting is essentially dramatic, and when it isn't dramatic it is comic.

If a fighter lacks color in one form or another he is a merchandising problem, for boxers do not sell strictly on their merits. Pete Prognathous, a self-effacing citizen and a methodical, workmanlike leather-worker, may be 30 per cent better than Machine Gun Mahoney, noisy in the ring and boisterous out of it, but the crowd will yawn at Pete and choke on his name, and come again to see Machine Gun. They may boo him, but to boo you must first buy a booing ticket. You can yawn at home for nothing.

What I call color has a thousand forms. Jeffries was not picturesque, but he had size, power and hairy chest as well as great ability. He was dramatized as the "Human Bear." Jack Sharkey is gabby and egotistical by nature, yet not so much so as he pretends. Finding that brag was good box office, Sharkey laid it on thick. Corbett was a champion by right, but he was something more as Gentleman Jim. A fighter who knew one fork from another was a good gag in 1892 and Corbett patented it.

Tunney, a colorless fighter, went him one better and adopted literature as well as the higher social life with great success. I have wondered if Gene took the tip from Freddie Welsh, the original bookworm of the business. I shouldn't have been surprised at any time to see Freddie pull a copy of Epictetus out of his bathrobe between rounds. I will take my oath that I once found him deep in The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire in his dressing room, and not a reporter or photographer around. He spent all his off time at East Aurora at the feet of Fra Elbert Hubbard, but Freddie didn't know a story and thus tossed away a birthright.

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

A Ballyhoo Picture — Dempsey, Murray and Leo Flynn. The Fish Was From a Hotel Ice Box

And now we have the latest importation from Europe, Primo Carnera, not satisfied with his six feet, seven inches of height, 269 pounds of weight and Number 20 shoes, calling in the reporters and admitting that grand opera is his passion. When he has disposed of a few vulgar heavyweights he proposes to surround himself with mezzos, contraltos, coloraturas, bassos and piccolos and do things to Pagliacci and Rigoletto.

I have a friendly warning for Carnera's cabinet. Give a fighter a character and he will live up to it, sometimes with a vengeance. A Buffalo boy was booked to fight at a smoker at Erie. Erie wrote back for his record, for purposes of publicity. He had no record, so his manager invented one. While he was about it, the manager made it good. The boy read it with gratification in an Erie paper. The next day he was back in Buffalo and waiting on me.

"Say, they had the nerve to pay me $25 for that fight last night," he complained.

"Well?" I said. "It was a regular $25 job, wasn't it? That's what they contracted to pay."

The Market Boy of Buffalo

"I KNOW, I know," he brushed me aside, "but look at my record!" He waved the Erie clipping. "Twenty-five bucks isn't cigarette money for me." He believed every word of it.

A boxer needs a following as well as color and a good trade-mark. If he hasn't attracted one of his own, a resourceful manager can find one for him. I knew a manager who left one of his orphans on the doorstep, as it were, of the city markets. The market men, as he had ascertained in advance, were a spending, sport-talking lot and the markets never had produced a fighter.

"I christen thee the Market Boy," pronounced the manager to his ward, and made him drive a produce truck every morning for nothing until the boy was permanently identified with the broccoli and squash jobbers. It was a smart move, for all the grocers for miles around came to market every morning, heard the ballyhoo and spread it far and wide, so that whenever the boy fought, the vegetable trade came in a body to huzzah him.

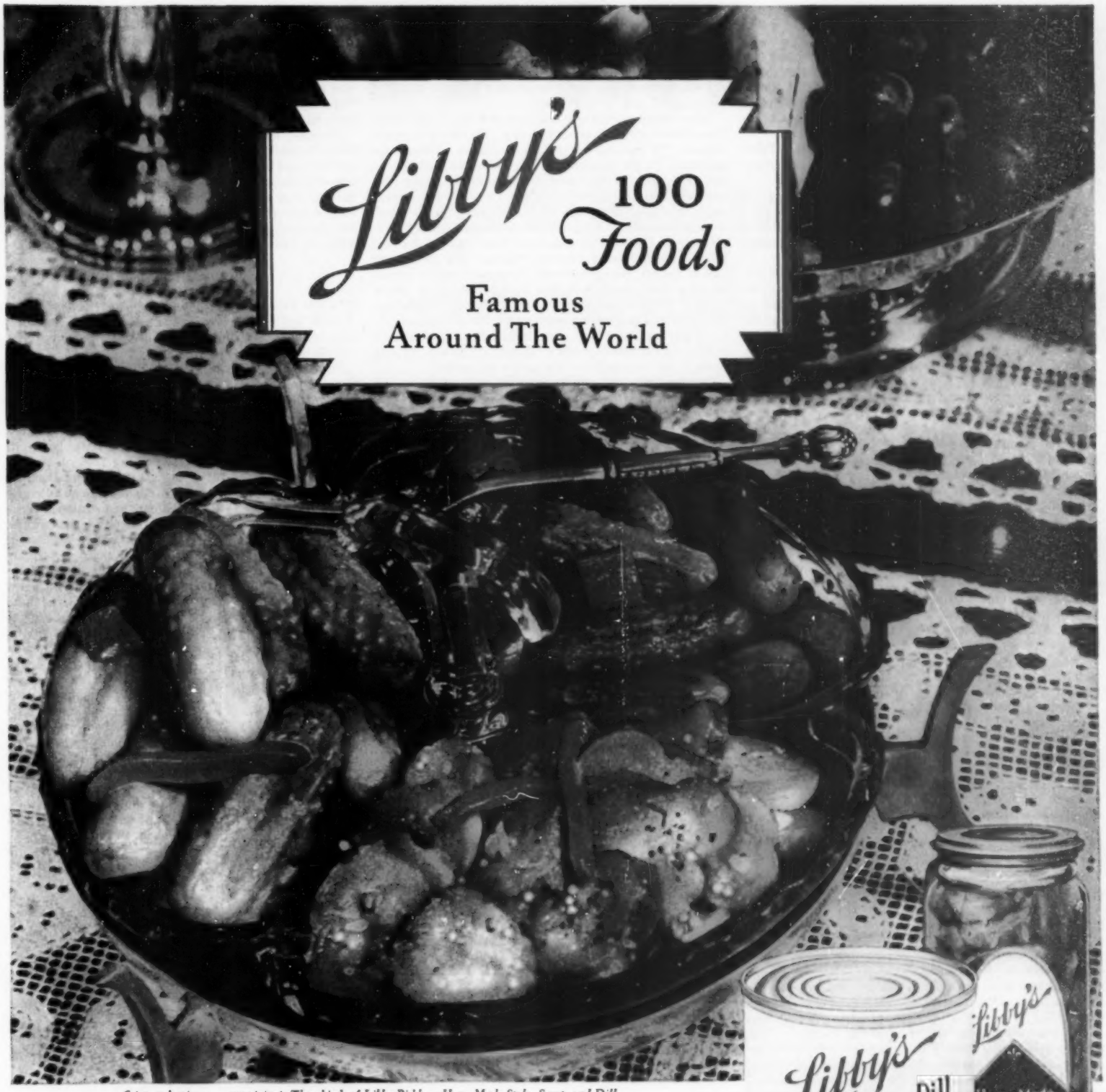
I have known ballyhoo to backfire and to get out of hand; I have known it to be set off accidentally. When Terry McGovern was champion he came to Buffalo playing in The Bowery After Dark. Sam Harris, who, with Sullivan and Woods, was producing the show, wired me asking me to look after Terry, which meant seeing that he was comfortable and properly in the public eye.

Automobiles being a novelty and Buffalo then the automobile manufacturing center of America, I borrowed a Thomas car with a back door, gathered in Terry, his sparring partner, Joe Humphreys and a photographer, and took them on a seeing-Buffalo tour. We planned to stop at strategic points and have our pictures taken for the papers. I pointed out the John G. Milburn home, where President McKinley had died not long before. There was a bronze plate on the house and Humphreys suggested that we take our first photograph beneath it.

The Milburns had vacated the place and there was a for-sale sign outside. Humphreys, the same Joe whose voice now rattles the girders of Madison Square Garden, said, to be funny: "It wouldn't be a bad idea for Terry to buy this place."

(Continued on Page 36)

632



Crisp and spicy . . . appetizing! Three kinds of Libby Pickles—Home Made Style, Sweet, and Dill

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Pickles, Condiments, Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

PARTIAL LIST OF PICKLES AND CONDIMENTS

MUSTARD · CHILI SAUCE · CATCHUP · SWEET RELISH · STUFFED OLIVES · QUEEN OLIVES
RIPE OLIVES · DILL PICKLES · SWEET PICKLES · SWEET MIXED PICKLES
SWEET MUSTARD PICKLES · HOME MADE STYLE PICKLES · SWEET SLICED DILL PICKLES

Tune in Tuesday evenings and Wednesday mornings!

Fascinating series of radio concerts—"Around the World with Libby." Famous artists, Libby Concert Orchestra. Tuesday evenings, coast-to-coast network of stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company: 8:30 Eastern Time; 7:30 Central Time; 6:30 Mountain Time; 5:30 Pacific Time. And Wednesday mornings over the same N. B. C. stations, Mary Hale Martin's Household Period: 10:45 Eastern Time; 9:45 Central Time; and by special arrangement, 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 34)

Thirty years ago a hackneyed press-agent device was to announce that the visiting fighter had fallen in love with Buffalo, or whatever the city may have been, and had concluded to settle down there and identify himself with the community. Actors employed a variation. They would claim each city on a forty-week route as their birthplace and wangle a picture and interview in each. I was a brash cub and Humphreys' jest set off an idea.

The next morning my paper carried the news that Terry McGovern intended to buy the historic Milburn mansion as a home, and printed the photograph to prove it. The Associated Press picked up the story and sent it broadcast and I was delighted with myself. I was more so when good citizens, patriotic bodies and pulpits from Kennebunk to Petaluma denounced McGovern's effrontery and passed resolutions.

Mr. Milburn had put the property in the hands of a law partner, a scholarly gentleman, aloof from worldly matters, who saw no reason why McGovern's money was not as good as any. The opposition reporters pestered us too. To have confessed the joke might have caused a backfire, so we sparred and set Friday afternoon for the signing of the papers. By Thursday I was disturbed in mind and telephoned an appeal to Sam Harris. He arrived Friday morning unperturbed and accompanied us, convoyed by the press, to the real-estate office.

Harris examined the title papers, picked up a pen, then paused. "It has just occurred to me," he said softly, "that this publicity may have been distasteful to Mr. Milburn and that he may not care to sell under the circumstances. If such should be the case, we should be disposed to defer to his feelings, unjust though they be to Mr. McGovern."

Mr. Milburn's partner assured us that we, inferentially including Mr. Milburn, were all business men together, and pressed the papers on us.

"Suppose that you telephone your client and get his confirmation just to prevent the possibility of a misunderstanding."

Mr. Milburn, being called, informed his partner that he would not consider the sale to McGovern for an instant. Harris, surmising as much, had called Milburn from New York the evening before and made sure of it.

You may remember a news photograph of Jack Dempsey working in a wartime shipyard which, when examined, showed him to be wearing patent-leather shoes and a silk shirt while handling a rivet gun.

This was a curious example of backfiring ballyhoo. The only time Dempsey worked in a shipyard was briefly in Seattle in the first months of the war, while the photograph was taken much later in the Sun yard at Chester, Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia district yards were seriously short of labor and a recruiting campaign was launched.

Dempsey, who was in the neighborhood, was asked to help round up men. Delivering a party of recruits to the Sun yard, an enterprising photographer asked him to step into overalls for a moment, pick up a rivet gun and be snapped for the good of the cause. That picture made Dempsey's life miserable for years after.

A Shot in the Dark

DEMPSEY always having been indulgent of anything the reporters wished to say about him, short of criminal libel, more fable has attached to him than any other man I know.

When he came East under Kearns' management for the first time, Kearns, feeling that his charge needed some window dressing, told Damon Runyon that the boy was a hobo, snatched from a jungle. The blackness of his jowls was not hirsute, but imbedded layers of cinders contracted on the brake rods, blind baggages and top decks of railroad trains. The boy had traveled *al fresco* so long, in fact, that only the closest surveillance on the trip from San Francisco had prevented Dempsey from slipping out of their Pullman compartment and playing peek-a-boo with the trainmen under the coaches. Runyon made it a good story and threw in the title, the Manassa Mauler, for boot, and I'll warrant you that not fifty persons doubt it today. I know that I took it for granted.

After Dempsey had won the championship I said something to him one day about hoboing. He looked at me in disgust. "I was no tramp," he protested. "That was ballyhoo. In the West where fares were five cents a mile and more, and distances were great, workmen usually beat their way and I did three or four times as a kid. But I never was one of those ginks who eat out of cans." As an afterthought he added, "I never rode on freights either."

Or again, a valid, important news story may break about a fighter and be hooted at by the reporters. It is the familiar case of the boy who cried wolf. I suppose that an actress might actually be robbed of a $100,000 string of pearls today, but if it should occur, she would do well to take only the police and insurance company into her confidence. So many actresses have been imaginarily robbed of imaginary pearls that her public would surmise that she was slipping badly if she were so desperate as this for notice.

Dempsey was the central figure in the best instance I know of such a situation.

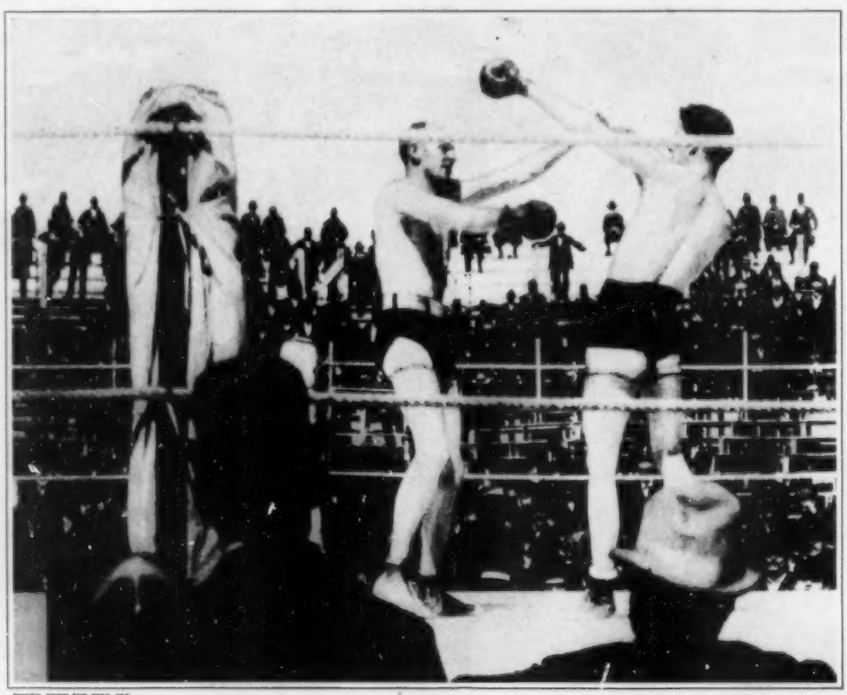


PHOTO FROM THE KING, INC.

The Sparse Crowd Which Saw Fitzsimmons Win the World's Championship From Corbett at Carson City in 1897

Stribling and Sharkey were about to fight in Miami last year. Dempsey was the promoter for Madison Square Garden, having taken over after Rickard's death. The experts were not taking the bout with becoming seriousness and the impression was widespread that seats were selling slowly.

One morning just before the fight, Vincent Treanor, of the New York Evening World, rushed to a telegraph office and put on the wire a story of a mysterious attempt to assassinate Dempsey. Two unknown thugs had invaded Dempsey's room early that morning, fired one shot at him and escaped. The first news to reach many of the staff writers at Miami came through telegrams from their editors demanding details.

They descended upon Jack and found him vague and unsatisfactory and a number wired their offices to disregard the story. It had every appearance of faking and pretty crude faking. Who would have a motive for breaking into Dempsey's room and trying to kill him? He carried no jewels or money to speak of. No one but Dempsey and his roommate, Floyd Fitzsimmons, pretended to have seen or heard the thugs. Raw! Raw! cried the sport pages in unison. The fight was a bust and Dempsey, in desperation, had tried to revive the corpse by concocting the silliest cock-and-bull story of a decade. So ran the verdict.

I was in Miami and much with Dempsey and I know to my satisfaction that the attack occurred just as described. I also know that every reserved seat and most of the general admissions to the bout already had been sold. Dempsey was the guest of his old friend, Harry Moore, Chicago hotel man, in Moore's winter home. The town was crowded, and Floyd Fitzsimmons, arriving without a hotel reservation, was invited by Dempsey to share the room. Otherwise Dempsey would have been alone and the incident might have had another outcome.

Dempsey always was in bed before his host and it was Moore's habit on returning home to look in on his guest and say good night. Jack awakened about 3 A.M., saw and sensed a blurred figure in the doorway and took it to be Moore. But something was amiss. Moore's way was to bounce into the room. Dempsey said nothing and froze into immobility for what seemed to him to be five minutes, while the figure in the doorframe remained equally still.

Believe it or Not

THEN Fitzsimmons woke and spoke. "Keep quiet or we'll drill you," came from the doorway. Then apparently calling to a confederate, the shadowy figure said, "Come on in, George."

Dempsey, thinking as fast as he did in the ring, realized that the intruder's eyes, if not his attention, were not on him for the moment. Leaping catlike from the bed, he got behind the door and slammed it in the face of the figure, hurtling the latter back into the hallway.

Fitzsimmons and Dempsey then dashed into an adjoining bedroom and stationed themselves on either side of the door, expecting to be followed. They had no firearms, but Jack laid his hand on a blackjack and had it poised ready to bring down on the head of the first man through the door. Fitzsimmons armed himself with a big water pitcher.

When nothing happened after a long wait, the two began cautiously to reconnoiter the house. Dempsey, creeping to the head of the stairway leading up from the reception room, bumped into the intruder in the dark. Both leaped back, there was a flash of flame and a shot which went wild, and the man slipped through an opened window.

Toward breakfast time Dempsey telephoned to Fred Tapscott, a Chicago detective who frequently had guarded Dempsey's training camps and who was serving him at Miami. Tapscott was living at the hotel which housed the bulk of the newspapermen. Nearly all of them were at the station to greet the Friars' Club special train. Treanor happened to be at the hotel, overheard snatches of the telephone conversation, trailed Tapscott, got the story and beat the country on it.

When the news got back to Miami from New York later in the morning, Steve Hannagan, Dempsey's press agent, was furious and read the riot act to his boss. "Am I handling your publicity or not?" he demanded. "You're too old a hand to pull a brodie like this; any amateur could have done better. If you had told me what you were cooking up, I would have dished it out properly. But, no! You give it to one man and gum the works. You know as well as I do that it's plain murder to have the rest of the mob scooped. Now they won't touch the yarn with a ten-foot pole, and they're as sore as so many mashed thumbs to boot. Just what am I expected to tell them, anyway?"

Jack explained the facts to Hannagan, and the press agent went away to try to convince the reporters. To me, the best proof of the story's truth was Dempsey's attitude. It was evident that he was both puzzled and alarmed. The only possible explanation that he could suggest was that someone bore him a grudge of a caliber to support murder and, to his knowledge, he had no such enemies. If he did, the sooner he discovered the motive, the better. There were underworld characters a-plenty in Miami at the time, and I rode about town with him several nights while he sought out such of them as he knew to ask if

(Continued on Page 193)

53,711 miles!

Mobiloil-lubricated car breaks world's non-stop record by 22,461 miles!

53,711 miles of running without a stop, and still going strong at the finish!

A stock Chrysler 65 recently broke all existing endurance records, after 69 days and 68 nights of continuous running at the Avus track in Berlin. The previous non-stop record was 31,250 miles. This Mobiloil-lubricated Chrysler was still going strong at 53,711 miles, when a heavy fog lowered the visibility, and the car ran off the track.

On dis-assembly after this gruelling run, all mechanical parts of the Mobiloil-protected engine were found in excellent condition.

This striking proof of the lubricating efficiency of Mobiloil is but another dramatic example of the superlative lubrication service Mobiloil gives to thousands of motorists throughout the world under every driving condition.

Back of every quart of Mobiloil you buy for your engine stands the knowledge and experience of the oldest organization in the world devoted to the science of lubrication. Back of every quart of Mobiloil you buy for your engine, stands a record of *proved performance* no other oil has ever matched.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

BODY by FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

THERE is no season when the motorist gets more downright enjoyment out of his car than in Spring—especially when it is a Fisher Body car. Now, inviting your inspection in the showrooms of General Motors car dealers—for *only* General Motors cars are equipped with Body by Fisher—there awaits your visit the widest variety of distinctive body types. All are endowed with still more grace of line, still more delightful new color combinations, more luxurious comfort and even greater durability than any Fisher Bodies ever before displayed—and any one of them will add immeasurably to your enjoyment this Spring, this Summer and for many a season still to come.

* * *

CADILLAC · LASALLE · BUICK · VIKING · OAKLAND
MARQUETTE · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · CHEVROLET
GENERAL MOTORS

FAMILY PARASITES

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MY FRIEND, Caroline Blank, dropped in to see me the other day. She is a professional woman in her middle thirties and she earns an income of five thousand dollars a year. She is supporting a mother who married young and is still in her fifties, and a seventy-year-old invalid father who broke down at sixty. The mother's activities are devoted to keeping up the little house and garden Caroline bought for her parents in a near-by suburb. Caroline spends her week-ends with them, but as her job has considerable night work attached to it, she has a room and bath in the city. Her work calls for public speaking and for considerable travel. It is important that she dress well. Thus it will be seen that Caroline's expenses are heavy.

She carries her responsibilities as if they were a flag, and I have never seen her bent under them until now. She dropped into an easy-chair and closed her eyes with an effect of exhaustion. Tea and toasted muffins and strawberry jam failed to revive her. My hospitable prattle found her irresponsive.

"Tired?" I asked at last.

That, too, would be new in Caroline. It appeared to be a point of honor with her not to concede that she was tired, even when she was. "The woman who is always complaining of being tired," Caroline once remarked in my hearing, "makes me a whole lot more tired than my work ever does. When a woman is tired she'd better keep quiet about it. Who cares?"

On this occasion Caroline ran true to form.

"No," she said briefly, "not tired. Worried!"

"Want to talk about it?"

Usually Caroline doesn't want to talk about it. According to her Spartan creed, it is almost as reprehensible to be worried as to be tired. Either condition, she thinks, is strictly personal. This day, however, she was ready to talk, and little by little her story came out.

Save in details, the general situation is familiar enough. We all see various phases of it working out around us. Caroline has two brothers. One is older than she; the other is younger. Both married before they were twenty-five, and they now have three children. They are young business men earning average incomes. With their domestic responsibilities, they were not able to contribute to the support of their parents when the father ceased to be a wage earner. Their contributions since then have been pipes, tobacco and occasional cigars to him, and a five or ten dollar bill, on her birthday or at Christmas, to their mother. Unaided by the two young men, Caroline has fed, sheltered and clothed her parents for ten years. Thousands of unmarried women with brothers are doing the same thing throughout our fair land. But here is where Caroline's case is unusual:

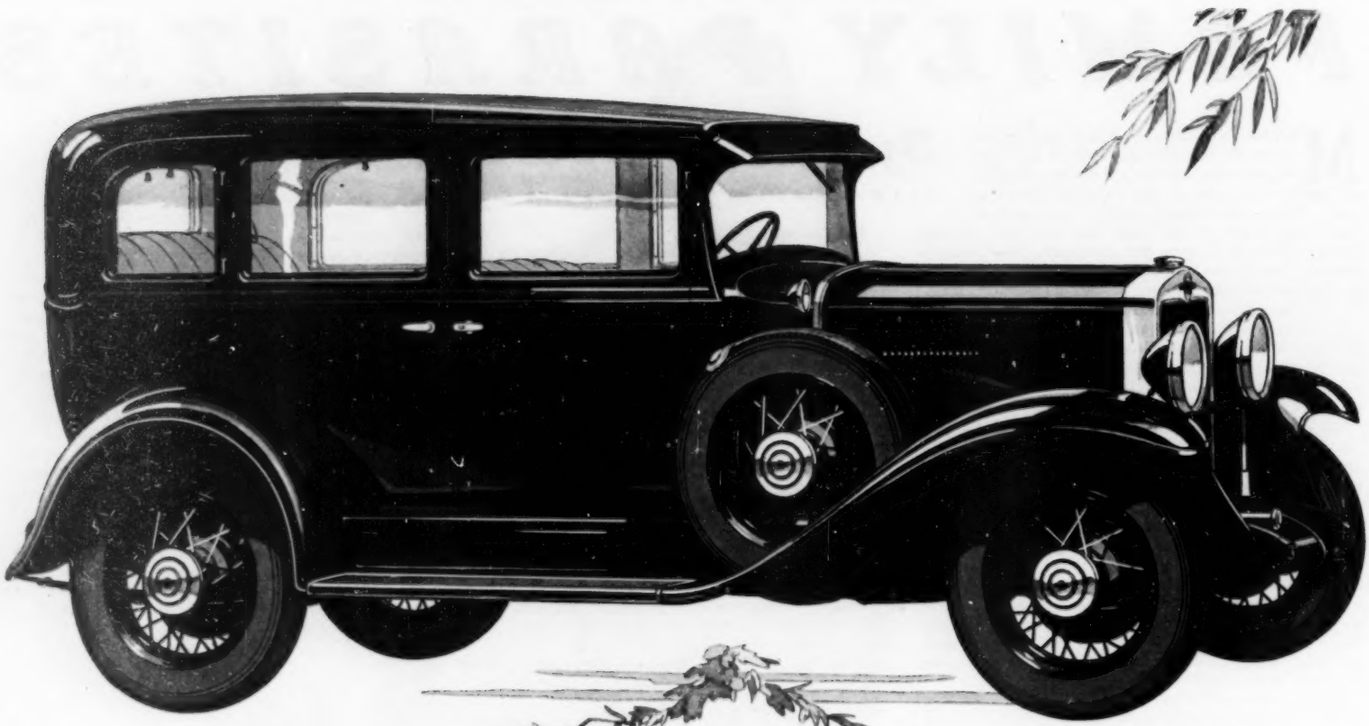
Her two brothers live in the city where she lives. They are, therefore, within forty minutes' train ride of Caroline's little country house, and Caroline's mother is a devoted parent and a hospitable woman. As soon as each of her boys married she warmly invited him and his bride to come out to the country for dinner every Sunday; and almost without exception they have done so throughout the years, bringing their children, of course, as fast as the youngsters arrived on the scene. At present four parents and three children—seven guests in all—sit down for their Sunday dinner every week with Caroline and her parents. That makes ten persons at the dinner table. The two sons and their families arrive about eleven o'clock every Sunday morning and leave about six in the afternoon, after the three children have had a light supper. Nothing but illness is permitted to interfere with this weekly visit. The daughters-in-law say, when they engage their individual maid of all work, "You'll be sure of every Sunday off." The mother has an orgy of marketing every Saturday morning. She buys the best and the most expensive food she sees. Nothing is too good for the children.

And Caroline pays the bills.

"The point is," Caroline explained with a sigh, "they are simply awful bills. Those Sunday visits mean not only a big dinner for ten but a supper as well; for mother always gives the younger fry their supper, and, naturally, my

(Continued on Page 166)

In an Amazing Number of American Homes, Carried On by Unmarried Sisters, Those Sisters are Meeting Frequent Demands of Married Brothers Temporarily Up Against It



The New CHEVROLET SPECIAL SEDAN

-another Fisher Achievement in Beauty, Comfort and Style!

Broadening the appeal of a line of cars that has already enjoyed an impressive nationwide reception—Chevrolet now brings to the low-price field a distinguished new enclosed model—the Chevrolet Special Sedan.

In style and individuality, in completeness and comfort, this new creation represents another outstanding achievement of Fisher and Chevrolet designers.

Its modern beauty is emphasized by the addition of six wire wheels, with large, chrome-plated hub caps. The two spare wheels are mounted in special fender wells. The exterior color scheme combines smart Boulevard Maroon on the body with a harmonizing shade of red on the wheels.

And the interior is replete with all those luxuries of appointment usually found only in costly cars—arm rests, silk assist cords, combination vanity case and smoking set, rich upholstery fabrics, and wide, deep seats with form-fitting cushions.

A Chevrolet dealer is only a short distance away. Visit him *now* and see this smart new Sedan. Lift the hood and inspect its great 50-horsepower 6-cylinder motor. Check over such new chassis features as the fully-enclosed 4-wheel brakes—the four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers—the bigger rear axle.

You will discover an infinitely finer, more complete, more luxurious car than you ever thought possible at so remarkably low a price.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The New
CHEVROLET SIX
-at greatly reduced prices!

The Special Sedan (6 wire wheels Standard)	$725
The Roadster	$495
The Phaeton	$495
The Sport Roadster	$555
The Coach	$565
The Coupe	$565
The Club Sedan	$625
The Sport Coupe	$655
The Sedan	$675
The Sedan Delivery	$595
Light Delivery Chassis	$365
1½ Ton Chassis	$520
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	$625
The Roadster Delivery (Pick-up box extra)	$440

Prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

THE INDISPENSABLE

"Will Next Saturday be Convenient, Now That You Have Mr. Peters? Then I'll Leave on Saturday. I Certainly Appreciate All You've Done for Me, Mr. Macabe"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

EDWIN KILEY wrung out the last of the white wash, pinned it to a line that zigzagged across the dark and steamy little bathroom, dried his bony hands, and went into the only bedroom of the Harlem flat to finish dressing for business. He buttoned on a stiff two-inch collar, size 14½, polished his spectacles purblindly and set them again astride his nose, drew on his jacket and marched toward the door. He had been mean and commonplace while his shirt billowed over his belt and his neck rose like that of an alarmed heron, but he was now an austere and reassuring figure, a proper figure for an office, a funeral or other social exchange where decorum was at a premium and romance wasn't listed.

He was forty years old, a time of life when most men have got their feet under them at last, when they are a bit shopworn but have no notion of going on the shelf, when they are more gallant than boys, though with a stop-loss hint of pretending; they pull in their loosening abdomens and walk with a swing, making the eyes of their wives shine with pride and jealousy. Edwin, slightly stooping, walked with his knees, with dangling arms and atrophied hips. Most men of forty are spark plugs, but Edwin was only a reliable peg.

"Good-by, lovey," he called.

"What's that?" said a resentful female voice. "Oh."

He was descending the carpeted stairs of the old walkup when the agent called to him from a hallway above: "Hello, Kiley! Edwin Kiley!"

Edwin glanced nervously at the doors of his neighbors' flats and waited until the agent had come down to him, when their business could be transacted with privacy.

"I can give you half now," he said in a low and hurried tone, bringing out his wallet, "and I think I can promise you the other half about the twenty-fifth."

"Mr. Kiley, I don't see why the rent ——"

"Yes," said Edwin, making quieting gestures. "I'll try to be on time after this, but I've had very heavy expenses. Good morning; and thank you very much."

He halted again at the head of the last flight. In the hall below waited a burly gentleman whom Edwin knew by sight and hearing, and whose present business he surmised. The gentleman was from a collection agency; Edwin had heard him dun another tenant in a voice that would have been just right for superintending the unloading of five tons of coal. And he was now waiting for Edwin. With that expertness in eavesdropping that is honorable in process servers and bill collectors, he could not have failed to hear Edwin's name cried in the hallway above. He did not know Edwin and was relying on a description—so Edwin hoped—but he was looking with an accusing stare at Edwin now as the latter hung vacillating on the landing.

He was about to speak when Edwin forestalled him, taking the words out of his mouth. "Mr. Kiley!" cried Edwin, looking up.

Edwin listened, shook his head, descended the stairs and passed the collector.

"Excuse me, friend," said the collector, frowning. "Aren't you—I mean, is Edwin Kiley up there?"

"No," said Edwin, opening the street door. "He's just left."

Edwin went to the Subway, was taken hold of by a giant employe of the I. R. T. and forced into a train that already bulged with its human freight; he rode downtown quite flattened against a door. Through the dirty glass against which his nose was pressed he watched the iron pillars of the tunnel twinkle by. If the door gave way, a valuable claim for damages for personal injuries would plausibly accrue to Edwin, perhaps to his widow; at the very least, he would be classically sick, sore, lame and disabled from earning his livelihood. He was a lawyer, and the legal consequences of the giving way of the door—which seemed imminent—were an interesting speculation. However, the troubles of the I. R. T. were not complicated—and Edwin's happily ended—by a discharge of passengers *in transitu;* Edwin left the train like a pellet from a popgun, but only to find himself on the Rector Street platform.

Edwin, after being a member of the New York bar for eighteen years, had not yet his own shingle. He was, at the time of his admission to practice, and had been at all times subsequent thereto, managing clerk for Mr. Shelby Macabe. He marched now to the Equitable Building and so to Mr. Macabe's office; he glanced in at the bare and shining desk in Mr. Macabe's private room to assure himself that his employer had not yet come, and went to his own heaped desk down the hall.

To a man with a knack for reading character and a disdain for the layman's way by observation of the subject's behavior, those desks were highly indicative; a man may be judged by his office desk. The high-pressure executive or professional man sits behind a desk as bare and comely as his morning face, everything swept off, ready for new business. He knows how to do; as fast as work alights before him he picks it up bodily and planks it down on the desk of some assistant, and again he is ready to have his picture taken. That was Mr. Shelby Macabe's desk.

The assistant does not have his picture taken; it would not calm the country in time of crisis, would not encourage youth, would only be a sort of mugging. Edwin Kiley, seated at his desk, looked too much like a prospering ragman amid his possessions. He could not breed confidence or compel awe. Had he attempted the impressive and brooding, he could not have looked better than surly.

There is the evidence of the desks, let it be admitted. Mr. Macabe's brothers of the bar said of him, candidly and without bitterness, "He is of very mediocre ability"; of Edwin Kiley they said, "A thorough lawyer!" Against these pretended character witnesses we set the testimony of the desks as rebutting evidence, as proof conclusive. *Qui facit per alium facit per se.* Isn't it so?

Edwin plunged into the work that Mr. Macabe had diligently provided him. Almost submerged in law books and bundles of ribboned papers, harassed and buffeted by multitudinous details as always, he dictated to Miss Monahan in the desultory intervals of a telephone conversation with

(Continued on Page 43)

You always see him on

PARAMOUNT NIGHTS

Your Theatre Manager. He wouldn't be there if a poor picture had spoiled your afternoon or evening's entertainment. He's always there to greet you on Paramount nights because Paramount Pictures are consistently good entertainment. ¶ That does not mean the only good pictures are Paramount. It does mean that *all* Paramount Pictures are good, very often great, never anything but entertainment supreme. ¶ Just as with everything else, it pays to select your entertainment carefully and with pictures you need look no farther than the word *Paramount* to be sure of seeing the best show in town. ¶ Find out now when you can see those listed on this page and make it a point to see them all. ¶ *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

Paramount Pictures

ON THE AIR! Paramount-Publix Radio Hour, each Saturday Evening, 10-11 P. M. Eastern Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"PARAMOUNT ON PARADE"

Paramount's musical comedy supreme with a cast composed of the greatest stars of stage and screen. Like ten big Broadway shows in one—riotous comedy, song hits galore, dazzling Technicolor scenes—in this star-studded triumph of The New Show World!

GEORGE BANCROFT "LADIES LOVE BRUTES"

With Mary Astor and Fredric March. Directed by Rowland V. Lee from the play "Pardon My Glove" by Zoe Akins. Exciting, romantic melodrama with George Bancroft as the skyscraper king of New York wooing a beautiful society woman, played by Mary Astor.

"THE BENSON MURDER CASE"

William Powell, as "Philo Vance," is again called upon to solve the most baffling of all murder mysteries. How he does it is unfolded in this absorbing melodrama. With Jean Arthur, Paul Lukas, Eugene Pallette. Directed by Louis Gasnier from the novel by S. S. Van Dine.

Charles "Buddy" Rogers in "YOUNG EAGLES"

You've always wanted to see an aviation picture as great as "Wings." Here it is, starring Charles "Buddy" Rogers, hero of "Wings," directed by William Wellman, who produced "Wings." 100% dialogue throughout. Also in the great cast are Jean Arthur and Paul Lukas.

RICHARD ARLEN "THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS"

Thrilling, romantic all-talking, all-outdoors melodrama from the famous story by Zane Grey. Supporting Richard Arlen in the big cast are these great favorites—Mary Brian, Regis Toomey, Harry Green and Fred Kohler. Directed by Otto Brower and John Langan.

(Continued from Page 41)

a court clerk, a complaint on a *quantum meruit;* dictated without halt or repetition, counting out the tried and trusty phrases like beads, all the way down the string to the rounded "Wherefore the plaintiff demands judgment." He dismissed Miss Monahan to her machine, hung up on the court clerk, turned to his other telephone and launched smoothly into a discussion of procedure with an opposing office in a matter involving the bankrupt Universal Indemnity Company.

Mr. Macabe arrived at ten o'clock, and Edwin was summoned as usual. He excused himself to his importunate telephones, promising to speak to them again, clambered over a rampart of New York Reports and went into his employer's room.

He stood, alert and sympathetic, while Mr. Macabe went through the daily agony of answering his correspondence. Even a little letter is a dangerous thing, committing one; Mr. Macabe's mentality was blurry; wherefore he hated to commit himself and say, "Here I stand!" He knew where he wanted to go, and he always got there, but by drifting. He was like, say, a man finding his way across town by chart and compass—blundering hither and yon, but going inevitably. Dapper and sallow little man of forty-eight, he clasped his hands behind his tight little gray head, fastened his bright hazel eyes on the ceiling, and said in a beseeching voice, "'Dear Mr. Peppard.'"

He swung forward, dissatisfied with the phrase that was coming next to his lips. "Strike that out, Miss Monahan."

His gaze implored the ceiling again: "'Dear Mr. Peppard: If you feel—as I feel—that'—ah-h-h —— No, strike that out, Miss Monahan. . . .

"'Dear Mr. Peppard: If you feel, as I feel, after the conversation we had here last Wednesday—the conference we had—ah—the conference was had by us last Wednesday—ah—last Wednesday. Last Wednesday! If we issue another two thousand shares—two hundred thousand non-voting shares—shares, common, of Peppo Bottling—Ah ——

"'If this meets your reaction, I feel that—ah —— Call on me tomorrow afternoon and we will go into the matter at length. Trusting that this answers your questions and meets your ideas, I beg to remain—ah, yes—I beg to remain ——'"

Mr. Macabe came down from the ceiling, where he had been almost visibly wriggling and posturing, and glanced at Edwin for confirmation. Edwin nodded, signifying that the letter was quite all right and that he would be on hand to cope with Mr. Peppard. That was the overt meaning; a secret meaning of the nod, implicit and never put into speech, was that Edwin knew what Mr. Macabe wanted to say and would fix up the letter outside and make it say it. And, indeed, Edwin did fix up this letter outside later, turning it into, "Dear Mr. Peppard: Please call here at two P. M. Thursday *in re* Peppo Bottling."

"Mr. Kiley, how did we make out in Lankhorn against Universal Indemnity?"

"Affirmed, Mr. Macabe, with opinion."

"Bully!" crowed Mr. Macabe, who had been young and imitative in the great days of Theodore Roosevelt; his hazel eyes were rich with liking for Edwin. "And an opinion too? You must let me have a copy of your brief. That makes eight times we've been to the Court of Appeals in Universal Indemnity cases, doesn't it?"

"Ten, Mr. Macabe," said Edwin with honest pride. "And in four of the cases we didn't have a leg to stand on. Won them all too. Forty-three litigated issues altogether, and won forty-two. You told me to fight every claim, but I can tell you that in a fair half of the cases we were no more right than a burglar."

"*Audi alteram partem*, Mr. Kiley," said Mr. Macabe, smiling tenderly at his beautiful desk. "It's our duty as attorney to make for our client the best case we can, and we have no right to inquire into the merits. Bill the receiver two thousand dollars for services in the Lankhorn case."

"Lankhorn's claim was for only eleven hundred."

"That," said Mr. Macabe, "is *res inter alios*, Mr. Kiley." He knew that Edwin was not venturing to inquire into the merits, but was suggesting that the bill might be contested. "We did the work. We—ah—conserved the assets for the benefit of the creditors.

"Take this letter, Miss Monahan: 'To His Excellency the Governor, Albany, New York. Dear Governor—ah—His Excellency—Your Excellency.' Ah—strike that out, Miss Monahan.

"'Dear Jimmy: In reference to our conference *in re* dear lamented Judge Huggins who had his toes run over by a motor vehicle which was complicated by a heart condition from which he suffered and which resulted in his demise—passing away—which left vacant his unexpired term, to which I requested you to appoint me in your best judgment—interests of justice—of the bench and bar. You asked me to state what I have done—accomplished—for this worthy purpose—this great honor and opportunity for service.

"'I do not mention my services to the party in city, state and nation, but complying, I beg to call your attention as follows ——'

"Mr. Kiley, give Miss Monahan a complete list of the Universal Indemnity cases. I'm depending on you, my dear fellow, to get this up in first-rate style."

Edwin tried to picture Mr. Macabe on the Supreme Court bench, but failed to do so convincingly; whereupon he looked blank. And yet, if Mr. Macabe had decided to sit on that bench, it was altogether likely that he would sit. Two years before, Edwin reminded himself chidingly, he had failed to picture Mr. Macabe as attorney for the receiver of the great Universal Indemnity Company, but Mr. Macabe had secured the lucrative appointment. And who could have done better with it? The case books were now spangled with the name of Shelby Macabe—New York Reports, Appellate Division Reports, Supreme Court Reporter—"Legion against Universal Indemnity, Shelby Macabe for Receiver." Edwin, who, in the shadow of anonymity, had attended successfully to the legal work, while Mr. Macabe sat behind his swept desk and projected new honors and profits, would make out a brilliant case for his employer. To whom could the judgeship go with more grace than to a lawyer whose name rang through the books? And it could go to no one with less secret opposition than to a gentleman who had been of service in city, state and nation, and to whom His Excellency of New York was dear familiar Jimmy.

But Edwin became aware that Mr. Macabe was looking at him keenly, was surveying him with the acuteness and understanding that were back of his apparent ineptitude; wherefore Edwin looked believing and gratulatory, saying, "Yes, sir—yes, sir!"

Mr. Macabe, having thus silently rebuked Edwin for betraying his awareness of facts that both of them knew very well, clasped his hands again behind his head and leaned back and viewed the past with pride and the future with confidence.

He was not self-deluding; he knew his powers and limitations. He would be appointed; he would be a successful and popular judge, famed for negotiating settlements on broad grounds of right and wrong; to litigants who insisted on their legal rights he would give law with every thorny technicality, for his secretary would be some such another as Mr. Kiley. At the end of the term for which he had been appointed he would stand for election; until then, he would not sell his practice, but would take a partner who could not go wrong while he had Mr. Kiley.

(Continued on Page 112)

"You'll Find the Other Present in the Envelope on the Table. I Borrowed the Money for it, Lovey"

Miss Monahan Looked Across at Him With Covert Admiration; Something Had Come Over Mr. Kiley Lately

LAPELS WILL BE HIGHER

By Mary Margaret McBride and Helen Josephy

SHIRTS and collars must tone in with suitings. Double-breasted worsted and gray flannels will be in demand this year. A slow revolution is coming to a head in the matter of men's evening clothes. Lines are more military—shoulders squarer, coat fronts shorter, lapels higher, producing altogether a more broad-chested he-mannish effect.

We obtained this information personally from Savile Row, a short, rather crooked London street lined with squat, austere-looking tailoring shops, in which are decided all international problems regarding gentlemen's attire.

When waistcoats add a button, or when braid on dinner jackets changes from narrow gauge to broad, you may know Savile Row has been busy.

Which is to say that men's fashions as well as women's change. Savile Row sees to the one, the Rue de la Paix to the other.

Being only women, we had labored, it seems, under many delusions. For instance, we never, until recently, bothered to question the assertion of our men friends that men's clothes are the same year after year. And we firmly believed that if there ever were any deviations, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was responsible. But Savile Row says that's nonsense, and so does the Prince.

COPYRIGHT KEYSTONE VIEW CO., LONDON

Eton Boys Celebrating the Annual Fourth of June Holiday

On the contrary, we now learn that the Prince himself is ruled by Savile Row. He gets his sports clothes from one of the Row's tailors, his lounge suits from another, formal clothes from a third, and so on.

Once in a while, to be sure, he wears an unusual combination of garments because he's hurried, or hot, or cold; on which occasions cables all over the world hurry to announce that the Prince has set a new fashion.

But Savile Row takes no notice. It merely goes on its serene and ordered way, calmly certain that it and not any individual, be he ever so exalted, is the sartorial court of last appeal.

This calm is always vindicated, for, sure enough, the Prince seldom appears a second time in the freak he is supposed to be sponsoring.

Hybrid Styles

FOR instance, a while ago front pages had it that he was now wearing a sweater under his dinner jacket.

A member of the royal household explained to us that this story originated at a boxing match. The Prince's party had been warned beforehand that the hall would be cold, and so everybody took a sweater. The Prince wore his under a dark coat, not a dinner coat, and had on, too, a wing collar with black tie. Some members of his group wore dinner jackets, and a reporter, seeing them and observing the royal collar and sweater, produced a tale without benefit of strict fact.

Another time, the Prince went to a public luncheon at Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's home, in trousers with cuffs, a morning coat, topper and other formal accessories. Now, wearing trousers with cuffs and a morning coat simultaneously is simply not done, so it was obvious to the public that a daring new style was being sponsored by the Prince. All the people who do what the Prince does immediately ordered trousers with cuffs to go with their morning coats.

But if anybody ordered such hybrids in Savile Row, they didn't get them. Savile Row knew, or guessed, the truth, which was that the poor Prince had been so busy that, though he had changed coat, shirt and hat, he had not found time to change his lounge trousers. He was credited with setting a new style, but he has never since been seen in this particular combination.

Creation of the vogue for Fair Isle Shetland sweaters was a different story. H. R. H. went up to Balmoral for a vacation, and the head of the industries in the Shetlands wrote him that Fair Isle was a dying native industry and wouldn't he please accept a sweater as a gift and wear it to help the cause? The Prince was touched by the letter, for he is much interested in native industries, and bought a sweater, which he wore for golf and shooting.

The Prince's Preference

FAITH in his style-setting ability was bountifully rewarded that time, for a boom developed in Shetland sweaters. Confidence in the royal influence was touchingly displayed last year when a French father wrote to the Prince begging him to start carrying an umbrella, thereby to save the lives of Paris young people who were going through an epidemic of influenza because they had left off umbrella carrying.

A member of his household explained how the Prince ordinarily buys clothes. Every now and then the valet, who has been with H. R. H. for years, says sadly: "Sir, these suits you have been wearing so much lately are quite worn out. You need some new ones."

The Prince replies: "All right, telephone the tailors."

The valet telephones and in the next few days the tailors arrive with their patterns. The Prince picks out a few, they are cut, and then he is fitted. If there is one button more than usual, or an extra bit of braid, or a higher lapel, it isn't really the Prince's responsibility but the tailor's, for such details are left pretty much to those experienced hands. Materials and colors, however, the Prince usually chooses for himself—he likes dark blue or dark gray for daytime. And in spite of the many tales about the size of the Prince's wardrobe, his valet declares it isn't any bigger than that of any other busy young man.

He loves old clothes and particularly enjoys private shooting trips, when he can wear any ancient rag he pleases. He never buys new things for such expeditions.

Official tours, of course, are different. For these, lists are made out by the valet and such supplies as are needed are bought. Sir Godfrey Thomas, secretary to the Prince, says the public prints always exaggerate the number of trunks the Prince takes with him. Usually he has along about half as many as reported, and many of those are filled with papers and equipment, not clothes.

We reached London at a propitious time for investigating the claim that

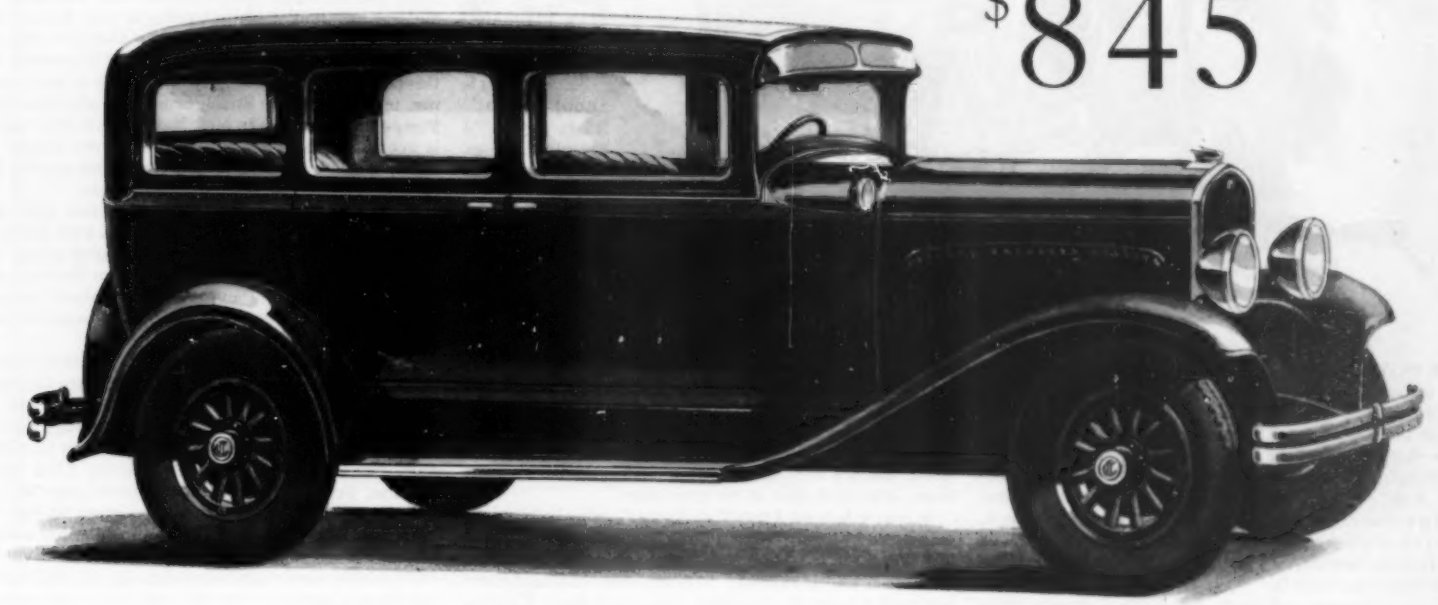
(Continued on Page 58)

COPYRIGHT GRAPHIC PHOTO UNION, LONDON — FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Prince Henry, Lord Crewe, the British Ambassador, and the Prince of Wales, in Paris After Attending Service at the British Embassy Church

Announcing *the* NEW CHRYSLER SIX

3-WINDOW 4-DOOR ROYAL SEDAN
$845



The lowest-priced six ever to bear the Chrysler name

The introduction of this new Chrysler achievement brings Chrysler performance, Chrysler style, Chrysler comfort, Chrysler safety, Chrysler quality and Chrysler prestige within the reach of virtually anyone who can afford an automobile.

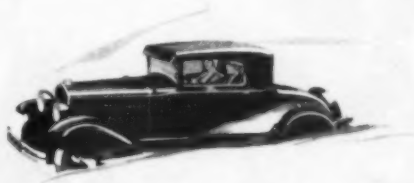
Here is *Chrysler engineering*—with such progressive developments as internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes; 62-horsepower high-compression engine mounted on rubber; Iso-therm pistons; mechanical fuel pump instead of a vacuum tank; low-swung chassis; special type spring shackles and hydraulic shock absorbers; small base wheels with large balloon tires; and typically Chrysler-styled all-metal bodies of new design and rigid construction.

Here is *Chrysler craftsmanship*—the precision craftsmanship characteristic of Chrysler Standardized Quality.

Here is *Chrysler performance*—all of that snap, speed, smoothness and stamina for which Chrysler has been famous ever since its beginning.

To the motor car buyer who wants a new car on a real economy basis, low price no longer means a sacrifice of satisfaction and enjoyment.

You need no longer drive a "second choice" when you now can own a Chrysler Six just as easily—and thereby enjoy the pride of ownership that only a Chrysler affords.



BUSINESS COUPE $795

Touring . . $835 Royal Coupe . $835
Roadster . . $835 Royal Sedan . $845
F. O. B. Detroit (Special Equipment Extra)

C H R Y S L E R M O T O R S P R O D U C T

BLOOD PRESSURE

By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"So You are the Trambo Who Keeps My Husband Out All Night, are You, You Trambo?"

IT IS maybe eleven-thirty of a Wednesday night, and I am standing at the corner of Forty-eighth Street and Seventh Avenue, thinking about my blood pressure, which is a proposition I never before think much about.

In fact, I never hear of my blood pressure before this Wednesday afternoon when I go around to see Doc Brennan about my stomach, and he puts a gag on my arm and tells me that my blood pressure is higher than a cat's back, and the idea is for me to be careful about what I eat, and to avoid excitement, or I may pop off all of a sudden when I am least expecting it.

"A nervous man such as you with a blood pressure away up in the paint cards must live quietly," Doc Brennan says. "Ten bucks please," he says.

Well, I am standing there thinking it is not going to be so tough to avoid excitement the way things are around this town right now, and wishing I have my ten bucks back to bet it on Sun Beau in the fourth race at Pimlico the next day, when all of a sudden I look up, and who is in front of me but Rusty Charley.

Now if I have any idea Rusty Charley is coming my way, you can go and bet all the coffee in Java I will be somewhere else at once, for Rusty Charley is not a man I wish to have any truck with whatever. In fact, I wish no part of him. Furthermore, nobody else in this town wishes to have any part of Rusty Charley, for he is a hard man indeed. In fact, there is no harder man anywhere in the world. He is a big wide man with two large hard hands and a great deal of very bad disposition, and he thinks nothing of knocking people down and stepping on their kissers if he feels like it.

In fact, this Rusty Charley is what is called a gorill, because he is known to often carry a gun in his pants pocket, and sometimes to shoot people down as dead as door nails with it if he does not like the way they wear their hats—and Rusty Charley is very critical of hats. The chances are Rusty Charley shoots many a guy in this man's town, and those he does not shoot he sticks with his shiv—which is a knife—and the only reason he is not in jail is because he just gets out of it, and the law does not have time to think up something to put him back in again for.

Anyway, the first thing I know about Rusty Charley being in my neighborhood is when I hear him saying: "Well, well, well, here we are!"

Then he grabs me by the collar, so it is no use of me thinking of taking it on the lam away from there, although I greatly wish to do so.

"Hello, Rusty," I say, very pleasant. "What is the score?"

"Everything is about even," Rusty says. "I am glad to see you, because I am looking for company. I am over in Philadelphia for three days on business."

"I hope and trust that you do all right for yourself in Philly, Rusty," I say; but his news makes me very nervous, because I am a great hand for reading the papers and I have a pretty good idea what Rusty's business in Philly is. It is only the day before that I see a little item from Philly in the papers about how Gloomy Gus Smallwood, who is a very large operator in the alcohol business there, is guzzled right at his front door.

Of course I do not know that Rusty Charley is the party who guzzles Gloomy Gus Smallwood, but Rusty Charley is in Philly when Gus is guzzled, and I can put two and two together as well as anybody. It is the same thing as if there is a bank robbery in Cleveland, Ohio, and Rusty Charley is in Cleveland, Ohio, or near there. So I am very nervous, and I figure it is a sure thing my blood pressure is going up every second.

"How much dough do you have on you?" Rusty says. "I am plumb broke."

"I do not have more than a couple of bobs, Rusty," I say. "I pay a doctor ten bucks today to find out my blood pressure is very bad. But of course you are welcome to what I have."

"Well, a couple of bobs is no good to high-class guys like you and me," Rusty says. "Let us go to Nathan Detroit's crap game and win some money."

Now, of course, I do not wish to go to Nathan Detroit's crap game; and if I do wish to go there I do not wish to go with Rusty Charley, because a guy is sometimes judged by the company he keeps, especially around crap games, and Rusty Charley is apt to be considered bad company. Anyway, I do not have any dough to shoot craps with, and if I do have dough to shoot craps with, I will not shoot craps with it at all, but will bet it on Sun Beau, or maybe take it home and pay off some of the overhead around my joint, such as rent.

Furthermore, I remember what Doc Brennan tells me about avoiding excitement, and I know there is apt to be excitement around Nathan Detroit's crap game if Rusty Charley goes there, and maybe run my blood pressure up and cause me to pop off very unexpected. In fact, I already feel my blood jumping more than somewhat inside me, but naturally I am not going to give Rusty Charley any argument, so we go to Nathan Detroit's crap game.

This crap game is over a garage in Fifty-second Street this particular night, though sometimes it is over a restaurant in Forty-seventh Street, or in back of a cigar store in Forty-fourth Street. In fact, Nathan Detroit's crap game is apt to be anywhere, because it moves around every night, as there is no sense in a crap game staying in one spot until the coppers find out where it is.

So Nathan Detroit moves his crap game from spot to spot, and citizens wishing to do business with him have to ask where he is every night; and of course almost everybody on Broadway knows this, as Nathan Detroit has guys walking up and down, and around and about, telling the public his address, and giving out the password for the evening.

Well, Jack the Beefer is sitting in an automobile outside the garage in Fifty-second Street when Rusty Charley and I come along, and he says "Kansas City," very low, as we pass, this being the password for the evening; but we do not have to use any password whatever when we climb the stairs over the garage, because the minute Solid John, the doorman, peeks out through his peephole when we knock, and sees Rusty Charley with me, he opens up very quick indeed, and gives us a big castor-oil smile, for nobody in this town is keeping doors shut on Rusty Charley very long.

It is a very dirty room over the garage, and full of smoke, and the crap game is on an old pool table; and around the table and packed in so close you cannot get a knitting needle between any two guys with a maul, are all the high shots in town, for there is plenty of money around at this time, and many citizens are very prosperous. Furthermore, I wish to say there are some very tough guys around the table, too, including guys who will shoot you in the head, or maybe the stomach, and think nothing whatever about the matter.

In fact, when I see such guys as Harry the Horse, from Brooklyn, and Sleepout Sam Levinsky, and Lone Louie, from Harlem, I know this is a bad place for my blood pressure, for these are very tough guys indeed, and are known as such to one and all in this town.

But there they are wedged up against the table with The Brain, Nick the Greek, Gray John, Okay Okun, and many other high shots, and they all have big coarse G notes in their hands which they are tossing around back and forth as if these G notes are nothing but pieces of waste paper.

On the outside of the mob at the table are a lot of small operators who are trying to cram their fists in between the high shots now and then to get down a bet, and there are

Then Charley Peeks Into the Hat and Says "Ten," Although He Does Not Let Anybody Else Look in the Hat

(Continued on Page 48)

MORE THAN

Six Million People

GENERAL MOTORS is owned by more than 225,000 stockholders. They live in every state, in many provinces of Canada and in many overseas countries.

An average of 210,000 men and women are employed in the manufacture of General Motors products.

Through 20,000 General Motors dealers about 500,000 more are engaged in sales and service.

Another 500,000 are directly employed by suppliers in the manufacture of materials for General Motors.

Add the families represented by these people and by the stockholders, and the total is more than six million men, women and children who derive income directly or indirectly from General Motors.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · ALL WITH BODY BY FISHER

General Motors Trucks · Yellow Coaches and Yellow Cabs · Frigidaire—the automatic refrigerator
Delco-Light electric power and light plants and water systems
General Motors Radio · GMAC plan of credit purchase

GM GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 46)

also guys present who are called Shylocks, because they will lend you dough when you go broke at the table, on watches or rings, or maybe cuff links, at very good interest.

Well, as I say, there is no room at the table for as many as one more very thin guy when we walk into the joint, but Rusty Charley lets out a big hello as we enter, and the guys all look around, and the next minute there is space at the table big enough not only for Rusty Charley but for me too. It really is quite magical the way there is suddenly room for us when there is no room whatever for anybody when we come in.

"Who is the gunner?" Rusty Charley asks, looking all around.

"Why, you are, Charley," Big Nig, the stick man in the game, says very quick, handing Charley a pair of dice, although afterward I hear that The Brain is right in the middle of a roll trying to make nine when we step up to the table. Everybody is very quiet, just looking at Charley. Nobody pays any attention to me, because I am known to one and all as a guy who is just around, and nobody figures me in on any part of Charley, although Harry the Horse looks at me once in a way that I know is no good for my blood pressure, or for anybody else's blood pressure as far as this goes.

Well, Charley takes the dice and turns to a little guy in a derby hat who is standing next to him scrooching back so Charley will not notice him, and Charley lifts the derby hat off the little guy's head, and rattles the dice in his hand, and chucks them into the hat and goes "Hah!" like crap shooters always do when they are rolling the dice. Then Charley peeks into the hat and says "Ten," although he does not let anybody else look in the hat, not even me, so nobody knows if Charley throws a ten, or what.

But, of course, nobody around is going to up and doubt that Rusty Charley throws a ten, because Charley may figure it is the same thing as calling him a liar, and Charley is such a guy as is apt to hate being called a liar.

Now Nathan Detroit's crap game is what is called a head-and-head game, although some guys call it a fading game, because the guys bet against each other rather than against the bank, or house. It is just the same kind of game as when two guys get together and start shooting craps against each other, and Nathan Detroit does not have to bother with a regular crap table and a layout such as they have in gambling houses. In fact, about all Nathan Detroit has to do with the game is to find a spot, furnish the dice and take his percentage, which is by no means bad.

In such a game as this there is no real action until a guy is out on a point, and then the guys around commence to bet he makes this point, or that he does not make this point, and the odds in any country in the world that a guy does not make a ten with a pair of dice before he rolls seven, is two to one.

Well, when Charley says he rolls ten in the derby hat nobody opens their trap, and Charley looks all around the table, and all of a sudden he sees Jew Louie at one end, although Jew Louie seems to be trying to shrink himself up when Charley's eyes light on him.

"I will take the odds for five C's," Charley says, "and Louie, you get it"—meaning he is letting Louie bet him $1000 to $500 that he does not make his ten.

Now Jew Louie is a small operator at all times and more of a Shylock than he is a player, and the only reason he is up there against the table at all at this moment is because he moves up to lend Nick the Greek some dough; and ordinarily there is no more chance of Jew Louie betting a thousand to five hundred on any proposition whatever than there is of him giving his dough to the Salvation Army, which is no chance at all. It is a sure thing he will never think of betting a thousand to five hundred a guy will not make ten with the dice, and when Rusty Charley tells Louie he has such a bet, Louie starts trembling all over.

He Puts a Gag on My Arm and Tells Me That My Blood Pressure is Higher Than a Cat's Back

The others around the table do not say a word, and so Charley rattles the dice again in his duke, blows on them, and chucks them into the derby hat and says "Hah!" But, of course, nobody can see in the derby hat except Charley, and he peeks in at the dice and says "Five." He rattles the dice once more and chucks them into the derby and says "Hah!" and then after peeking into the hat at the dice he says "Eight." I am commencing to sweat for fear he may heave a seven in the hat and blow his bet, and I know Charley has no five C's to pay off with, although, of course, I also know Charley has no idea of paying off, no matter what he heaves.

On the next chuck, Charley yells "Money!"—meaning he finally makes his ten, although nobody sees it but him; and he reaches out his hand to Jew Louie, and Jew Louie hands him a big fat G note, very, very slow. In all my life I never see a sadder-looking guy than Louie when he is parting with his dough. If Louie has any idea of asking Charley to let him see the dice in the hat to make sure about the ten, he does not speak about the matter, and as Charley does not seem to wish to show the ten around, nobody else says anything either, probably figuring Rusty Charley is not a guy who is apt to let anybody question his word especially over such a small matter as a ten.

"Well," Charley says, putting Louie's G note in his pocket, "I think this is enough for me tonight," and he hands the derby hat back to the little guy who owns it and motions me to come on, which I am glad to do, as the silence in the joint is making my stomach go up and down inside me, and I know this is bad for my blood pressure. Nobody as much as opens his face from the time we go in until we start out, and you will be surprised how nervous it makes you to be in a big crowd with everybody dead still, especially when you figure it a spot that is liable to get hot any minute. It is only just as we get to the door that anybody speaks, and who is it but Jew Louie, who pipes up and says to Rusty Charley like this:

"Charley," he says, "do you make it the hard way?"

Well, everybody laughs, and we go on out, but I never hear myself whether Charley makes his ten with a six and a four, or with two fives—which is the hard way to make a ten with the dice—although I often wonder about the matter afterward.

I am hoping that I can now get away from Rusty Charley and go on home, because I can see he is the last guy in the world to have around a blood pressure, and, furthermore, that people may get the wrong idea of me if I stick around with him, but when I suggest going to Charley, he seems to be hurt.

"Why," Charley says, "you are a fine guy to be talking of quitting a pal just as we are starting out. You will certainly stay with me because I like company, and we will go down to Ikey the Pig's and play stuss. Ikey is an old friend of mine, and I owe him a complimentary play."

Now, of course, I do not wish to go to Ikey the Pig's, because it is a place away downtown, and I do not wish to play stuss, because this is a game which I am never able to figure out myself, and, furthermore, I remember Doc Brennan says I ought to get a little sleep now and then; but I see no use in hurting Charley's feelings, especially as he is apt to do something drastic to me if I do not go.

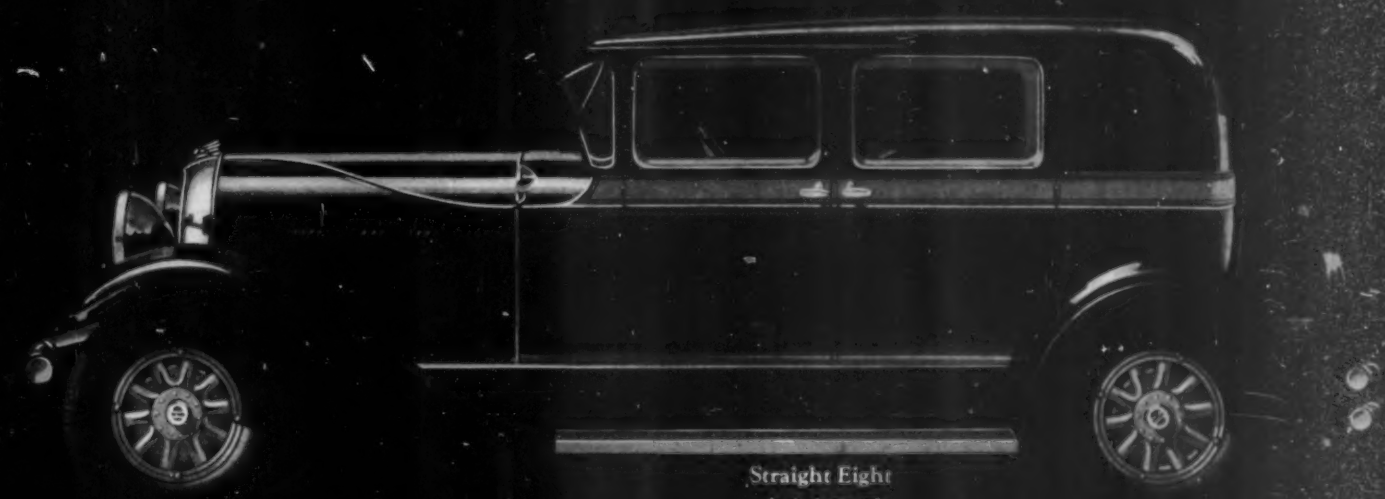
So he calls a taxi, and we start downtown for Ikey the Pig's, and the jockey who is driving the short goes so fast that it makes my blood pressure go up a foot to a foot and a half from the way I feel inside, although Rusty Charley pays no attention to the speed. Finally I stick my head out the window and ask the jockey to please take it a little easy, as I wish to get where I am going all in one piece, but the guy only keeps busting along.

We are at the corner of Nineteenth and Broadway when all of a sudden Rusty Charley yells at the jockey to pull up

(Continued on Page 72)

A Pushcart Loaded With Fruit and Vegetables and One Thing and Another, Which Rusty Charley Tips Over as We Go Into the House

The sale of an automobile is good business on the seller's part only when it remains sold. High pressure methods and fictitious used car allowances are apt to confuse the issue. That is why Auburn makes three suggestions, which may seem unusual, but which, we believe, in the long run protect all concerned. First, decide whether you really need a new automobile. Perhaps it would be better business to drive your present car longer. Next, temporarily forget that you have a used car to trade in as part payment, and look the market over, uninfluenced by anything except the intrinsic worth of the new car itself. Then, we invite you, after having compared and driven other cars, to study and drive the Auburn. If it does not offer more inherent value, and meet all your requirements better than any other car, and do these things for less cost, you will not be asked to buy. It is in this manner that Auburn owners remain sold, confident the longer they drive their Auburn cars that they have made wise investments.



Straight Eight
$1195

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

6-85 Sedan $1095; 6-85 Sport Sedan $995; 6-85 Cabriolet $1095; 8-95 Sedan $1295; 8-95 Sport Sedan $1195; 8-95 Phaeton Sedan $1395; 8-95 Cabriolet $1295; 125 Sedan $1595; 125 Sport Sedan $1495; 125 Phaeton Sedan $1695; 125 Cabriolet $1595. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Ind. AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA. *Equipment other than standard, extra.*

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of aviation is vital to American progress

THERE WAS A TOWN

By Samuel G. Blythe

FORMAL architecture drives out atmosphere. There may be art, but there is no heart in brick and stone.

I cite you New York—once a casually built and captivating place, but now merely a terrifying and unprecedented pile of masonry. I cite you London—using for example, say, Regent Street, once picturesque and historical in its diversity of building, but now a methodical and conventional heap of similar stone from end to end. I cite you Washington—once, and for a hundred years, a city different from all other cities, with a glamour and a gayety and a sentience all its own; a capital with a charm, but now a skyscrapered, apartmented, hugely granited and heavily structurized place, which—save for its public buildings, its few parks where they have not yet succeeded in putting stone kennels for bureaus and clerks, and its L'Enfant plan of streets which, thank heaven, they cannot change; which, save for the fact that the President is forced to live there by law, that Congress meets there and that the Executive Departments are housed there—differs little from any other American city of the day and is less interesting than several.

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Pennsylvania Avenue, Where Presidents Parade

In the Name of Progress

AS OCCASION requires, I go back to Washington from time to time, glad to see old friends and interested in whatever job may be in hand, but gladder still that I knew the town before they spoiled it. I often wander about looking for some sign or semblance or symbol of the Washington of forty, thirty, or even twenty years ago. Instead I find a congeries of big hotels, bigger apartments, high office buildings and new public structures, built, building and projected, all mighty fine, no doubt, but chiseled, austere and cold in their magnificence. They add to and abet the idea of progress. They impart a flinty splendor. They signify prosperity and what we designate as the advance to greater things, but what they have done to my old and beloved Washington is calamitous to contemplate. They have strangled the spirit of the town with the heavy hand of masonry. They have modernized the city and made it like every other city, save for its governmental attributes. The old Washington is dead. Kindly omit flowers.

Whether what we term progress is really progress or merely the idea of progress is a debatable point, but not to be debated here. We are a fast-growing and a utilitarian people, and we demand quick advance in our appliances for efficiency and comfort and luxury. We must have vast hotels, with imitation-onyx pillars in them. We insist on enormous apartment houses where people may live robotwise and feverishly. We protest if we are obliged to walk up a flight of stairs, and hence our prodigally elevatored office buildings. We care nothing for the atmosphere that is conveyed by the leisurely appliances of life, the old and cheerful and comfortable things, but tear down and rebuild in bigger, busier and better fashion.

That is what has happened to Washington. At wartime, and even before, it was inundated by builders with an eye to the main chance, by hustling Americans who had no idea of the charm and quiet and real spirit of my Washington, but who demanded hotels with every mechanized apparatus, and homes with all modern improvements, who exclaimed when they found the leading lawyers housed in hundred-year-old brick houses, and business in the banks and stores conducted in structures that dated back to the time of Webster and Hayne. They knew nothing of the tradition, or spirit, or atmosphere, of Washington, and cared less. So they took the old town apart, and put it together Babbitwise, and now look at the durned thing!

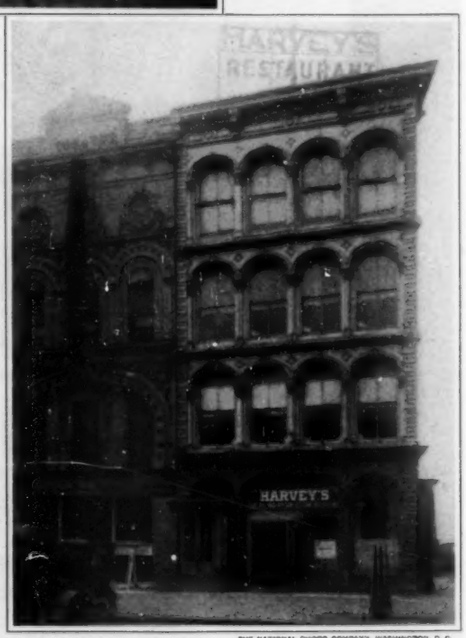
COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Old Arlington Hotel

It isn't the old Washington, for they have murdered that and laid it in its doleful grave. It isn't New York or Chicago or Detroit or Los Angeles, for they haven't got that far yet. It is a nondescript, epicene thing, with all its old charm and atmosphere eliminated, and only a portion of its planned up-to-dateness achieved. It is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring.

The Mall

OFF the main and skyscrapered streets it is still a shabby and rundown affair. On its main and skyscrapered streets it is only a quarter—not more than a half—efficient and complete as to the towering structures that are required, it seems, to make an American city, that insensate thing of stone and brick and mortar that signifies real response to prosperity and progress.



THE NATIONAL PHOTO COMPANY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Harvey's Restaurant, the Informal Gathering Place of Washington's Great

The transition is not accomplished, they say. The new Washington is in the making. Great bodies, like the Government, move slowly. It will take years before the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, if it is the south side—I have no sense of direction—is torn out and the old and historic buildings there replaced with great governmental structures that have pilasters, and colonnades, and flying buttresses, and façades, and Ionic pillars, and monoliths, and so on, and before the Mall is all architectured and monumentalized up. However, they are working at it. And they are putting up mammoth office buildings here, there and everywhere. And apartment buildings and hotels are springing up as the crocuses used to in the circles before Washington became the flat and dreary and modern thing it now is.

(Continued on Page 52)

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

The new Graham Six four-door Sedan, $845 at factory

It seems incredible that $845 can yield so much in quality

GRAHAM

VERY GOOD CARS AT LOW PRICES

IF you are momentarily out of touch with the immense progress which has recently been made in the manufacture of moderate priced cars—give yourself the opportunity for a truly enlightening experience by having a dealer drive you about in the new Graham Six four-door sedan which is listed at the very low price of $845.

Here is the sort of a six-cylinder motor which was not even approached in liveliness and all-around efficiency a short time ago at thrice the price.

It is a motor good to look at from an engineering standpoint—beautifully clean and simple in design and construction, with a swift wizardry of response that is nothing short of a delight.

This latter refreshing quality, which gives you a complete and lightning-like mastery of every traffic and road condition, results from a transmission system so fine that it would grace the costliest of cars.

It is not always safe to say of anything mechanical that it is infallible, but there is no risk in saying that both the Graham three-speed and the very remarkable time-proved four-speed transmission are endowed with a measure of quality and reliability far above the accepted standards.

The completely Graham-built bodies, with their equipment of shatter-proof safety plate glass; the new system of carburetion and manifolding; the engine cooling system—each in its turn is worthy of study because they disclose a degree of engineering and manufacturing so high that the price of $845 for a four-door sedan seems almost incredible.

Here is a car at a most modest investment which insures comfort of the highest order, always accompanied by the most brilliant sort of performance, consistent economy and endless endurance.

Standard and Special Sixes, $845 up. Standard and Special Eights, $1445 up. Prices at factory.

GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Graham Cars will give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that one factor of protection for yourself and your family from an all too frequent and dreadful danger, the more surely it will lead you to the conclusion that it renders all the other attractions of Graham Cars irresistible

(Continued from Page 50)

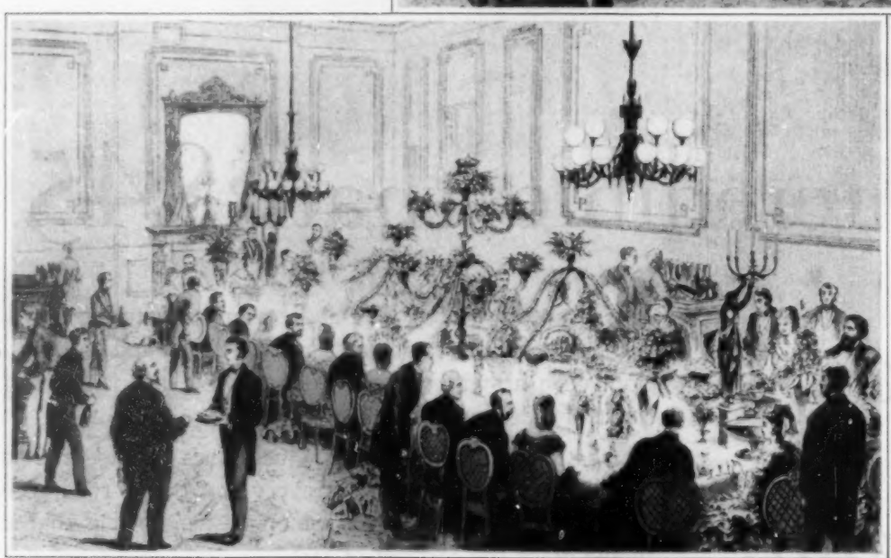
They will do it too. They will have great piles of granite or limestone—depending on whether the Vermont or the Indiana boys can get their stone specified—all over the place; and the business lads will see to it that they tear out the squat old brick houses that have been there a hundred years, and stick up perpendicular and towering office buildings and rectangular and three-room-and-bath apartment buildings, and all will be progressive and American, and impressive and efficient.

Yeah!

But, when it comes to that, who am I to voice a protest against the glorious march of progress? Nobody. Absolutely nobody. Merely a man who has known Washington for more than forty years, and loved it; and who thinks, foolishly no doubt, that we have enough Detroits, and Indianapolises, and Des Moineses, and Los Angeleses, and St. Louises, and Chicagos, and Buffalos, and Omahas, admirable as these places are, in this country, and that we might have left one place uncontaminated by the skyscraper infection, and the apartment-house bacillus, and the streptococci of progress; one place where there was an atmosphere, and a distinction, and a tradition, and a spirit and a feeling; one place where we did not use all our devilish energy to make it look like, and act like, and function like every other American city—one place where there was some joy in living, some distinction and charm and atmosphere.

FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, MARCH 25, 1871

A Matinée Reception at the Russian Embassy in Washington. Count and Countess De Catacazy Welcoming Their Guests



FROM FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, APRIL, 1871

A State Dinner at the White House, March 9, 1871

An Interview With President Harrison

I GO back forty years in Washington. I made my first appearance there on the night before Benjamin Harrison was inaugurated President, March 3, 1889. It was raining, and I was hurrying through the rain to get my first look at the White House. I was a reporter, raw and callow, but a reporter just the same, and I had saved enough money to take a cheap excursion from my home in Western New York to Washington. I rode all night in a coach, and all day, and I didn't wait for anything after I got off at the old Sixth Street station, but raced up to see the White House. I went up Pennsylvania Avenue and turned off in front of the Treasury Building, cutting across the place where the Sherman statue now stands, to get there as soon as possible. I had been hearing about the White House all my life, and it seemed to me the most important thing to see.

I met two men walking, without umbrellas, in the rain. I had seen countless pictures of one of the men and instantly I realized this was the President elect, Benjamin Harrison, a short, sturdy man, with whiskers and a square-topped hat. The other man, whom I did not know until later, was Elijah Halford, his secretary.

This was luck. Twenty minutes in Washington and here I was face to face with the new President. With the nerve of my craft, instead of standing aside and letting this great man pass, I stopped him. "I am a reporter, Mr. President," I said.

"Indeed," said he, "and what do you wish?"

"I would like an interview," I blurted at him.

He smiled.

"An interview about what?" he asked.

"Anything," I told him eagerly. "Anything at all, Mr. President. It would be wonderful if you would give me something I can telegraph to my paper."

"Well," he said, with a sense of humor that he later displayed in small degree, "you might say that I think it is a nasty, rainy night, and that I hope the weather will be better tomorrow."

And he and Lige Halford passed on down the street, leaving me gaping and trembling in the rain. But if any of my readers think that I did not send in a dispatch to my paper that night that began "I saw the President this evening," that reader has a small comprehension of the first working principles of the newspaper trade.

FROM A DRAWING BY T. DE THULSTRUP

The Inauguration. President Arthur and Mr. Cleveland Leaving the White House for the Capitol

Charms of Old Washington

I SAW the President. Sure! And I have seen and known them all since, and interviewed them, and observed them in various conditions of storm and stress and in fair weather; and not even when Woodrow Wilson gave me for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the first direct quotation interview with a President ever printed in the United States did I get so great a kick as on that March night in 1889 when I ran onto Benjamin Harrison in the rain and braced him for a talk.

That was my advent in Washington, a wonderful, unique, enchanting Washington, when they still had straw on the floors of the horse cars; lady barbers on Ninth Street; two fine beaten biscuits and a mug of Jersey milk for nine cents at Ford and Graham's; half a peck of steamed oysters for a quarter at George Harvey's; herdic cabs that started in Pennsylvania Avenue near the corner of Fourteenth Street, which you got in at the rear and trusted to heaven you wouldn't fall out; ambrosial Tennessee whisky at Shoomaker's for fifteen cents a drink with comment by cock-eyed George Williamson, the bartender, thrown in; terrapin at John Chamberlin's; mallards at Wormley's; and wild turkey and possum at Mades'. That was the Washington where you could buy a big shad, in season, for fifteen cents; and negro pot hunters, festooned with canvas-back ducks, walked along the streets and sold the birds for twenty-five cents each.

Let me call that Washington back to you—with ceremonious obeisance to the spirit of progress, with adequate conception of the fact that time does move, and with every concession to the demands of the present day's methods, manners and magnificences. Let me revive for you, if I can, a city that was not so much the capital of the nation as it was an oasis in a great expanse of materialism; a city that had for its motto *Dum vivimus vivamus* regardless of the Latin on the great seal of state; a city where there were good fellows, good living, good drinking, and good nature; where there were courtesy and kindliness and

(Continued on Page 170)

Just "plain folks" *at home . . . these glamorous successes find* **DATED** Coffee *luxuriously satisfying*

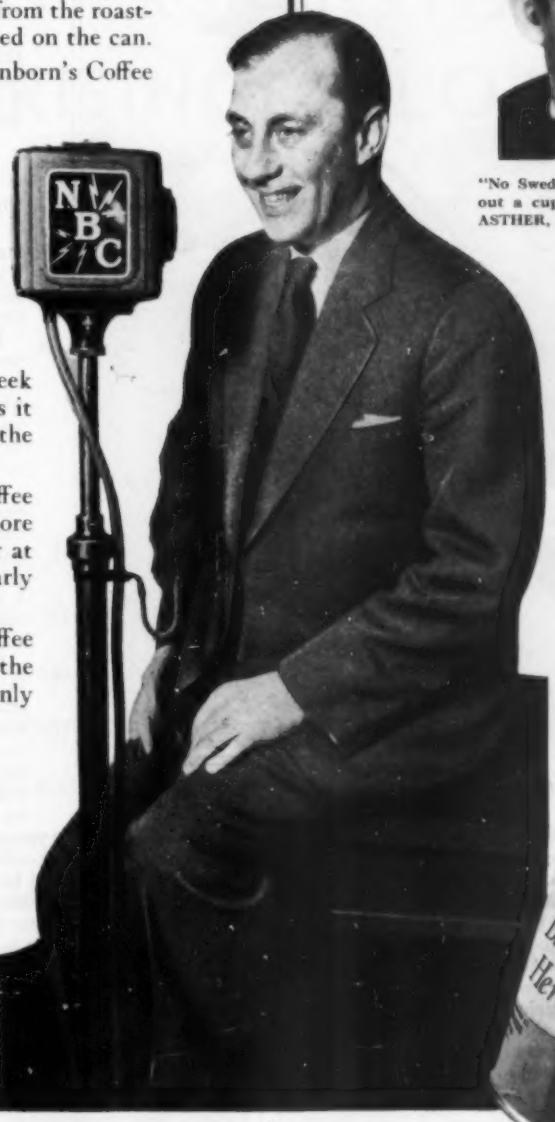
THE fastidious buy "24-hour eggs" in a dated package. Careful mothers pour milk from a bottle with a dated cap. Now you, lover of good coffee, can get yours fresh from the roasting ovens . . . with the date stamped on the can.

For sixty-five years, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee has been a favorite in many sections of the country. Now, through the same "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., which delivers fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, this extra fine coffee speeds to your grocer wherever you are, straight from the roaster.

No storage . . . no delay for re-handling. Two deliveries a week . . . the date that your grocer gets it plainly marked in large type on the label of each can.

And no Chase & Sanborn's Coffee can remain in your grocer's store more than ten days. Any cans left over at the end of that period are regularly collected and replaced by fresh.

Get Chase & Sanborn's dated coffee from your grocer today. Know the delectable full-flavor that comes only from perfectly fresh coffee.



GRAHAM McNAMEE and Radio grew up together. There are very few people who do not know his voice—his pulsing, eager voice which makes words leap to glowing pictures. But few of us realize the man behind the voice. He is quiet, simple, and appreciative of good things.

"Chase & Sanborn's Coffee," he says earnestly, "reaches the top of coffee flavor. It is undeviatingly mellow and rich and full-flavored."

"No Swedish dinner is complete without a cup of good coffee," says NILS ASTHER, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why I use Chase & Sanborn's. I know that it is as fresh as it is pleasing to the taste and one never grows tired of it."

IRVIN COBB, author, jovial and witty, his name linked eternally with laughter, states his preference for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee: "I think your coffee is as near to being perfect as anything in this imperfect world ever gets to be."

ERIC DREXEL, distinguished sportsman, a noted figure in the hunting field both here and abroad, has the direct, vigorous preferences of the outdoors man. He comments appreciatively on Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. "Chase & Sanborn's is great coffee," he says. "Has a tang all its own—because of its freshness, I dare say."

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

THE LOST ARTS IN BASEBALL

By "Bullet Joe" Bush

As Told to Carroll S. Slick

STEALING signs is a lost art in baseball. In the old days teams made it a business to uncover the signals of opposing clubs. Lynx-eyed sharpshooters on the coaching lines and in the dugouts kept a constant vigil on the players in the field to catch the intentional signs and to pick up the unconscious movements of pitchers, catchers and basemen that would tip off plays about to be made.

Not so today. Teams pay little attention to the strategy of a decade ago. All that counts now is the boom-boom of the bat. There's little science left in baseball, with the lively ball making expert mathematicians of the score-keepers.

And yet almost every pitcher and player at some time or other does something unknown to himself that will give away his intention of making a certain pitch or play. Naturally, if the opposition knew of this unconscious movement, it would help a lot. I can't understand why the teams of today don't follow up sign stealing. Imagine the game it would be with the lively ball and teams really outsmarting each other instead of just hitting away and guessing what the other fellow is going to do next.

Connie Mack's Athletics of seventeen years ago made real use of signals handed them by three past masters of the art of stealing signs—Chief Bender, the pitcher, Harry Davis, first baseman, Danny Murphy, the coach. This triumvirate patiently studied the characteristics of opposing players, especially the pitchers and catchers, and frequently detected movements customary in certain situations which gave a clew to exactly what was going to happen.

Soon after I had rubbed the rookie fuzz from my chin in 1913, I broke in on the confabs of these three wise men. The idea of stealing secrets from big-league baseball clubs thrilled nineteen-year-old "Bullet Joe" from Minnesota. Game after game I would sit in the dugout with either Davis, Murphy or the Chief, and study the movements of opposing players. We naturally concentrated on pitchers and catchers, for the batteries are the most vulnerable points of attack.

After we had watched a pitcher work a number of times we came to know how he held the ball and in what position he threw certain pitches. This isn't easy. It requires real patience and the closest kind of studying and memorizing. In fact, you've really got to know a pitcher better than he knows himself to catch the peculiar movements he makes when he pitches certain balls.

Getting the Indian Sign on a Pitcher

FOR instance, Harry Davis watched Big Ed Walsh, the greatest spit-ball pitcher who ever graced the mound, like a hawk, and finally discovered that whenever Ed was going to throw his spitter the peak of his cap would rise. Walsh would always put the ball to his mouth, and with his big hands around it, you couldn't tell whether his mouth was open and he was putting the alum on it or not. In this way Ed kept the hitters guessing; they had no way of knowing when he intended tossing his bewildering spit ball.

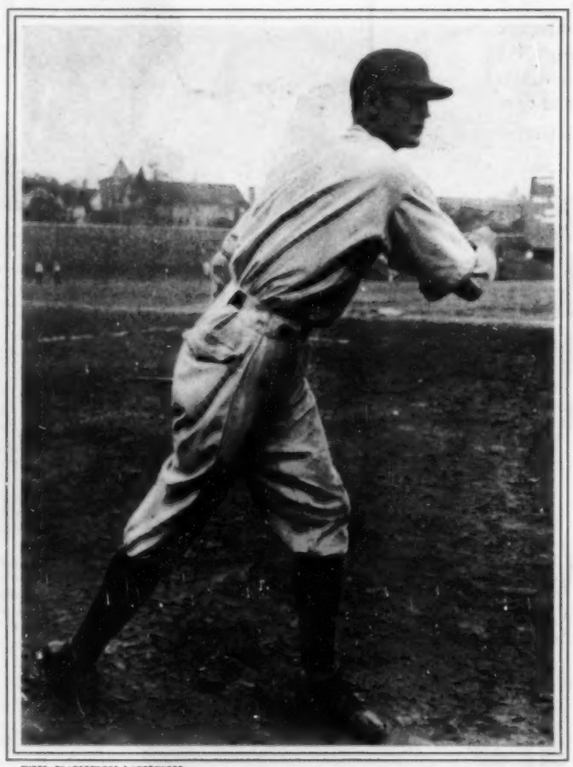
One day Harry tumbled. He noticed that every time the peak of Ed's cap raised, the spitter sailed over the plate. You see, when Ed opened his mouth his facial muscles moved his cap. This might sound simple enough in print, but try detecting the slight tilt in a pitcher's cap from the coaching line or the dugout and you'll know what I mean when I claim it's not easy.

After Davis discovered this wrinkle he would tip off the man at bat and he, in turn, would look for the downward break of the spit ball. If Ed's cap remained stationary, Harry would so inform the hitter, and he would be looking for a fast ball or a curve. This sort of information is valuable to any batter, and the old A's were quite successful against Big Ed.

The great Walter Johnson, who pitched for twenty years for the Washington Senators, was a target worthy of our steel, but finally we pounced on an odd trait of his. We found he twisted his body and brought his pitching arm farther back when he intended shooting over his blinding speed ball. We also learned Walter never threw a curve when the count on the batter was three balls and two strikes. In this situation he depended on the fire ball.

We had the Indian sign on Jim Shaw, who also pitched for Washington. We noticed that during his wind-up for the pitch he would bend his wrist when he was going to throw a curve and he would keep his wrist rigid when he was going to throw a fast ball. We'd tip off our batters, and we frequently used to knock Jim out of the box. He never knew how we knew what he was going to pitch, for he was unaware of the fact that his own unconscious characteristic gave his pitch away.

When Stanley Coveleski was pitching for Cleveland we watched his hands when he put the ball up to his mouth to pitch or bluff his spitter. When he was going to throw a fast ball, the third-base coach would discern a wee bit of daylight between the ball and his hands; when he was set to toss the wet ball or a curve he held the ball tight. Eddie Cicotte, another spit-ball artist with the White Sox, always moved the little finger on his pitching hand when he was going to throw a fast one. When he didn't do this he was sure to pitch a spitter or a curve.



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Joe Bush in the Chicago Cubs Uniform

The Washington Senators were easy picking for us in the old days when John Henry caught for them. Unconsciously, John would tip off to us what the pitcher was going to throw when he gave the signal for the next pitch—when his right elbow moved, it was a curve; when it didn't, you could depend upon a straight fast one.

I'll never forget the fun I had with Connie and Cy Perkins, who still is catching for him, when I was with the Yanks. Connie knew, of course, I was doing my best to steal signs from his players, and ordered them to cover up.

But I caught an unconscious movement of Cy's. He moved his legs outward when he had given the curve-ball sign to the pitcher; when he didn't move them I knew he had signed for a fast ball. Don't confuse these leg movements with Cy's intentional signs to the pitcher—a catcher gives those signals with his fingers in the pocket of his mitt, and they are not discernible from the coaching lines.

I handed up the info Cy was unknowingly giving me to the Yankee batters. We had little trouble trouncing the Mackians. Connie knew I was reading Perkins for pitches, but in as much as neither Cy nor he knew what was giving the dope to me, they were at a loss to know how to stop me.

You might study a pitcher for three or four games and not get a thing that will help you. Then, all of a sudden, the repetition of a peculiar movement coupled with a certain pitch will come to you in a flash. After that, it's just a matter of reading him. You'll wonder why you didn't tumble before, but you might have been studying him from an altogether different angle, and the characteristic giving his pitch away was hidden because your mind was concentrated on something else.

In all the league games, either Danny, the Chief, Harry or myself was on one of the coaching lines, and we passed on the information we'd steal from the opposing batteries to our hitters by means of word signals.

For instance, if I thought a pitcher was going to throw a fast ball, I would yell to the man at bat, "All right, Jack, get this one," or "All right, old-timer, let's go." Any sentence with "all right" in it meant a fast ball was due. A sentence with the words "come on" in it warned the hitter to be ready for a curve. The expression, "Get hold of it," told the man at bat to look for the deadly spitter.

Most of the old-time hitters were glad to get this information, but there were some who asked us not to hand up our dope to them. They said it made them overanxious and threw them off their stride.

The Hit-and-Run Play

IT ISN'T possible to pick up signs from every pitcher, especially if he knows you are studying him; for he will cover up so well that even if you do get something worth while he will have pitched before you can call out your signal to the batter.

In the old days, opposing teams knew the A's were busy stealing signs, and ordered their men to "work under wraps." I remember one time when Eddie Collins was with Chicago and I was with Boston that Eddie stopped the game to tell pitcher Ed Cicotte to cover up, because he knew I was trying to read him.

Covering up didn't help the man on the mound. He knew he was being watched, and though he didn't know what he was doing to give away his pitches, he realized he had to hide his grip on the ball and throw differently. This had a tendency to make him wild, for it took his mind off the business of pitching and gave him something else to worry about.

We used to get hit-and-run signs of other teams too. This sort of signal is, of course, an intentional one. I remember one club that had a combination sign. When a batter came up to the plate with a man on first, he would signal to the runner to get ready for the hit and run by pulling up his belt and rubbing the side of his leg with his right hand.

When we caught onto this practice we would order our pitcher or catcher to put the pitch-out sign on. The pitched ball would be too far out for the batter to hit, and the runner invariably was thrown out; for on this play the runner doesn't get the same lead from first base that he takes when he attempts to steal second.

Smart ball clubs pick their pitchers and spots to work the hit-and-run play. It usually is pulled when the pitcher is in the hole with three balls called on him—ordinarily he must get the next pitch over. Thinking managers won't order this play with a wild pitcher opposing their batters. For one thing, such a pitcher can't be depended upon to get the next one over so the batter can hit it, thereby jeopardizing the runner on first. Then, too, a pitcher with poor control is just as likely to throw a bad one and walk the man at bat, thus accomplishing the purpose of the hit and run by advancing the runner to the keystone bag.

Another lost art in baseball is the use of trick plays. In the old days the double squeeze was a great favorite of the A's. We used it when Jack Barry was at bat, with Eddie Murphy on third and Jimmy Walsh on second. Barry was a wonder at bunting. The play can't be worked unless the hitter is adept at laying the ball down the base lines.

(Continued on Page 56)

© 1930 by Dodge Brothers Corporation

A NEW ROOMIER SIX

THE BIGGEST VALUE IN DODGE BROTHERS HISTORY AT THE SURPRISINGLY LOW PRICE OF

$835

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

Big, capable, fast and smooth—an entirely new Six at the lowest price in Dodge Brothers history! » » Styled to the minute, with head-room and leg-room to spare—this Six bears the lowest price ever asked for any Dodge Brothers closed car! » » Safe, silent Mono-piece Steel Bodies . . . internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes . . . never before have these advanced features been obtainable in any car at this price. » » Dependable, sturdy, sound and fine—typical Dodge Brothers quality at a price so low that thousands who have long aspired to the ownership of a Dodge Brothers car can now realize this ambition.

DODGE BROTHERS

SIXES AND EIGHTS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

I WANT a dramatic story of modern American life written around, or bearing the sentiment of, the world-known song, "Home, Sweet Home." If I can get the kind of story desired, such a one as will make a delightful and memorable moving-picture, I will pay $10,000.00 for it.

I have fixed the price-offer at $10,000.00 in order to inspire some author, or writer, to his or her best thought and effort. Naturally, therefore, this is not a contest. It is a plain offer for a first-class story, and if I can get what I want, I will gladly and promptly pay the amount.

I want a story that will "ring the bell" in every American home—not a namby pamby, sickly, sentimental tale that will create a light and passing impression.

Such a story can be highly dramatic, full of fire and punch and contain all the elements of suspense, thrills, love, comedy, and the atmosphere of the American home. It may and should reveal the average American's love of home, "be it ever so humble."

I should like this story sent to me *personally* at the earliest possible moment, and I alone will pass on it and its acceptability. If I don't get the kind of story I want of course that's the end of the whole matter.

Meantime, be sure to see the Universal's Big Three—PAUL WHITEMAN'S feast of melody and specialty, the "King of Jazz", the remarkable reproduction of Remarque's famous war-novel, "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "La Marseillaise," a dramatic love story of the French revolution, starring LAURA LA PLANTE and JOHN BOLES.

I want correspondents in every community. You don't know what a help you can be to your townsmen and to Universal. Why not write me today?

Carl Laemmle,
President

If you want photographs of JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, BARBARA KENT and JAMES MURRAY send 10c in stamps for each.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

(Continued from Page 54)

The only time I ever saw the double squeeze worked twice successfully in one game—and this is the only time it ever occurred, to my knowledge, in the big leagues—was against Walter Johnson. And both times it netted us two runs.

The play is the toughest in baseball. It must be timed to a split second, otherwise it means the sacrificing of the runner on third and very probably a double out.

When the sign for the squeeze was given against Walter, Walsh, on second, started for third at full speed when Johnson began his wind-up. Murphy, on third, waited until the ball left Walter's fingers, and then he tore for home. Barry bunted down the third-base line and scooted to first. By the time Johnson got over to the bunt he realized it was too late to catch Murphy at the plate, and he shot the ball to first for the put-out. In the meantime, Walsh, unseen by Walter, for his back was toward third, had rounded the hot corner and kept right on tearing for home, and scored easily before the first baseman could return the ball to the catcher.

A great play—and I haven't seen it since Barry used to work it with the old Athletics!

The Answer to the Double Steal

The ordinary squeeze seems to be tough enough for the disciples of the diamond today. It usually is put on with a man on third and one out. Some managers give the squeeze sign to the hitter, and he, in turn, signals to the runner on third. On the next pitch the runner starts for home as the ball leaves the pitcher's hand, and usually scores if the man at bat lays down a good bunt. It is safer for the pitcher to throw to first for a sure put-out than to take a chance on the catcher's tagging the runner sliding into home plate.

To execute the squeeze effectively the runner must be careful not to start too soon and give the play away. If he does, the pitcher may throw a duster, driving the batter away from the plate, and the runner will be caught in a run up between third and home.

Three factors are essential to the success of the squeeze—a dependable bunter, a dependable runner, and a dependable pitcher. The latter must be counted on to have good control, especially if the situation is such that the pitcher must put a good one over, for the ball must be within reach of the man at bat for him to hit. It is very poor judgment to pull the squeeze with no one out and the bases loaded; the forced play at home makes possible a double out.

The double steal is a tough play to pull against a clever catcher and a clever shortstop and second baseman. It is tried by runners on first and third. The man on first starts for second as the pitcher delivers the ball, hoping the catcher will throw the ball to second, thus giving the man on third an opportunity to score.

Some catchers throw to second without thinking about the man on third, and the latter often scores. But maskmen of the caliber of Wallie Schang and Mickey Cochrane look at third first and snap the ball toward second. This keeps the runner from coming in home.

Opposing teams gave up trying to put over the double steal on the old A's when Barry was at short and Collins was at second. These two stars worked out a perfect defense, and I never saw them lose a man on this play.

When the runner on first started for second and the catcher threw the ball toward this base, Barry would cover the bag and Eddie would run in to the center of the infield. Eddie always would make a bluff at cutting the ball off; this strategy kept the base runner on third, for if Eddie did take the throw, the runner would be an easy out at home. If Collins saw the runner on third had given up trying to score, he would let the throw continue to second, where Barry would catch it and tag out the runner from first.

I've never seen Collins cut the ball off when the man on third wasn't going in. He always was able to determine what the runner was going to do. It got so that opposing clubs gave up trying to steal on Barry and Collins, for it meant a sure out.

When I was pitching for the Yanks, Aaron Ward, the Yankee second baseman, and I had a trick play we used to pull successfully, especially in ticklish situations. It could only be worked when all the bases were populated, or with runners on second and third and the infield playing back. Our shortstop would give the runner on second plenty of room for a big lead, which, of course, he would take, thinking himself well protected because his team mate was in scoring position on third.

Ward would keep up an incessant line of chatter. To all appearances my attention was riveted on the business of pitching to the man at bat, but my ears were wide open for the word signal I knew Ward would give me when he thought the runner was far enough off second to be caught flat-footed. When this time came, Aaron would call out a sentence using my name—"Get in there, Joe." As he said this he ran to second. I would whirl and shoot the ball at the bag without looking. Ward would catch it on the run, and it was easy to tag the runner out, because the runner would be so taken by surprise that he had no time to get back to the bag. The play was so quick that not only was the runner off second caught dead but the runner on third was forced to stay put.

I remember pulling this play twice in one game against Detroit. The first time, the bags were loaded, with no one out, and we caught Harry Heilmann off second. The next time there was one out, the bases brimming with Tigers, and Ty Cobb, the brainiest base runner of them all, was the victim of our little trick. In both innings the Tigers were retired without a run having been scored.

Ward and I worked this trick seven times in 1923. Sad Sam Jones, Yankee pitcher, also pulled it three times that year with Aaron. After we had played it several times teams were looking for it. However, it prevented the runner on second from taking a big lead. Other clubs used the same play, but in different ways. The catcher, who is in a position to watch second, would signal the pitcher and second baseman if he thought the runner could be caught.

Such plays are very important. They often prove the turning point in tough games. Any play is worth while if it wins a ball game, even if it is successful in so doing only once or twice during the season.

Cobb on First, or Second, or Third

Still another of the lost arts in baseball is base running. I don't believe the players of today are giving nearly as much thought to running the bases as they did ten or more years ago. I suppose they think it unnecessary, with the lively ball advancing them around the bags on the solid per-hit basis.

Ty Cobb, however, won many a game for the Detroit Bengals by his clever running of the bases. His record for stealing bases is something for Young America to shoot at. Max Carey, of the Pirates, Claude Milan, of the Washington Senators, and Eddie Collins, now captain of the 1929 champion Athletics, were all base filchers who kept pitchers on their toes.

The following statement may sound far-fetched, but it is true, nevertheless: Speed has very little to do with base running. Out of one hundred fast-running ball players there are probably only five good base runners.

The secret of this art is in a runner's ability to read the pitchers. The player must study the various opposing pitchers and come to know when the twirler is going to complete his pitch to the batter and when he is going to snap the ball to first. The wise runner watches the twitch in the pitcher's knee when he looks over to first before pitching. Many times he will pick up a movement that will give the pitcher's intention away.

Cobb outsmarted the best of pitchers. When he was on base he kept the opposing hurler busy watching him and trying to pitch at the same time—a task anything but easy. Ty could steal second, third, and score with surprising ease. I've seen him run in from third and score standing up against a pitcher with a long wind-up.

Baseball players, like contract-bridge bugs, are superstitious. They coddle their pet practices as religiously as a cat mothers its kittens. If they make a good showing they are sure it was because they frightened away their hoodoo. If they don't, then it is just too bad!

The Tale of a Shirt

One of the wooziest jinx breakers I ever ran across was that of Vic Aldridge, the Pittsburgh pitcher. An hour and a half prior to every game he worked, Vic would put on three heavy shirts and chase fungoes in the outfield for half an hour to work up a good perspiration. Then he would go into the clubhouse and go through a lengthy series of bending-over exercises. After drying off, he would put on two different shirts and get into a bunting game for fifteen or twenty minutes. After this, he would beat it to the locker room again and put on his pitching shirt and then warm up for the game! All this workout would tire an ordinary man, but Vic told me if he didn't do all these things he would be sure to lose.

George Earnshaw, the present-day Athletic twirler, paces up and down the clubhouse before he pitches. He gives one the impression he is terribly nervous and excited, but he isn't. He says he does it to chase away his jinx.

In 1917 I started wearing a heavy red flannel undershirt, and I've stuck to this warm color ever since. When I led the American League in pitching in 1922, I wore the same red shirt in every game I pitched. I started the season with a victory and I kept that shirt in a special corner so that I wouldn't get it confused with the others. And I never had it washed! I know it was my good-luck shirt, and I give it credit for chasing away the jinx in the twenty-seven games I won that year—I lost but six.

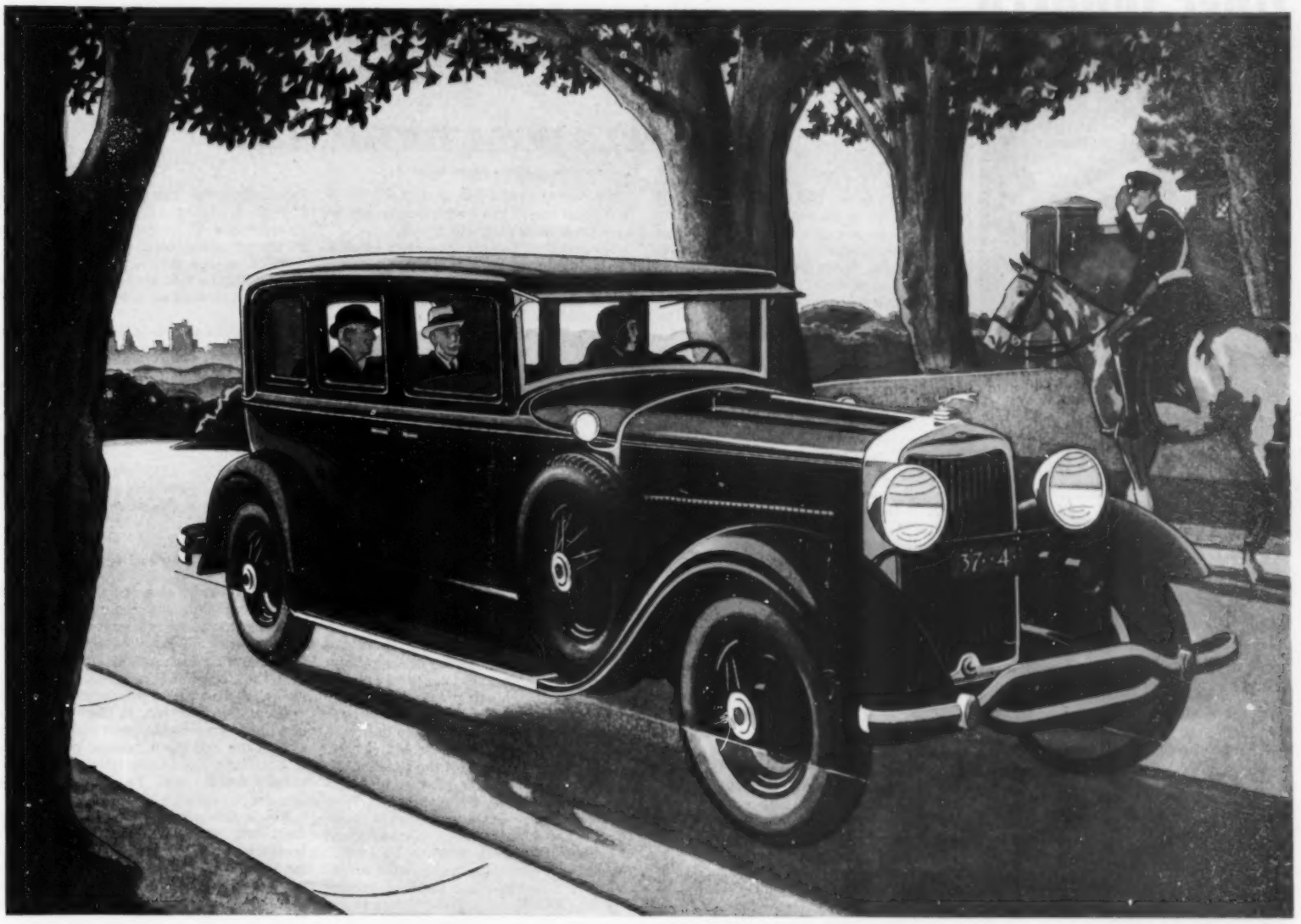
Of course, there are some ball players who scorn the idea of jinxes. Bob Meusel, the hard-hitting outfielder, is one of these fatalists. Nothing disturbs Bob. I remember one game in Detroit, when we were with the Yanks and we were fighting for every game to keep on top of the heap, when Bob proved forever his equanimity. It was one of those exciting free-hitting contests the fans love. During our turn at bat in the eighth inning, we had put on a rally. One run had scored and two men were on the bags. Meusel was the next man up. He wasn't in the players' dugout. Someone looked out to the bench alongside the bleacher stands near the bull-pen where the substitute pitchers warm up, and there was Bob taking a nap. With all that excitement going on!

One of the boys ran out and wakened him—he really was fast asleep! Bob strolled in as casually as if he were going to breakfast, picked up his bat, and proceeded to whale out a triple, which scored the winning runs for us.

It is an unwritten law among ball players never to mention anything about base hits or anything at all pertaining to a no-hit game to the pitcher in the box. For instance, a pitcher has gone along without allowing a hit or run until he is ready to go in for the last inning. No seasoned player would think of saying, "Well, old man, only three more men to get out and a no-hit, no-run game is yours." Usually, a rookie pipes up with this bright remark. And what a blasting he gets! Mentioning anything at all about a possible no-hit game is considered the greatest jinx in baseball.

(Continued on Page 58)

THE LINCOLN



THE FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN

A motor car, too, reflects its background

LINCOLN has used its unlimited resources to develop a motor that notably combines *strength* and *performance*.

In making this motor, operations that best can be done by hand are in the unhurried hands of fine craftsmen; whereas operations that are beyond the power of even the finest craftsman to perform . . . inhumanly delicate measurements and exquisite applications of tremendous force . . . are done by machines that are the wonder of the engineering world. Costly to maintain, these machines often slow up production; but there is no intention to produce the beautiful, luxurious Lincoln in large quantities.

Because the motor avoids periodic vibration, as soldiers avoid keeping step on a bridge, the excellent structures and precise alignments in the Lincoln are left undeteriorated throughout the years. Because the parts are related with such unparalleled precision, the powerful Lincoln needs no tedious breaking in . . . but is, from its first day of service, a quiet, steadily functioning possession for those who can afford to purchase anything they desire; yet who demand authentic value for their money.

The 5¢ cigar with the 50% finer tobacco

because busy machines make ROCKY FORDS *five times as fast as human hands . . .*

Electric machines keep ROCKY FORD as clean and wholesome as a loaf of baker's bread. Machines compress the filler, shape the cigar, roll it in the binder, seal it in the wrapper . . . without the aid of human hands.

But purity is only half the story. Because ROCKY FORD is 100% machine-made . . . it brings you 50% finer tobacco. Finer leaf for its cool-smoking long filler. The choicest crops of imported Sumatra for its sleek brown wrapper. Tobaccos aged two full years then transformed into ROCKY FORDS by electric machines in one of the world's most modern, sunlit factories!

Always fresh—always uniform in quality . . . always 5¢ . . . at your dealer's.

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

© P. Lorillard Co.

(Continued from Page 56)

I particularly recall one game where the jinx worked. The A's opened one season against the Boston Red Sox in Philly, and Herb Pennock was pitching for us. Herbie had the opposition eating out of his hand all through the game. Up to the ninth inning they hadn't made anything like a hit.

As Herb started out to the box for the final inning, a rookie spoke up: "Well, Herb, only three more men and you've got a no-hit game."

What a jumping on that fellow got. But what was said to him then was nothing compared with what was said to him later in the clubhouse.

Herb had retired the first two men to face him when the jinx came.

Hooper, the Boston rightfielder, was up, and we were all silently hoping he would be the last. He hit a slow roller toward second base, and Larry Lajoie, who was playing second for us then, came in and played the ball with one hand instead of with both, which he could have done easily, and the ball rolled up his arm. He fumbled and Hooper was safe on first before he got the ball over there.

We were all positive it was an error for Lajoie, but the newspapermen saw it differently and, instead, credited Hooper with a hit. It was a tough break for Herbie; he certainly deserved a no-hit, no-run game.

When we arrived in the clubhouse, everyone remembered what the rookie had said to Pennock, and what a going over that kid got is nobody's business.

LAPELS WILL BE HIGHER

(Continued from Page 44)

it's a man's town. Nobody was paying any attention to the advent of long skirts, but columns were at that moment being written in the newspapers and near riots were occurring in Hyde Park, all because of an agitation against the high hat and tails of the Eton schoolboy. Some courageous modern soul had declared them absurd. But it is more than a century since the first tall hat was jammed down over the ears of an Eton boy, and Englishmen are horrified at the idea of taking it off.

They grow red in the face, walk the floor and utterly refuse to see logic in the contention that children in top hats these days look ridiculous.

Would the reformers, they inquire sardonically, have the beefeaters at the Tower clad in trousers, M. P.'s addressing the House in plus-fours, and judges sitting in golf caps instead of wigs?

The last we heard of it, the tall hats were still jammed down over the Eton ears.

The Reign of the Unimpressive

No doubt this is all part of what one London tailor calls the "natural and proper vanity of man," which, except in England, is never acknowledged. Other grand revelations of it are the congresses held in London every so often for the avowed purpose of promoting the wearing of velvets and brocades among men, also the Highland balls, where men strut about in plaids and kilts, ruffles and buckles, not merely overshadowing but totally eclipsing the women, and conversing, these great strong men, on the fit of tunics and the placement of buttons!

No woman, accustomed to cutting remarks from men about feminine fashions, can avoid a chuckle over the odd similarity between Savile Row and the Rue de la Paix. For one thing, the temperamental English tailor needs the atmosphere of London and Englishmen to inspire him, just as the volatile French dressmaker needs Paris and Frenchwomen.

If the American woman is bowled over by the glittering, perfumed splendor of a French couturier's establishment, the American man must be even more overpowered by the absolute lack of pretentiousness, the dowdy, old-fashioned, out-of-date quaintness of the best London tailoring shops.

After all, the motion-picture palaces prepare us to see something exotic and handsome when we go to Paris, but no American man who can afford to buy at the best London tailors could possibly be prepared for their lack of splendor. Most bewildering of all is the fact that the artless undecorated charm is obviously genuine. So is the courteous reserve of the salesman—who is quite willing to serve you, but doesn't seem greatly interested in whether you give an order or not.

This is the sort of thing that can't be imitated. It would be useless for a Fifth Avenue merchant prince to sweep away all his fine Italian Empire fittings, Du Barry carpets and polished supersalesmen in favor of funny old tables and chairs, with bolts of tweeds and cashmeres knocking about in corners, and a stout, baldheaded, nearsighted manager who has been with the firm forty-four years. Every London tailoring establishment of any prominence has a manager who has been there forty-four years except those with managers who have been there forty-eight years.

No first-class London shop has a window display, and usually there is only an imperceptible sign, if any. Savile Row and its neighbors, Sackville and Conduit streets, have windows frosted about a third of the way up, like old-fashioned high-class saloons, or else stained glass, upon which may appear in small letters: "Established in 1783"—or earlier.

These aristocrats among tailors are proud of their age and of their ancient patrons. You can't pry a word out of them about their present clientele and sometimes you almost wonder whether they have one, though at the very moment of dark doubt the Duke of Something-or-other will likely drift in and order eight suits.

All over the walls are framed royal warrants and engravings of ancient kings, admirals and sportsmen who have been tailored on the premises. In a glass case in one corner are the house curios—a Scottish chieftain's dirk, the trousers worn by Nelson, or an ancient court dress. Bolts and bolts of elegant materials are stacked everywhere—scarlet hunting cloth, tartan plaids, tropical cloth, shooting tweeds and the more usual woolen for business wear.

Everything looks dignified and dull until a gentleman begins to order his clothes. Then the temperament of the London tailor begins to show—for he is as temperamental in his way as a Paris couturier. Why shouldn't he be? Hasn't he years of tradition back of him, a great name to uphold and thousands of fine suits to his credit? As long as the customer remains acquiescent all goes along in a peaceful, genteel manner. But the minute he begins to get notions of his own, then come fireworks.

In the English season, a man's clothes are changed almost as often as a woman's. Events such as the Fourth of June at Eton, the Eton and Harrow match, Ascot and the Royal Garden Party demand striped or sponge-bag check trousers and toppers. At Ascot a man's fancy may run far afield in the matter of waistcoats too. At least, he may wear with perfect propriety a fancy one of gray or fawn cashmere and an orchid buttonhole bouquet.

The Huntsman's Wardrobe

Ascot is dressy, but Goodwood, a smart racing event, demands tailor-mades and negligees for men. The tailor-made is of tweed, but again no plus-fours can be allowed!

At Cowes spectators wear white trousers and blue double-breasted reefers.

For a week-end at a shooting box a man requires two shooting suits, a few flannel sporting shirts, a raincoat, dinner coat and full evening dress with tails. Eureka! The shooting suits are made with plus-fours, but here again is a chance for the man not in the know to slip up. The tweeds must be exactly right—heather tweeds. This is so the birds won't notice you until you shoot them, when it will be too late.

But Englishmen make sartorial blunders; never think for a moment they don't. At the King's own levee last year one Englishman was discovered to have two little bows on his knee breeches where there ought to have been none. The error was pointed out just as he was about to enter the royal presence and he frenziedly offered to tear off the offending bows.

"Not enough time—not enough time," the guardsman told him reproachfully; so in he went to meet his King, all wrong as to bows.

He said he would have felt worse than he did about it except that an old admiral in front of him who hadn't been back for a levee in years was having trouble about his gloves. The last time, he had worn one glove and carried the other. But as he moved rapidly kingward he was told that nobody had ever before dreamed of going before His Majesty with a bare hand, so he was finally revealed to the King frantically pulling on the other glove and muttering to himself like the White Rabbit.

Milord's Dressing Gowns

The Prince of Wales, on a busy day, often wears four different costumes. In the morning, to receive official callers, he dons the conventional Englishman's formal attire—morning coat and dark trousers.

In the afternoon, if he appears at a public event, he often has to wear one of his many uniforms. After that, if there's time, he gets into comfortable sports clothes or a lounge suit and has a game of golf outside of London or else goes to play squash rackets at a near-by club. Then he comes home and dresses for dinner.

Savile Row can be as finicky as the Rue de la Paix but usually is less expensive. It is said, for instance, to be almost impossible for a man to spend more than twenty-five guineas on a suit, while a dress on the Rue de la Paix might and often does cost ten times as much.

Many men pay as much as fifty guineas for a dressing gown, though that is for one made of such an exclusive piece of material that the wearer will have the satisfaction of knowing there is none other like it in all the world.

Three dressing gowns a year is a moderate male allowance. One customer regularly buys from a tailor three dressing gowns for which he pays fifty guineas, thirty-six guineas and twenty-eight guineas.

Another Savile Row tailor reports a recent order totaling two thousand pounds from a man going round the world. The list included six dozen dress shirts, six dozen day shirts, three dozen tennis shirts, three dozen suits of silk underwear, eighteen suits of pajamas, and a dressing gown to match each.

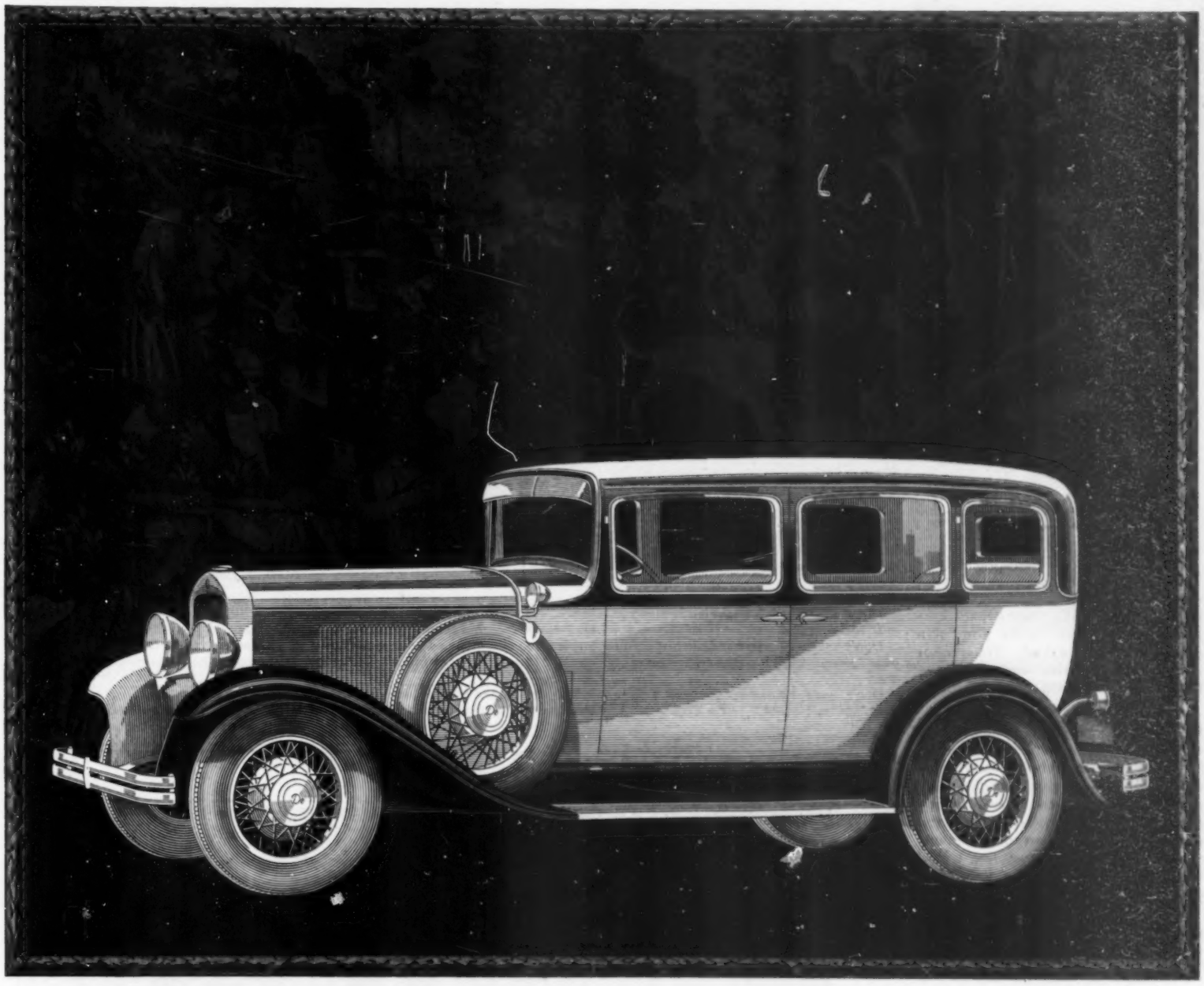
An order for underwear amounted to over three thousand pounds. The garments were all hand-embroidered and the makers took more than a year to finish them. Another man buys two dozen ties every month.

Many men order a dozen new suits at a time, paying twelve to fourteen guineas for lounge suits, and seventeen to twenty for dress suits.

Some painstaking soul worked out for us a schedule for a man who would be correctly dressed for every occasion. It included two summer lounge suits; two winter lounge suits; one gray flannel suit; one dress suit; one dress jacket suit; one knicker suit

(Continued on Page 60)

WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT



The sterling quality of the new Chrysler built De Soto Straight Eight begins with sound and skillful engineering, carries on through the basic excellence of materials, and extends to all the infinite detail of precision craftsmanship.

Here are all the hallmarks of a quality that inspires lasting confidence and pride.

$965

AND UP, F. O. B. DETROIT

DE SOTO STRAIGHT EIGHT

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Here quality expresses itself in richness of appearance; in luxurious appointments — and above all, quality speaks out in performance not equaled by many eight-cylinder cars hundreds of dollars higher in price.

Obvious quality, far more than low price, is the new De Soto Straight Eight's passport to swift and enduring popularity.

TIRED FACES WELCOME PROBAK

PROBAK is a marvelous new blade built to fit your double-edge razor and send you to breakfast with a smile on your lips. Swift, clean strokes give your face a treat—leave your skin smooth and refreshed. Your razor glides lightly—shaves with a butterfly touch. There's no drag, pull or vibration.

Patented Features

Probak is 17% heavier than an ordinary double-edge blade. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel permits it to flex evenly—bringing the straight-edge principle to your razor. Automatic machines treat, grind, hone and strop ribbons of secret-processed steel in one continuous operation—assuring utmost uniformity. Slip a Probak in your razor and have the shaving thrill of your life.

Money-Back Guarantee

Buy Probak on a money-back guarantee. If after using two blades you don't agree they are the finest double-edge blades built, return the package and your dealer will refund your purchase price

50c for 5, $1 for 10

Guaranteed by

PROBAK CORPORATION

Division of

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.

656 First Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

Use this coupon if your dealer has not stocked Probak

TRIAL OFFER COUPON

PROBAK CORPORATION, Dept. P-80
656 First Avenue, New York City

Send me a special trial package of Probak blades for which I enclose 25c (in coin or stamps).

Name

Address

City State

Dealer's Name

Protected by Patents Nos. 1,633,739; 1,639,335. Reissue No. 17,567. Other patents pending.

PROBAK BLADES

(Continued from Page 58)

every second year, one summer overcoat every second year, one winter overcoat every second year, three pairs white trousers, one pair gray trousers, one morning-coat suit, a new one every few years.

Which reminds us that we met in London a dozen men, or more, who are said to be the unemotional possessors of at least forty suits of clothes!

A. F. Curtis, a leading authority on men's clothes, tells us that cloth, like machinery and men, requires rest. A suit worn from eight in the morning until eleven at night needs at least twenty-four hours of rest before it is worn again. Then it comes back refreshed and ready for more wear. If it has to submit to the stress of wear day after day it loses its shape and dies.

Suits That are Suitable

Here are some British don'ts also gleaned from Mr. Curtis:

Don't wear patent-leather shoes in the daytime, or tan boots in London.

Don't wear a stiff collar of whatever kind for golf, nor wear evening collars in the daytime except with a black jacket or morning coat.

Don't wear soft-fronted dress shirts except in the complete privacy of the home.

Don't wear black boots unless they have cloth or tan uppers—and be careful about the color of both the latter.

Don't wear a bowler hat with evening dress. The really smart substitute for the rapidly dying-out opera hat is the tall silk hat. Some quite well-dressed men, however, have taken recently to the soft black felt hat with round brim for evening. But this is only for informal occasions, and never should be worn when out with ladies.

Don't wear tan gloves or anything but white with evening dress.

Don't wear a colored muffler at night.

Don't wear spats with tan shoes.

Don't have a colored handkerchief about your person anywhere when in evening dress.

Don't wear turned-up trousers with a morning—tail—coat.

Don't wear a jumper with a town suit.

Don't wear colored socks with evening clothes.

Don't wear anything but a very dark overcoat with evening clothes.

Don't violate good manners and good dressing by wearing dinner jackets instead of tails when ladies are to be present; also by wearing a turned-down collar with a dinner coat.

And now we come to the—to us—interesting phenomenon of the tailor—or it may be a jam and pickle maker—who displays somewhere about his establishment a shield which bears the legend "By appointment."

This means, depending upon the shield, that the tradesman has been appointed tailor or preserve maker to the King, the Queen or the Prince of Wales.

We journeyed to Buckingham Palace to ask how a shopkeeper gets one of those. An officer of the royal household told us all.

Royal warrants, it seems, are signed by the Lord Chamberlain or some other duly authorized official, and granted by the Keeper of the Privy Purse or the Master of the Household for the King, for the Queen by her secretary, and for the Prince by his controller.

Once a year the household committee of Buckingham with the Lord Chamberlain acting as head, holds a meeting attended by the Prince of Wales' controller and the Queen's secretary. At this time the committee considers all applications made by tradesmen for the royal warrant. Then the King's household submits a list to the King for his signature and the Prince's controller and the Queen's secretary do likewise to their principals.

The Queen is an indefatigable shopper and shops in person much of the time. She particularly loves finding new antique shops and frequents places, whether well known or not, where the shopkeeper pleases her by his merchandise and way of doing business. She is often accompanied on antique hunts by the Prince and to her favorite big shops by Princess Mary.

The Prince has his own ideas too. He absolutely made a certain new firm of hosiers because he liked them and their wares.

The King doesn't bother much about shopping and lets the Queen or members of his household do it for him—with this notable exception: He is one of the best shots in England and he takes the greatest interest in guns, which he always selects for himself.

These three—King, Queen and Prince—can give or take away warrants as their fancy dictates. They can give them to a shopkeeper who has never sold them tuppence worth of goods and deny it to another who delivers a grand piano at Buckingham Palace every day in the week. But of course they carry on the affair in the reasonable, tactful and just manner they invariably adopt toward everything they do, especially when other people are involved. As the thing works out, the warrant is really granted according to the amount of goods supplied to the sovereigns or the Prince.

By-Appointment Purveyors

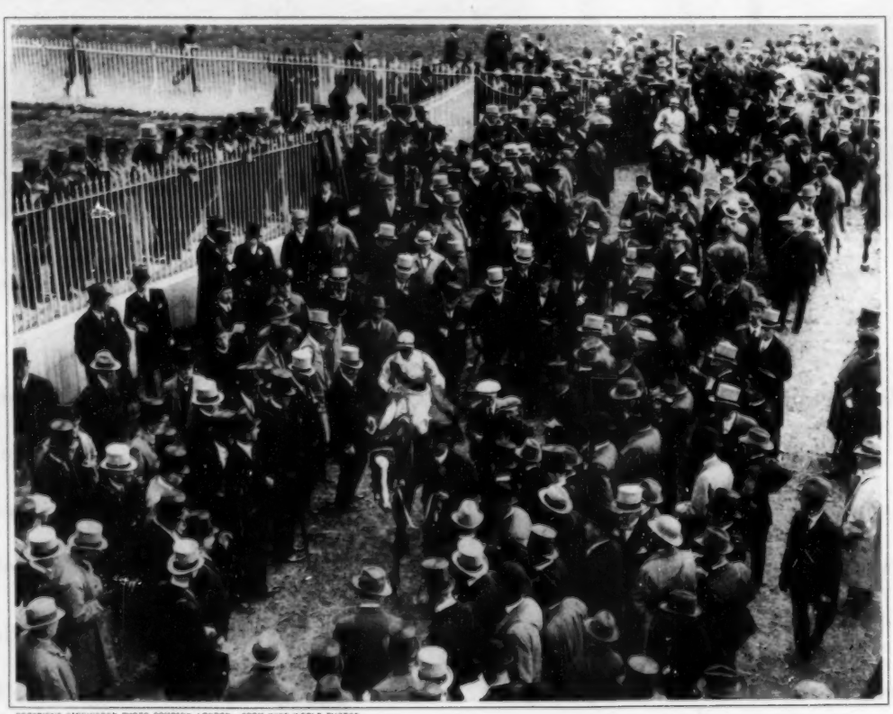
The custom is that goods shall have been sold with fair regularity for three years before the warrant is granted. New warrants are issued each year and if the tradesman has continued to sell his royal customer and hasn't broken any of the regulations imposed he is pretty certain to get a new one.

About twice as many applications for warrants are made to the Lord Chamberlain each year as can be granted. Sometimes a man will ask it because the King, Queen or Prince came there once—maybe years before—or because the merchant served in the war with honor. One asked for a warrant on the score of being a loyal Englishman.

Getting a warrant does not depend upon whether a firm is large or small, but the financial footing must be secure and the merchandise good.

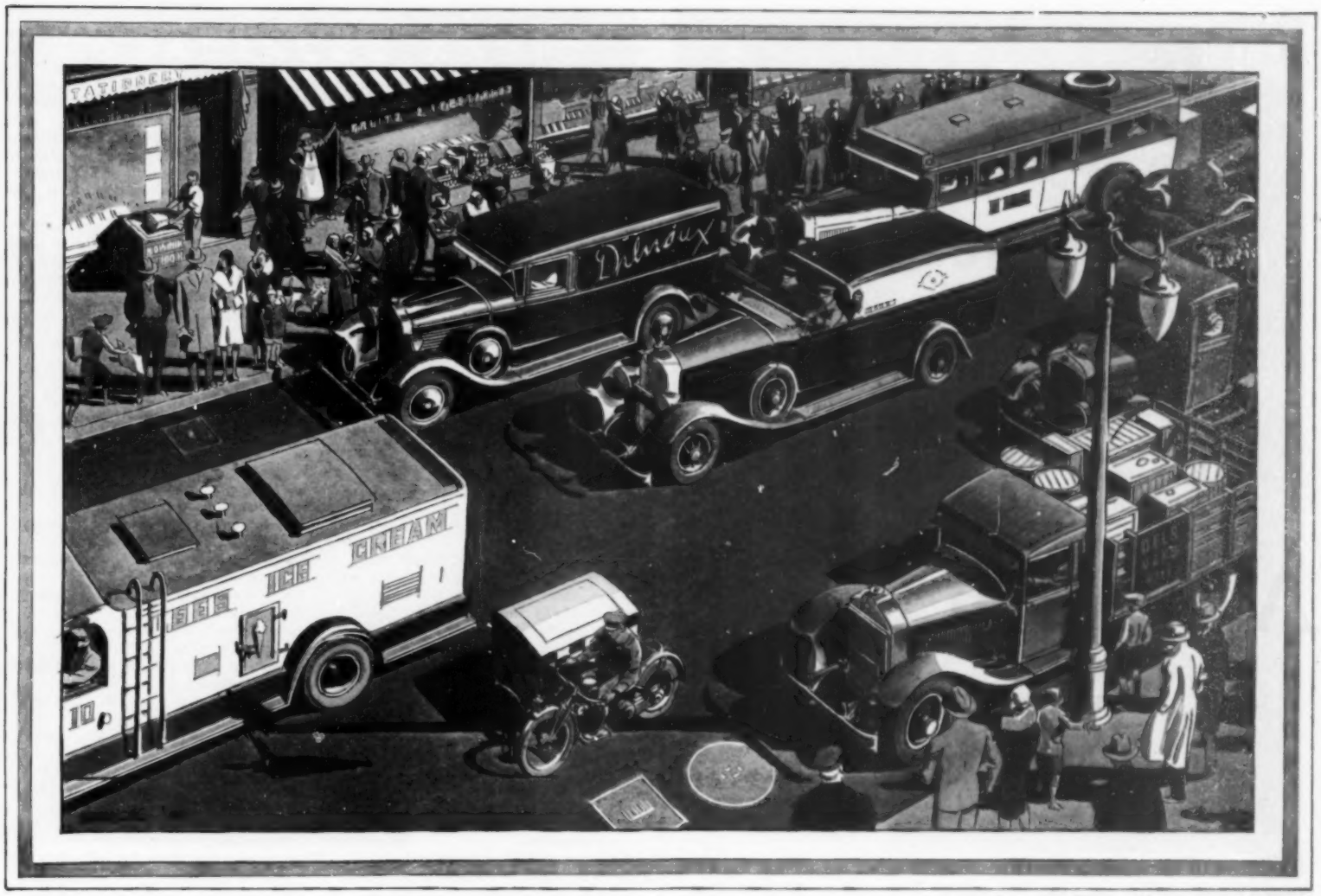
A warrant can be canceled at a moment's notice by the Lord Chamberlain. And sometimes is. If a firm goes bankrupt this happens automatically.

(Continued on Page 62)



COPYRIGHT FARRINGDON PHOTO COMPANY, LONDON. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Lord Astor, Leading His Saucy Sue, Winner of the Oaks, Back to the Paddock at Epsom Downs



There's a BUSINESS PARADE *every day in your town—*

and there's BUSINESS PROFIT in being a leader in it!

IF you were invited to enter one of your delivery vehicles in a formal parade, you'd make very sure it looked its best.

As a matter of fact, there *is* a parade, day in and day out, up and down the streets of your town, with highly important rewards for fine condition and appearance.

In this parade all the vehicles in town are competing, not for a cup or a ribbon, but for the favorable attention of thousands of prospective customers and the greater good will and increased business that result from making a good impression on them.

What about *your* vehicles? Are they just delivery wagons or are they fine advertisements of your business wherever they go?

Duco refinishing gives you the answer, in terms of your profit. For in maintaining the fine appearance of your delivery vehicles, Duco offers advantages which will quickly and surely appeal. There are special commercial vehicle Duco systems suitable for all refinishing needs.

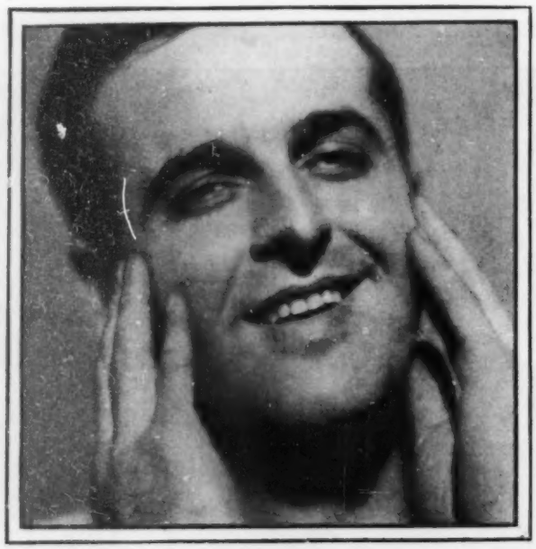
Duco is used on so many cars and commercial vehicles at the factories that automobile engineers evidently agree nothing else equals Duco in beauty, economy and durability.

There is a refinisher in your town who can refinish your delivery equipment with Duco. It is to your advantage to see him about the job. If you do your own refinishing, write us for full information.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
General Motors Building, Detroit, Mich.

YOUR PERSONAL CAR—Have the Duco refinisher restyle your own personal car. He will refinish it in the latest beautiful Duco colors—skillfully and at reasonable cost. He also does fender and body repair work. If you buy a used car, make sure the finish is Duco.

DUCO . . . MADE ONLY BY DU PONT



A coupon that wins friends

mail it, please

Millions of men have sent these coupons in. And 86% of those who make this free 7-day test never return to old shaving methods

WE know that 86% of the men who make this test are convinced by it—become regular users of Palmolive Shaving Cream. And that is the proof of the pudding. Surely our chances are good of pleasing you. And if we *can* do that, you will be the first to want to know of it.

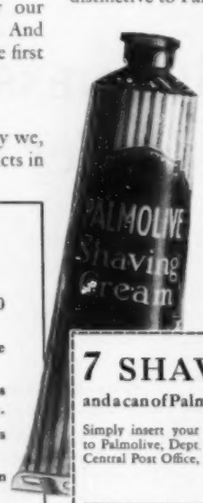
We asked 1000 men

A few years ago men asked why we, makers of outstanding soap products in other fields, had never made a shaving cream. They told us—1,000 of them—where other preparations failed. They set a high goal for us, and our great laboratories responded. Behind them stood 68 years' experience in soap-making. But it was not easy.

The first 129 formulas were rejected . . . finally success came, in a shaving cream based on the olive oil principle—one that embodied five important features distinctive to Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Now a test, please

Now we ask the courtesy of a test. For we have tried to please you. And we offer to convince you at our own expense. All you risk is a stamp—and a few days' shaves will do the rest. Will you mail that coupon now, please?



These 5 unique features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

5252

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept M-806, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

(Please print your name and address)

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR — Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

(Continued from Page 60)

Holders of the warrant may use the arms on stationery, but they can't tell you how many silk shirts the Prince of Wales bought according to a certain pattern last week or what kind of hat the King prefers. This would not only be bad taste but fatal to the warrant holding.

The arms of a deceased sovereign may be exhibited as long as the member of the firm to whom it was granted is still alive. That is why some firms display the shields of the late King Edward and the late Queen Alexandra. And even of the late Queen Victoria.

The first warrant of appointment to a tradesman was probably granted by Queen Elizabeth. The number granted increased during the reign of Charles II and rumor has intimated that a depleted treasury and the wit of Nell Gwyn combined to bring about this increase. If this rumor be true, it only goes to prove that conditions under which warrants were granted in olden times were vastly different from those obtaining today.

It is perhaps not quite fair to attach too much importance to this jesting speculation, though, for the number of warrants granted has continued to increase—in fact, has doubled, in the past ten years.

Warrants of appointment are held by manufacturers and tradesmen in all parts of the world, as well as in the United Kingdom. Firms in India, Canada, Australia, the Indies, France and many other countries have received the seal of the King's approval.

The Poets' Corner

Ghosts!

OFTEN on nights when the wind was humming
A restless song down the midnight skies,
They'd hear in the attic a nervous drumming
And lie and wonder with startled eyes.
(But I know just where the yard tree stands,
And how its branches can sound like hands!)

Sometimes at the door on the porch a rapping
Broke on the night, and they woke in fear,
And the old cat stirred from her endless napping
And stared through the dark and twitched an ear.
(But I knew well how a frightened linnet
Could blunder against it and beat a minute!)

They heard strange sounds when the world was sleeping—
A whisper of voices, a muted call,
A tap on the stairs, or a hushed step creeping
Down in the shadows that filled the hall,
And listened, and barely suppressed a shout,
Just as I did—till I found out!

—Bert Cooksley.

A Song to April

I HAVE loved you, April, for the blue mist in your eyes,
For the sunlight's yellow gold that lingers in your hair,
For the sudden tears that start, when in hurt surprise
You turn back to rain and mist as if you didn't care;
For the wild plum blossoms I have seen against your breast,
For the music in your throat that sings from hill to sea,
For your whisper through the crowds that brings a wild unrest,
All the golden memories of youth that used to be.

I have loved you, April, for the dreams that still return
When you dance across the hills and call me from the snow,
Dreams that come to me again from new-lit flames that burn
In a heart that turned to you, long and long ago.
Dreams of moonlight through the trees and roses on the wall,
Where the stars in southern skies across the night are strung,
All the vanished yesterdays that I can still recall
When the dogwood blooms again and all the world is young.

There are lanes that wind again where youth and youth go by,
Hand in hand and heart to heart through all the golden day,
Where the apple blossoms shine against a sunset sky—
There is nothing else that counts around the world away.
Fame and wealth and greed and gain, leave them to the old;
I would rather turn again and find the road to spring
Where young Pan is piping in a glen of green and gold
And young April's waiting with another song to sing.

I am coming, April, to the tryst that we have known
Where the fields are green again and the sky is blue;
There is moonlight down the walk where old dreams are blown
From the happy country where a dream can still come true.
Though the gray is in my hair, look into my heart;
You will see the boy of old where the dogwood gleams,
Singing down the road again as the years depart,
On his way to Romany, to roses and to dreams.

—Grantland Rice.

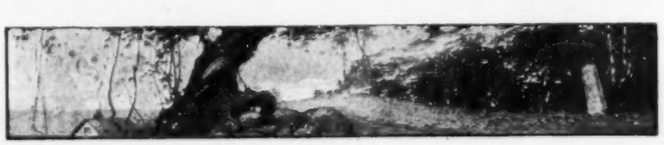
May Day à la Mode

VERNAL hues are fair and bright,
Hill and dale arraying;
Flowery odors bring delight—
Let us go a-maying!
Not like citizens of yore,
Prim and golden-rulish,
Garnering a modest store—
Altruism's foolish!

Come, and in our speedy car
We will tour the highways,
Robbing orchards near and far,
Looting lanes and byways.
Boughs of dogwood, lilac, pear—
Gleefully we'll break them;
If we leave the blossoms there,
Someone else will take them.

Grub the rare arbutus up,
Nevermore to germinate;
Violet and buttercup
Joyously exterminate!
Dig and trample, pull and pluck,
Vandal urge obeying;
Rural folk are out of luck
When we go a-maying!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.



Pictured at the left is the distorted tone, typical of a radio whose units are only in approximate balance. Pictured at the right is the wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves in every set by exactly balancing all electrical units in the set.

By hundreds of thousands they demanded

PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

... that is why you can have these finest of sets ... at such modest prices

RADIO has "come of age"—grown up. You no longer value radio as a toy to play with. You value only *performance.*

Philco set new standards of radio *performance* in 1929. Those remarkable Philco sets brought instant acclaim. On *performance* alone they jumped Philco into national leadership in twelve short months.

Then Philco amazed the radio world with its two great, new *Screen Grid* sets for 1930. They set up a standard of *value* which has thrown all price comparisons into the discard.

Philco challenges any radio at *any* price to give you such *full measure* of radio performance; such power; enthralling distance; super-fine selectivity; reduction of static; rich volume, and the famous Philco undistorted TONE, produced by the *exact balancing* of all electrical units.

The Remarkable New Philco Screen Grid Radio

An entirely new radio circuit with a screen grid tube as the detector, just about doubling amplification. Enormous power with super-acute selectivity produced by new, double-tuned input circuit. Seven tubes and four condensers. All electrical units *exactly balanced,* creating the magnificent, full clear Philco TONE.

The Super-Performing Philco Screen Grid PLUS

Includes the recently discovered Philco *Automatic Volume Control,* which, in connection with the tremendous power of this set, gets and *holds* far-distant stations by effectively counteracting fading. Invaluable for those who live far from the fine broadcast programs. For those in the city, the new Philco double-tuned input circuit sharpens selectivity. It tunes sharply anywhere on the dial and brings in crowded local stations without "cross-talk." Nine tubes and built-in aerial. Concert-hall volume for dancing and entertaining, with special features which reduce static and background noises. And exactly balanced electrical units—a Philco achievement—giving the standard pure, rich Philco TONE.

PHILCO
BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

* * *

The Philco dealer wants to show you the complete range of exquisite Philco models,—Table Models, Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys, de luxe Highboys; priced from $67 to $225, including a beautiful butt walnut Console at $112. He will put one of these wonderful sets in your own home for demonstration, without obligation, *so you can learn for yourself, exactly how Philco radio performance can add to your enjoyment.* Easy terms when you decide to buy.

* * *

Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each furniture model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker with two 245 power tubes, push-pull. All prices less tubes.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.
IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

Mm! Coffee!

Yield to its tempting fragrance *without fear . . . without regret!*

Drink Sanka Coffee and Sleep!

MAKE THE NIGHT TEST! *The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret!*

THERE'S nothing quite so appetizing as the cheery aroma of coffee—nothing quite so satisfying as its full, rich flavor. To sniff its fragrance, to sip its spicy richness, is little short of a benediction and a blessing.

And it is a blessing you need never forego. If the caffein in coffee has robbed you of sleep—has affected your nerves or your digestion, now you can have a genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It is Sanka Coffee. From Sanka Coffee are gone all of caffein's effects—but in it still remains all of coffee's cheering fragrance and satisfying flavor.

Full of coffee's old-time goodness! One single cup of Sanka Coffee will prove that caffein adds nothing to coffee's delightful flavor and aroma. One single cup of Sanka Coffee will yield that same immediate sense of satisfaction other coffees gave you—for that comes, not from caffein, but from the warmth and flavor of the drink itself.

Sanka Coffee is delicious—uncommonly delicious. And it should be. For it is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown. Nothing is added—nothing but caffein is removed. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer in quality, in flavor or in aroma.

Thousands of physicians endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. They recommend it to patients who cannot drink other coffees because of caffein's effects upon sleep, nerves, or digestion.

Satisfaction—or your money back Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee—always fresh, ground or in the bean—with the guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back.

Get a pound of delicious Sanka Coffee today! © 1930, S. C. Corp.

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine

Delicious

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

OUT-OF-DOORS

A Winter Vacation in Maine

AS I LOOK back upon it now, it would seem that we first got the notion from reading Ben Ames Williams in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Maine, with its abandoned farms, its woods and its people, made charming reading, after dinner, before the fire. And no doubt we would have remained content with this, had we not awakened one day to the realization that if any credence at all was to be placed in the weight tables issued by life-insurance companies, our height must have sunk to the four-foot level. We were midgets and did not know it. Not that this result had been achieved by weight-reducing exercises; we had merely been busy earning a living. But overbusy; we needed a rest. Whether the matter was serious or not, we did not bother to find out; it had become disagreeable. Nerves were ragged, appetite of a caviling sort, and sleep a fitful thing. We needed no physician to tell us that the craze for gold was driving us into a hospital.

An inspection of the gold supply recorded upon the pages of the bank book showed us that five years of incessant devotion had resulted in exactly five hundred dollars surplus capital. Europe, Hot Springs, the Carolinas and Florida at once disappeared over the horizon, leaving a perfectly flat field of vision, upon which Mr. Williams' stories of Maine stood out in solitary splendor. To rent such an abandoned farm and play around all winter seemed possible on five hundred. My wife, though actually from Missouri, will, nevertheless, take my word for almost anything. The writer is of that sort. Besides, it was the far North's light of day which first beheld him, and since the sculpting business contains some long hiatuses between cash returns, one rustles through the memory for days of happier structure. Of evenings, after dinner, the eddying tobacco haze becomes the rosy mist of years; one forgets the characteristic hardness of the North; dissatisfaction with narrow city life and the comforts derived from it conspire in bringing before the vision the cathedral majesty of snow-clad pine forest, the blood-red sheen of setting sun upon freshly fallen snow, and the ultramarines of deep shadows between patriarchal spruces. There's not a breath, not a sound; the great silence of the Northern night rests upon the earth as a benediction; the unearthly splendor of moonbeams upon hoarfrosted bush and tree; the sharp, staccato bark of the fox and the far-off hoot of the horned owl; upon the horizon play the luminous shadows of the Aurora. All this reads well from the depths of a morris chair, gas logs lending an atmosphere to the thing. Well, this is written upon an upended packing case with four sticks under it for legs, and what the writer sits on is certainly no morris chair. For Maine was elected and came up to specifications as per invoice. Yes, and to some not invoiced.

Completely Abandoned

With three suitcases in the back of the car, we entered this happy state at Bethel, coming from the northwest. It was at the beginning of November. And for ten days thereafter, in the loveliest weather imaginable, we cruised up and down and crosswise, looking for one of those abandoned farms. Perhaps we had misconstrued the matter, for while we found abandoned farms aplenty, few, if any, offered sufficient protection against the next shower. Morning after morning we left the main roads to reëstablish the same facts—charming locations, isolated and quiet—sylvan dells and all that—but either the exteriors were about ready to quit for good or else the interior decorations hung in shreds. As often as not, these latter had never even been. The buildings had degenerated into hunting lodges for the hardy and were furnished in the gypsy period. They could be rented at anything from six dollars a month up.

Finally we hit upon the idea of applying to the Commissioner of Forests at Augusta—a Mr. Neil Violette—to whom we are indebted for being sent in the right direction—the Ledge House at Dead River. Scouting around from this base, we discovered an ancient guide armed to the teeth. The deer season had set in. Into his sympathetic ears we poured our tale and thereby settled the matter. The country, it would seem, was full of fine log cabins, and he knew of the very one we would want. He did, too. This cabin is situated upon the northern slope of Eustis Ridge, four miles from the village of Eustis. From this ridge one may obtain, for the trouble of looking, the grandest view in all New England—mountains, hills, woods, lakes, valleys and lesser ridges stretch out below one for sixty, perhaps seventy, miles in a panorama of first magnitude—a kaleidoscopic jumble of pastel tints in which, toward evening, a luminous cobalt predominates.

All Set For the Winter

The cabin was rented for twelve dollars a month; five cords of firewood were stacked beside it at seven-fifty a cord. The furniture and cooking outfit were all that could be expected; a well was near by. The only drawback about the furniture was the bed. A cold snap was on when we arrived, and a couple of nights of between eight and sixteen below zero made us feel that, perhaps, an iron bedstead would not be the thing in really cold weather. Luckily, the low temperature came in ahead of the snow, so we could get some lumber from a mill ten miles away and haul it in. This lumber was speedily converted into a bunk. Right up from the floor we built us this bunk, and filled it with a four-foot layer of hay, on top of which went the mattress and the blankets.

Later, when the ink sank down to forty below and better, and the moonlight streamed through the chinks in the log walls, we spent most of the nights in congratulating each other upon our wisdom and engineering skill.

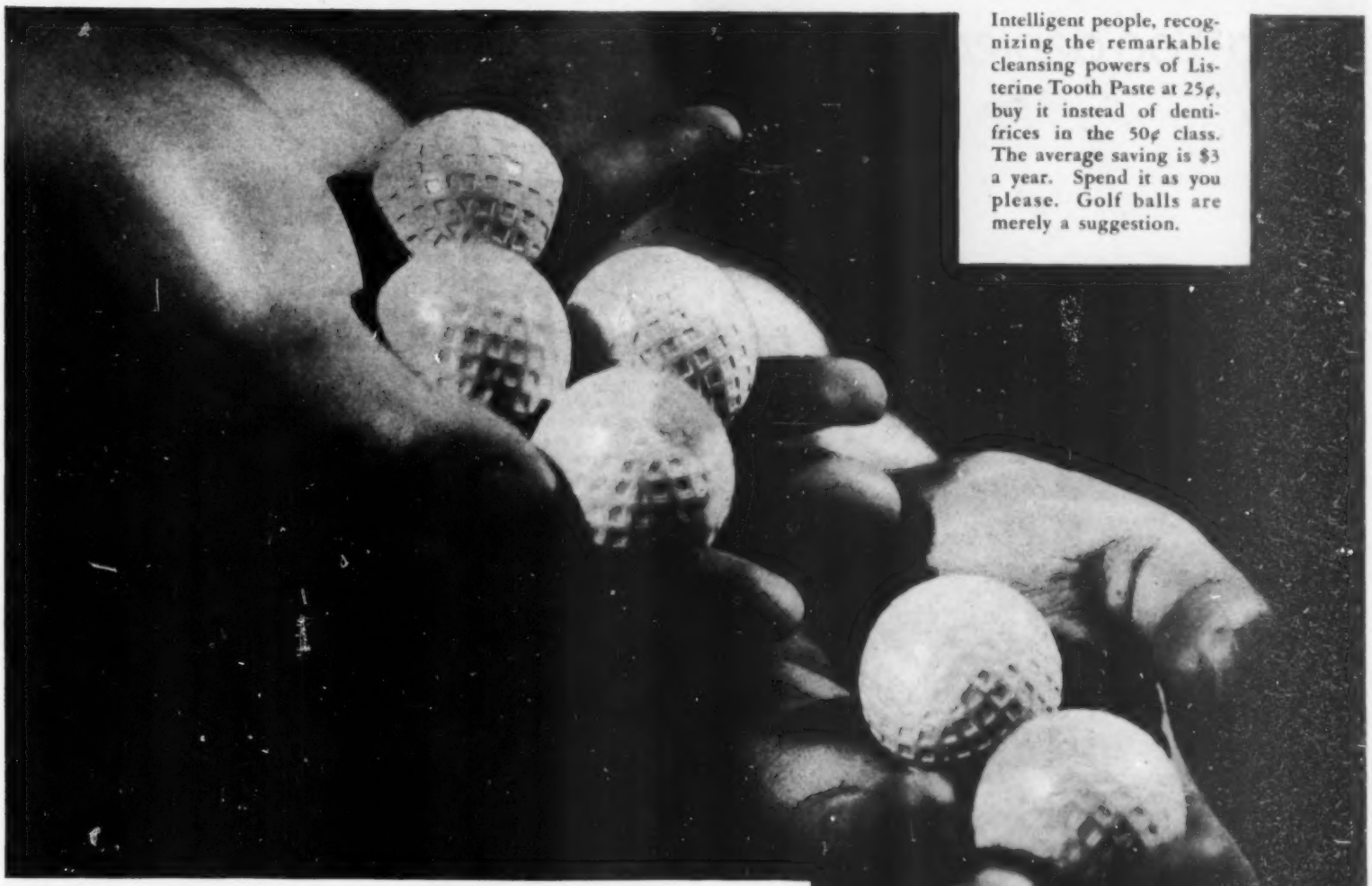
The winter's supplies we purchased at Farmington, some fifty-odd miles away. A side of beef, some slabs of bacon, a ham or two, and some salt pork to keep the beans company; yellow peas and other dried stuff, prunes, raisins, and the like; and canned milk, coffee, tea and tobacco, and so forth. Canned goods will freeze and provide naught but a lot of false hopes; eggs will freeze and burst, but are all right anyway. Spices and such, one had better take along from the outside. Olives and the like will freeze and lose flavor. Potatoes—the best in the world—we obtained from the farmer who owned the cabin and had provided the wood; onions, cabbage, beets and kindred things we also got from him but naught survived save the onions.

Flannel shirts, woolen socks, mittens, moccasins, skis and ski boots we bought in local villages, in stores doing business with the lumberjacks. In such places the goods are positively substantial and cost a great deal less than in fancy sporting-goods stores.

All this we hauled into the cabin, and thereby became established residents. To gaze upon such an array of grub and equipment gives one a feeling of tremendous importance—one is wealthy. And everything was lovely except that beef. That beef was native beef—something about which we knew nothing. As one beholds it standing about, a cow is a cow, but after what happens to it, such a cow is liable to become something else. Ours had become lion bait. And as lion bait, it would have been an excellent cow—it could have been used over and over again—but for the consumption by city slickers, it was practically futile.

(Continued on Page 66)

Tee off with golf balls your tooth paste pays for



Intelligent people, recognizing the remarkable cleansing powers of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, buy it instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is $3 a year. Spend it as you please. Golf balls are merely a suggestion.

See teeth whiten!
Feel your mouth grow healthier!

EVEN those whose teeth are hard to whiten comment on how swiftly, yet how gently, Listerine Tooth Paste performs this task. Such action is due to a new type of polishing agent.

And regular users assert that this dentifrice definitely improves mouth hygiene. The gums grow firmer. The entire mouth seems fresher, exhilarated, and healthy.

Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste to-day and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price—and judge by results alone. After such tests, more than a million people have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste.

We can think of no greater tribute to the product.

Incidentally, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you about $3 per year, over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmacal Company.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Car owners SAVE from $50 to $200 depreciation this way

Body neglect which eats into resale value can be checked

You can add from $50 to $200 to the trade-in value of your present car by giving it an occasional waxing. A fraction of the care that you give, for instance, to your shoes.

Blue Book ratings are ridiculously low because used car buyers won't pay for shabby run-down exteriors. Although this is self-evident, some owners deliberately ignore it, and cars with thousands of miles left in them are traded in for a song.

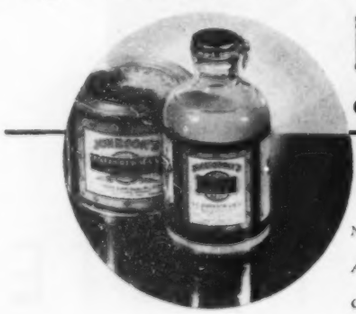
Others—and you are invited to be among them—avoid this needless loss. Many have started by sending for the free 25c can of Johnson's Wax offered here.

Wax restores body lustre, and prevents water, film, dust or grit from touching the finish thereafter. It is perfectly dry, so nothing sticks to it. You get no cloudy or smoky areas after washing. At least half your washings, which is an important item, are saved.

By all means wax a new car immediately. If a layer of wax is built over the finish it will never become dull or scratched as long as you wish to drive it.

Whether or not there is a supply of Johnson's Wax on your closet shelf, as millions of homes have, S. C. Johnson & Son will send free a 25c can to any interested motorist to try. Just use the coupon.

To remove stubborn film that won't come off with ordinary treatment, ask for Johnson's Automobile Cleaner.



Accept FREE 25c can of Johnson's Wax Polish

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. SP4, Racine, Wis.
Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can of Johnson's Wax Polish to preserve and renew body finish.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 64)

But we soon remedied that. The hunting season had not yet come to a close, and a pronghorn buck of one-hundred-and-twenty-pound weight supplanted the cow. A nice fat little bear followed the buck. One of the hams of the latter formed the mainstay of our Christmas dinner, and a finer roast no king or potentate ever sat down to. Its meat was dark and of tender texture; the flavor like that of a goose, but much more delicate. Grayish-white rabbits of appreciable size jumped all over the landscape and were to be had for the asking, so to speak. There was much partridge, but the season was closed during our stay. Foxes were nearly as plentiful as the rabbits, but a trapping license for non-residents cost away up in the sixties, and to shoot them required a better marksman than the writer. All we had was a small 30.30 carbine, and the thing was built to shoot around corners with.

Since a couple of hours each day sufficed for the chores, we spent as little time as possible in the cabin. In connection with the chores, the writer would like to call attention to the necessity of owning more than one ax and more than just one saw blade. In cold weather the ax becomes very brittle and will chip or break off entirely under heavy blows, while saw blades will dull. And to part logs by means of pure friction—to burn them through—is no diversion for a gentleman. Of course one could take along files and a special vise for sharpening the saws, provided one understands the trick.

Where the Cold is a Joke

Much snow followed the cold snap, and all day long we were out upon the skis. To the writer these things are nothing new, but to his wife the mysteries of their habits were for a time beyond comprehension. Yet, after a month's practice, matters began to mend—not to say heal. If the short days did not satisfy the craving, the moonlight nights were pressed into service, and on many a one we journeyed through woods and glades, up hill and down, swiftly and silently, and without much effort. These long, slender boards are unsurpassed mediums of locomotion; one may approach—downwind, of course—any animal whose antics attract one's attention; they form the connecting link between utter isolation and communion with one's fellow creatures. We had a pair of snowshoes, but soon abandoned them. Skis, properly handled—or footed—are a joy. We could run to the village, four miles away, for our mail as often as we liked and the weather permitted, and do this trip in something like an hour and a half, once the trail was broken. Upon them we could go where and when we pleased; they permitted us to enjoy to the full the color sense of the Great Artist whose brush is nowhere on earth so lavishly applied as in the North at wintertime.

Several times the wind would pack the snow to a crust so hard one could walk upon it; skiing then would be difficult because of the impossibility of control. At such times we got out an old iron coal shovel and coasted down the hills upon it—a form of sport not without its charm. The speed obtained is all that can be desired, and there is a complete absence of control. There not being any neighbors, we had no criticism as to our sanity to fear, and we were at it until lame. We have but one complaint—the days are far too short.

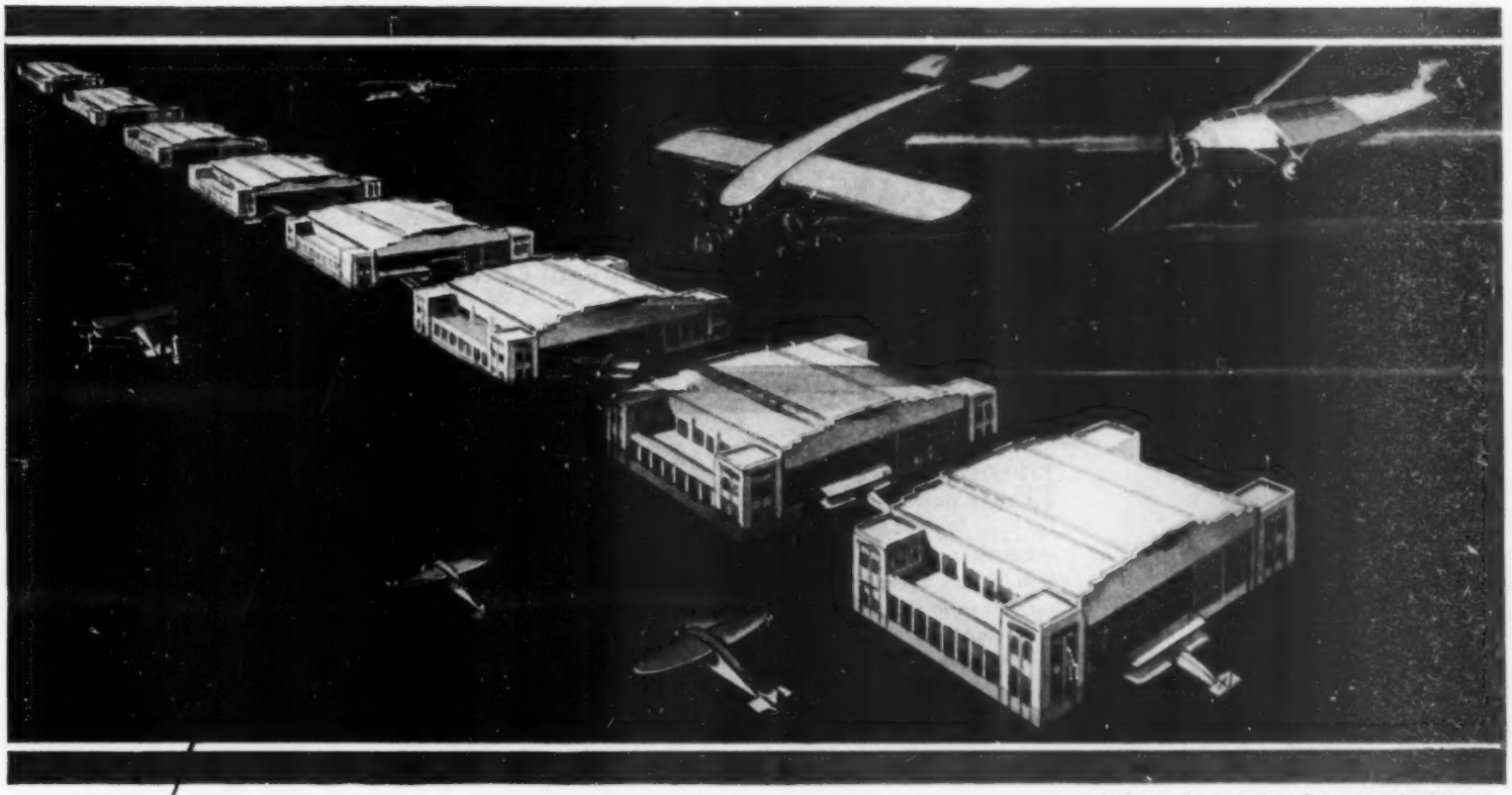
And as for the cold—to anyone not forced to work in it, it's a joke. It is a term largely misunderstood anyway. A zero gale anywhere along the Atlantic coast is as beastly a thing as one could find anywhere on earth—the writer has whaled in his day. But the interior of any northern country has a bone-dry sort of air, the feel of which is an entirely different proposition. Anything up to fifteen below is pleasantly crisp; even at twenty below one may play about as long as one likes to. Travel at thirty or even forty below is not half so dangerous as such travel would be at ten below anywhere along the Atlantic seacoast. We had bought some heavy woolen underwear and actually had the things on once. We found such garments entirely unnecessary, detrimental even; for one will sweat when skiing, no matter what the temperature, and this moisture will be retained by the heavy wool, while it evaporates through light cotton stuffs. Inside the latter we weathered heavy winter gales in no more clothing than anyone would wear in winter weather in New York—in less, if anything, since overcoats are decidedly *de trop*. So far as the writer is aware, he is no fresh-air maniac; he has no pet belief to unload upon the credulous—he will even admit that he doesn't know any better. This latter admission might explain why he got away with shoveling snow one day in nothing at all but shorts. To be sure, he wore mittens upon his hands, his feet were inside of woolen socks and moccasins, while upon his head, to protect his ears, he wore a woolen cap. But that, for an hour and a half, was all he had on. This was along in January, on a still, sunny day, with the ink up to eleven above. The only tangible result from this experiment was a hunger that fairly threatened to wipe out the entire winter's grub supply at one sitting. And not knowing any better, he has repeated the stunt whenever the old appetite has shown signs of lagging. It is not heroic at all; there's simply nothing to it.

But there decidedly was something to the strong gales from the northwest for which this location is notorious. A blow of sixty miles an hour and a temperature of twenty-odd below to go with it makes one sit up and take notice. Come night and time to turn in, one of us would stay up to keep the well-known home fires alive. The temperature in the cabin, never more than fifty above, would fade away entirely, and only in the immediate vicinity of the stoves or in the bunk was living at all possible. Still, the situation had its attractive features—to sit before the glowing stove and read, with a good pipe and a hot drink, while outside old Boreas tries to rip the roof clear off, imbues one with a smug complacency at once pardonable and enjoyable. And speaking of books, one needs many and good ones; the life is so rich that these are needed to offset it.

Keep the Camera Cool

At least, we thought so. We ran about in the cold and snow and cultivated prodigious appetites, although, alas, we grew no fatter. The skis saw to that. But we did grow hard—right incredibly hard. The writer also grew whiskers. The violet ray, now so popular, one gets here for nothing—we turned the color of nuts. We became wildly excited when some fox strayed across moonlit open spaces and felt our hackle rise when the bobcat yowled of nights down in the swamp, or the great owl hooted in the near-by forest. We stood outside gaping at the Aurora while the thermometer proclaimed forty-two below for eyes blind with disbelief. We photographed the possible and the impossible, and complained to high heaven because the camera would not record colors. In cold weather a camera should be placed outside for a time to permit the lens to become acclimated; when taken from a warm room the lens becomes foggy with frost, causing blurred pictures. On evenings when there was no moon and we had to stay inside, we read, played games of our own invention—games which the inventor would invariably win, since the rules came from the same source. Or else we would sit about and discuss the marvels of the temperature, wondering why we did not feel cold. Time and again we checked that thermometer by sticking it into a bucket of ice water, but either it was all right or else it had too much ink in it. That blamed stuff wouldn't go low enough. And yet the cabin was not at all airtight—in some nooks and corners the ice and hoarfrost will stay until spring. We

(Continued on Page 68)



Architect, Kenneth Franzheim, New York, N. Y.

These Hangar Roofs Must Last!

For the metal roof decks of eight new hangars at famous Roosevelt Field more than fancied durability is the requirement, so special roofing sheets were specified to be made of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, by the architect, Mr. Kenneth Franzheim.

Durability for roofing, spouting, gutters, pipe for plumbing and heating systems, is obtained in COP-R-LOY at economical cost. COP-R-LOY is priced slightly higher than plain mild steel to cover the cost of adding pure ingot copper to specially refined Wheeling Steel, but it is thus equipped to render from two to several times longer life than steel without copper content.

Practically every test to determine relative corrosion resistance of steel made to various formulae, has established the unquestioned ruggedness of steel alloyed with copper, such as COP-R-LOY. When durability at any cost is the watchword, architects and engineers closely in touch with metallurgical practice, specify copper alloyed steel; and a great many write COP-R-LOY into their specifications because its superiority is one of their facts gleaned from observation and experience.

So these eight new hangars for famous Roosevelt Field, *likewise hangars at the new Curtis Airports at Valley Stream, L. I., and Baltimore, Md.,* are to have roof-decks of this fire-proof, lightning-proof and exceptionally durable COP-R-LOY, effecting business-like economy that is in accordance with good business judgment. You, too, can benefit in building by the use of COP-R-LOY in one or more of its many forms. Write for a booklet that may give you just the suggestion you may need.

Save with Steel

WHEELING STEEL

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION, Wheeling, West Virginia

Subsidiary Companies:

Wheeling Corrugating Company
Pitt Iron Mining Company
Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies
Consumers Mining Company
The Tyler Tube and Pipe Company
Ackermann Manufacturing Company
LaBelle Coke Company

Manufacturers of Bessemer and Open Hearth Steel, Plates, Sheets, Tin Plate, Lithographed Plate, Pipe, Boiler Tubes, Rods, Wire, Cut Nails, Wire Nails, Roofings, Fence, Range Boilers, Tanks, Steel Barrels.

COP-R-LOY

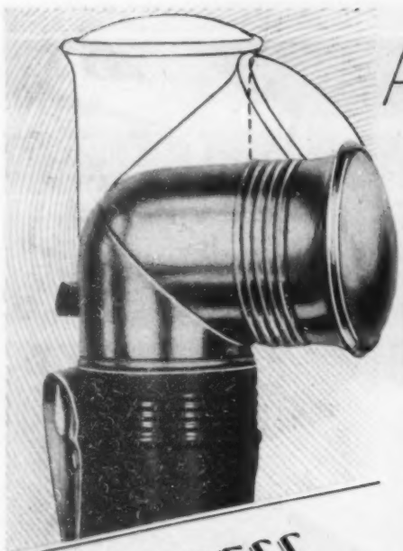
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

Of the many products made of COP-R-LOY by the manufacturer of this modern rust-resisting steel, you should know particularly about COP-R-LOY Pipe, for plumbing, heating, refrigeration, irrigation, sprinkling systems; also for railroads, for oil development and many industrial purposes. It is made in all customary sizes with both black and galvanized finishes. Identified by distinctive marking, it is sold by leading distributors in all parts of the country. Specify COP-R-LOY Pipe for fullest satisfaction and trouble-free service.

Many products made of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, are available today through other manufacturers and their distributors. For such products requiring flat rolled sheets or tubular form of metal, COP-R-LOY was selected to increase their value and to put their cost within practical and economical limits. A list will be supplied with names of the manufacturers, upon request.

MADE OF COP-R-LOY THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL TO GIVE MAXIMUM VALUE AND SERVICE



AMAZING NEW FLASHLIGHT INVENTIONS

BURGESS achievements again pace the industry. The Revolving Head Flashlight is openly conceded to be the most practical improvement ever made in flashlight construction. Almost human! Turns, twists and revolves . . . in every conceivable direction. Lights places inaccessible to ordinary "immovable-head" flashlights. Special features permit simultaneous use of flashlight and both hands. No other flashlight on earth equals it for sheer convenience, genuine utility and absolute practicability. Patented, of course!

BURGESS REVOLVING HEAD FLASHLIGHT

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
CHICAGO
In Canada: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS SNAP LITE FLASHLIGHT
39¢

THIS time-tested, popular, durable and practical flashlight is now available in five distinctive modernistic color combinations . . . gorgeous designs appealing to men, women and children of all classes.

THESE three focusing and broad-beam styles are furnished in striking, richly colored cases, nine black and nickel. Many other styles for the home or outdoor use, with focusing beams from 300-ft. to 1500-ft. Retail from 95¢ to $5.00.

BURGESS

(Continued from Page 66)

never bothered plugging up the chinks between the logs in the walls, since these were on the lee side of the cabin mostly anyway; while the floor boards were far enough apart in spots to permit the weasels to come on up and warm themselves in our bunk. For a time we had to shake the blankets out before we could turn in. They are quite harmless. Their skins bring three-fifty in an open market. To us, their value consisted in keeping the mice out, so we let them alone.

And in return for the fun we have got out of this sort of life, for the abundance of good health and cheery spirits, we have observed but two rules—don't wear heavy underwear, and don't sit about in the warm cabin in out-of-doors clothing, not even thick socks.

The writer regards with speculative eye the overcoat and galoshes hanging on the wall before him; in another thirty days or so these will have to be dusted off and worn again—back to the city in the south where it's cold and wet. On that sorry day a five-month holiday will have come to an end—a holiday which cost, in so far as the actual stay at this cabin is concerned, the remarkable sum of two hundred and fifty dollars—the 1930 license for the car included.

—KERCHEVAL DITTMAR.

Getting On in the World

Back-Yard Floriculturists

THOSE who think they need large acreage to attain success in floriculture should sit up and take notice of the goodly number of Californian horticulturists who have attained distinction for themselves and made notable commercial successes with no larger field for initial experiment than the back yard. But real interest in one particular type of plant is necessary. Interest in too many plants doesn't work. The back-yard success is attained by the grower who is devoted to one sort, and that only, and grows it in superlative excellence. It may be iris or delphinium, dahlias or gladioli, chrysanthemums or Transvaal daisies, but the grower must have chosen.

The head of one of the most successful firms of gladiolus growers in the state began in a Sacramento back yard with an investment of $6.25. "And most of that," she said, "went for worthless bulbs; for I then knew so little, I wanted to get the greatest number of corms for the money. But one bulb was Mrs. Frank Pendleton, Jr. The beauty of this gladiolus made me realize I wanted to grow de-luxe sorts, and those only. Since it takes as much space and time and water to grow a poor sort as to grow the best, why spend time on inferior kinds?" This lady now has acres and acres of gladioli in gorgeous bloom, and has introduced probably more successful varieties than any other one grower, for she is one of our most skillful hybridizers; but she holds to her original intent of the most careful selection and grows only de-luxe gladioli.

A Los Angeles business man grew dahlias for fun in his back yard and presently became highly successful in developing fine varieties.

The first year he exhibited as an amateur and won many prizes at the big Southern California dahlia show; the next year he exhibited as a professional, captured many prizes, including that for the best dahlia of the show. He has now a thriving business more after his heart than that in town.

Another dahlia grower, a woman, with the trifling handicap of twelve children, ranging in age from sixteen months to sixteen years, began her experiment with a strip of ground plowed in the front yard. She also grew only the best sorts, for the reason that these took no more time, were likely to be more prolific and were a surer bet with the traveling public. This yard was on the boulevard; the children assisted in tending the stand, and presently she was making more with the dahlias than her husband was with poultry. Therefore, the chickens went, chicken houses were turned into lath houses, more land was added, and now there are four acres in solid bloom during the season, and each square yard yields dollars.

One of the most successful growers of delphiniums began with a part of her yard plowed and devoted to the flower in which she had a peculiar interest. She not only grew the finest delphiniums but began experimenting, crossing different varieties and breeding for color and form. Although growing just for the fun of it, she began exhibiting at the various flower shows, and her delphiniums have become widely known. Many a traveler turns off the boulevard and revels in the beauty of the yardful of divinely blue larkspurs, and goes home with a goodly supply of plants. The success of this venture has lain in growing rarely beautiful delphiniums and in exhibiting so that interested folk know where to get them.

The great advantage of the back-yard take-off in horticulture is that one may start it as a side line without dropping his other work, without handicapping himself by large investment.

Distinction in horticulture as well as commercial success may be won with the back-yard start. Dr. Stillman Berry, who has, perhaps, the most complete collection of iris in the country, has an acreage no larger than the average suburban yard.

Some of the most promising work in horticulture is being done by amateurs, each in his own back-yard garden. He may turn it into commercial success or enjoy his laurels as the originator of new forms of his chosen flower. A back yard, devotion and an interest narrowed to one type of plant will do the trick. —FRANCES DUNCAN.

PHOTO BY GEORGE W. CARE

An Orchard Near Clifton Springs, Finger Lake Region, New York

They beat the motor *with* Sticks

An Advertisement
by N. W. AYER & SON, *Inc.*

An American traveler driving a small motor-car penetrated to one of the remote desert stretches of Central Asia. In the course of his journey he came to the village of a local Princeling who entertained him with great formality.

While he was resting in his tent, the American heard a clatter, which was unmistakably connected with his automobile. He rushed out to see what was happening. The Prince, anxious to ride in this strange contrivance, had taken a seat in the car, grasped the wheel as he had seen the visitor do, and commanded it to go. When it would not move, he ordered his followers to beat the machine with sticks.

This bizarre incident illustrates one of the most significant facts of modern industrial civilization: that no machine or product is complete in itself, but must be complemented by knowledge in the minds of its users.

For this civilization, fundamentally, is not of mechanics, but of education. American industrial advancement is founded not upon the laboratory or the shop, but upon our nation-wide system of free schools. It is our ability to read and understand which makes a market for labor-saving machinery, household appliances and home and personal luxuries. It is possible to market a tractor or radio receiving set, only because of the widespread information about these articles printed in newspapers and magazines, which builds up in advance of them a conception of their usefulness and an understanding of their functions.

Every product has, in fact, two beings. One is the concrete thing itself; the other is the opinion or understanding of the product which exists in the minds of the public. There is only one method of insuring the accuracy of this opinion and that is by the use of authentic, informative advertising. Through printed word and picture there can be conveyed not only a clear conception of the product and its usefulness, not only the importance of its proper care and use, but what is still more important, a sympathetic appreciation of the ideal of service which inspired its making.

N.W. Ayer & Son, *Incorporated*, Advertising Headquarters, Washington Square, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, London.

JIM HENRY'S GUARANTEE:

2 MORE good shaves per blade

No matter what model of what razor you use, I guarantee you 2 more shaves (of course, I mean *good* ones) from every blade! Money back if I'm wrong. Check me up. Take a new razor, and count up the shaves. Better shaves? Why they'd have to be. When Mennen gives you 2 more per blade, they *must* be better.

Remember, too, that Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream . . . Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give that clean, comfortable Mennen shave. Both build up a fine, quick lather in any water. Mennen Without Menthol is smooth and bland. Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are typically Mennen . . . that's the main point . . . and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

And if you don't want to buy a tube of Mennen, shoot in the coupon and I'll send you a free trial tube. *Jim Henry*

Mennen Salesman

Don't forget—

Mennen Talcum for Men removes face shine and doesn't show . . . absorbs facial oils that come out during the day. Great after a bath, too.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

MENTHOL-ICED WITHOUT MENTHOL

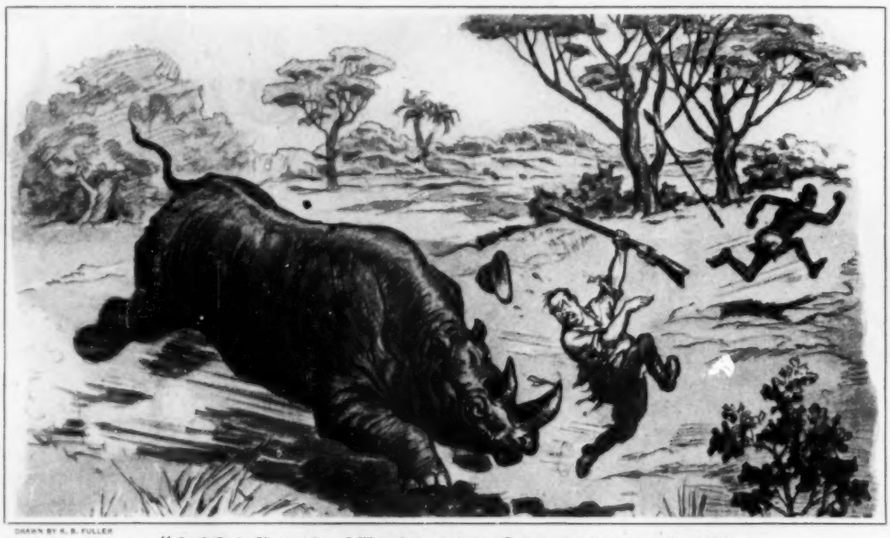
THE MENNEN CO., Dept. 8-S, NEWARK, N.J.
Jim Henry: I've got a new blade all ready. Send me a free trial tube and I'll take the count.

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

☐ *Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced*
☐ *Send me Mennen without Menthol*

CARTOON AND COMEDY

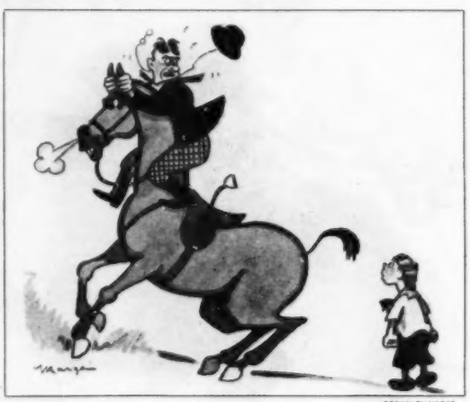


DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

"And Only Yesterday I Was Complaining Because I Sat on a Tack!"

DRAWN BY I. KLEIN

"Beastly Changeable Weather, Mr. Wuggie"



DRAWN BY MARGE

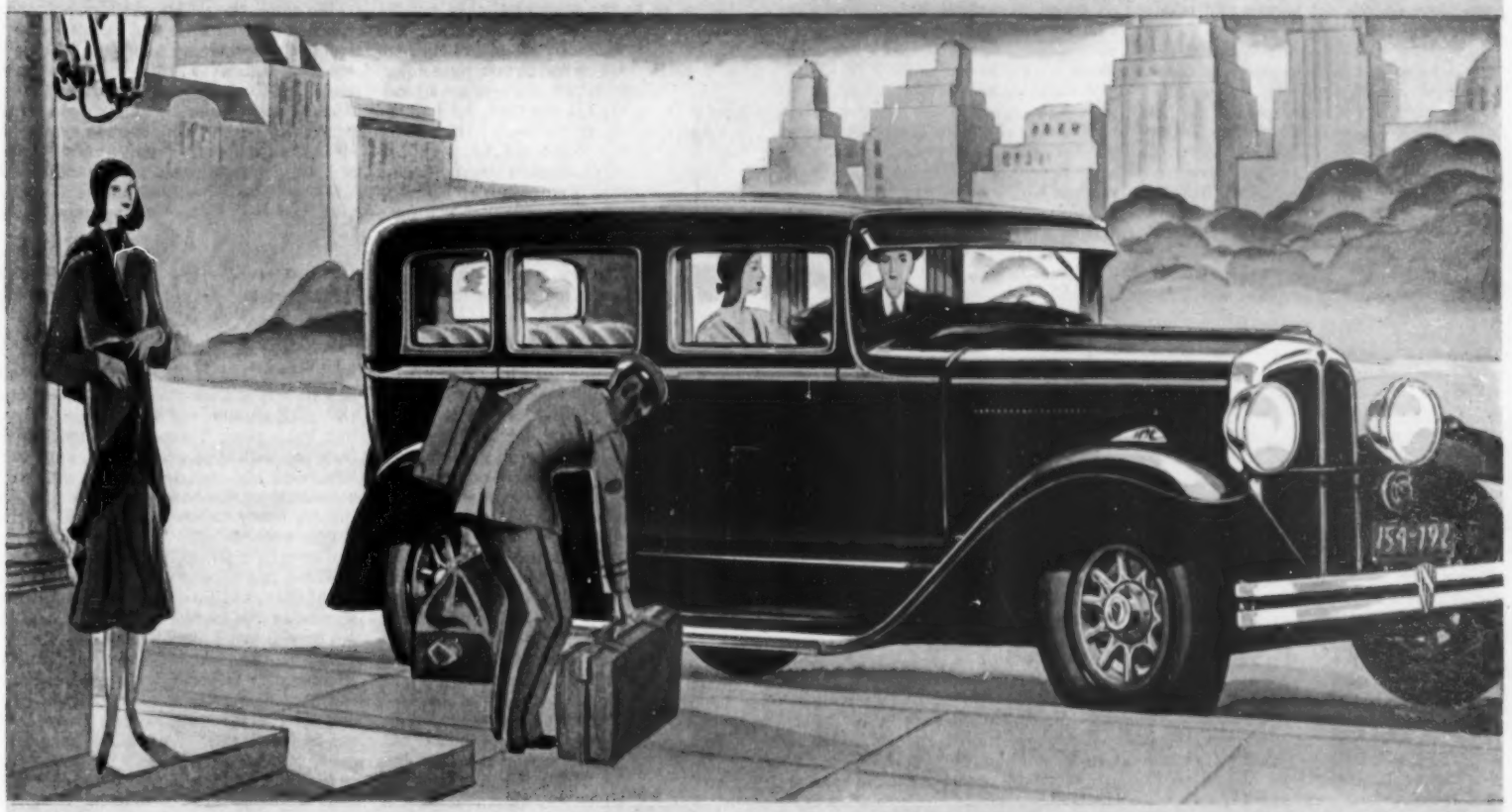
"Boy, Get Me a Lump of Sugar!"

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"Oh, Just a Little Readjustment, You Know"

The New OAKLAND EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



Illustrated above: The 4-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

V-Eight Advantages Are Now Available at Very Moderate Cost . . .

In the past, the advantages of V-type engines have been available only in the more expensive eight-cylinder cars. Now, however, you can enjoy them at very moderate cost in the New Oakland Eight. Its V-type eight-cylinder engine is the most compact unit ever designed to accommodate the large piston displacement of 251 cubic inches and develop 85 horsepower. It is a surprisingly short engine for an eight, and makes possible a spacious body by Fisher on a wheelbase of convenient length. This V-type engine, because of its low center of gravity, also increases the car's road gripping ability, making it safer to drive and easier to handle at high speeds. A primary cause of Oakland's exceptional smoothness is likewise traceable to an exclusive V-type characteristic—the short, extremely rigid crankshaft. This crankshaft needs no dampener or balancer, since it has no torsional vibration period within the speed range of the engine. However, to realize fully the importance of Oakland's advantages, you must actually drive this car. Its ratio of one horsepower to each 37 pounds of weight makes it a car with superior performance. Sample its speed, pick-up and ability to climb—qualities which few cars at any price have been able to match. They will make clear to you what a remarkable V-eight motor car you now can own at very moderate cost. An attractively illustrated booklet describing the New Oakland Eight and answering pertinent questions on V-type engine design will be mailed to you free on request. Simply send us your name and address. . . . . Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan.

$1045
AND UP
Seven body types. Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges.

superior performance

BLOOD PRESSURE

(Continued from Page 48)

a minute, which the guy does. Then Charley steps out of the cab and says to the jockey like this:

"When a customer asks you to take it easy, why do you not be nice and take it easy? Now see what you get."

And Rusty Charley hauls off and clips the jockey a punch on the chin that knocks the poor guy right off the seat into the street, and then Charley climbs into the seat himself and away we go with Charley driving, leaving the guy stretched out as stiff as a board. Now Rusty Charley once drives a short for a living himself, until the coppers get an idea that he is not always delivering his customers to the right address, especially such as may happen to be drunk when he gets them, and he is a pretty fair driver, but he only looks one way, which is straight ahead.

Personally, I never wish to ride with Charley in a taxicab under any circumstances, especially if he is driving, because he certainly drives very fast. He pulls up a block from Ikey the Pig's, and says we will leave the short there until somebody finds it and turns it in, but just as we are walking away from the short up steps a copper in uniform and claims we cannot park the short in this spot without a driver.

Well, Rusty Charley just naturally hates to have coppers give him any advice, so what does he do but peek up and down the street to see if anybody is looking, and then haul off and clout the copper on the chin, knocking him bow-legged. I wish to say I never see a more accurate puncher than Rusty Charley, because he always connects with that old button. As the copper tumbles, Rusty Charley grabs me by the arm and starts me running up a side street, and after we go about a block we dodge into Ikey the Pig's.

It is what is called a stuss house, and many prominent citizens of the neighborhood are present playing stuss. Nobody seems any too glad to see Rusty Charley, although Ikey the Pig lets on he is tickled half to death. This Ikey the Pig is a short fat-necked guy who will look very natural at New Year's, undressed, and with an apple in his mouth, but it seems he and Rusty Charley are really old-time friends, and think fairly well of each other in spots.

But I can see that Ikey the Pig is not so tickled when he finds Charley is there to gamble, although Charley flashes his G note at once, and says he does not mind losing a little dough to Ikey just for old time's sake. But I judge Ikey the Pig knows he is never going to handle Charley's G note, because Charley puts it back in his pocket and it never comes out again even though Charley gets off loser playing stuss right away.

Well, at five o'clock in the morning, Charley is stuck one hundred and thirty G's, which is plenty of money even when a guy is playing on his muscle, and of course Ikey the Pig knows there is no chance of getting one hundred and thirty cents off of Rusty Charley, let alone that many thousands. Everybody else is gone by this time and Ikey wishes to close up. He is willing to take Charley's marker for a million if necessary to get Charley out, but the trouble is in stuss a guy is entitled to get back a percentage of what he loses, and Ikey figures Charley is sure to wish this percentage even if he gives a marker, and the percentage will wreck Ikey's joint.

Furthermore, Rusty Charley says he will not quit loser under such circumstances because Ikey is his friend, so what happens Ikey finally sends out and hires a cheater by the name of Dopey Goldberg, who takes to dealing the game and in no time he has Rusty Charley even by cheating in Rusty Charley's favor.

Personally, I do not pay much attention to the play but grab myself a few winks of sleep in a chair in a corner, and the rest seems to help my blood pressure no little. In fact, I am not noticing my blood pressure at all when Rusty Charley and I get out of Ikey the Pig's, because I figure Charley will let me go home and I can go to bed. But although it is six o'clock, and coming on broad daylight when we leave Ikey's, Charley is still full of zing, and nothing will do him but we must go to a joint that is called the Bohemian Club.

Well, this idea starts my blood pressure going again, because the Bohemian Club is nothing but a deadfall where guys and dolls go when there is positively no other place in town open, and it is run by a guy by the name of Knife O'Halloran, who comes from down around Greenwich Village and is considered a very bad character. It is well known to one and all that a guy is apt to lose his life in Knife O'Halloran's any night, even if he does nothing more than drink Knife O'Halloran's liquor.

But Rusty Charley insists on going there, so naturally I go with him; and at first everything is very quiet and peaceful, except that a lot of guys and dolls in evening clothes, who wind up there after being in the night clubs all night, are yelling in one corner of the joint. Rusty Charley and Knife O'Halloran are having a drink together out of a bottle which Knife carries in his pocket, so as not to get it mixed up with the liquor he sells his customers, and are cutting up old touches of the time when they run with the Hudson Dusters together, when all of a sudden in comes four coppers in plain clothes.

Now these coppers are off duty and are meaning no harm to anybody, and are only wishing to have a dram or two before going home, and the chances are they will pay no attention to Rusty Charley if he minds his own business, although of course they know who he is very well indeed and will take great pleasure in putting the old sleeve on him if they only have a few charges against him, which they do not. So they do not give him a tumble. But if there is one thing Rusty Charley hates it is a copper, and he starts eying them from the minute they sit down at a table, and by and by I hear him say to Knife O'Halloran like this:

"Knife," Charley says, "what is the most beautiful sight in the world?"

"I do not know, Charley," Knife says. "What is the most beautiful sight in the world?"

"Four dead coppers in a row," Charley says.

Well, at this I personally ease myself over toward the door, because I never wish to have any trouble with coppers, and especially with four coppers, so I do not see everything that comes off. All I see is Rusty Charley grabbing at the big foot which one of the coppers kicks at him, and then everybody seems to go into a huddle, and the guys and dolls in evening dress start squawking, and my blood pressure goes up to maybe a million.

I get outside the door, but I do not go away at once as anybody with any sense will do, but stand there listening to what is going on inside, which seems to be nothing more than a loud noise like ker-bump, ker-bump, ker-bump. I am not afraid there will be any shooting, because as far as Rusty Charley is concerned he is too smart to shoot any coppers, which is the worst thing a guy can do in this town, and the coppers are not likely to start any blasting because they will not wish it to come out that they are in a joint such as the Bohemian Club off duty. So I figure they will all just take it out in pulling and hauling.

Finally the noise inside dies down, and by and by the door opens and out comes Rusty Charley, dusting himself off here and there with his hands and looking very much pleased, indeed, and through the door before it flies shut again I catch a glimpse of a lot of guys stretched out on the floor. Furthermore, I can still hear guys and dolls hollering.

"Well, well," Rusty Charley says, "I am commencing to think you take the wind on me, and am just about to get mad at you, but here you are. Let us go away from this joint, because they are making so much noise inside you cannot hear yourself think. Let us go to my joint and make my old woman cook us up some breakfast, and then we can catch some sleep. A little ham and eggs will not be bad to take right now."

Well, naturally ham and eggs are appealing to me no little at this time, but I do not care to go to Rusty Charley's joint. As far as I am personally concerned, I have enough of Rusty Charley to do me a long, long time, and I do not care to enter into his home life to any extent whatever, although to tell the truth I am somewhat surprised to learn he has any such life. I believe I do once hear that Rusty Charley marries one of the neighbors' children, and that he lives somewhere over on Tenth Avenue in the Forties, but nobody really knows much about this, and everybody figures if it is true his wife must lead a terrible dog's life.

But while I do not wish to go to Charley's joint I cannot very well refuse a civil invitation to eat ham and eggs, especially as Charley is looking at me in a very much surprised way because I do not seem so glad and I can see that it is not everyone that he invites to his joint. So I thank him, and say there is nothing I will enjoy more than ham and eggs such as his old woman will cook for us, and by and by we are walking along Tenth Avenue up around Forty-fifth Street.

It is still fairly early in the morning, and business guys are opening up their joints for the day, and little children are skipping along the sidewalks going to school and laughing tee-hee, and old dolls are shaking bedclothes and one thing and another out of the windows of the tenement houses, but when they spot Rusty Charley and me everybody becomes very quiet, indeed, and I can see that Charley is greatly respected in his own neighborhood. The business guys hurry into their joints, and the little children stop skipping and tee-heeing and go tip-toeing along, and the old dolls yank in their noodles, and a great quiet comes to the street. In fact, about all you can hear is the heels of Rusty Charley and me hitting on the sidewalk.

There is an ice wagon with a couple of horses hitched to it standing in front of a store, and when he sees the horses Rusty Charley seems to get a big idea. He stops and looks the horses over very carefully, although as far as I can see they are nothing but horses, and big and fat, and sleepy-looking horses, at that. Finally Rusty Charles says to me like this:

"When I am a young guy," he says, "I am a very good puncher with my right hand, and often I hit a horse on the skull with my fist and knock it down. I wonder," he says, "if I lose my punch. The last copper I hit back there gets up twice on me."

Then he steps up to one of the ice-wagon horses and hauls off and biffs it right between the eyes with a right-hand smack that does not travel more than four inches, and down goes old Mister Horse to his knees looking very much surprised, indeed. I see many a hard puncher in my day, including Dempsey when he really can punch, but I never see a harder punch than Rusty Charley gives this horse.

Well, the ice-wagon driver comes busting out of the store all heated up over what happens to his horse, but he cools out the minute he sees Rusty Charley, and goes on back into the store leaving the horse still taking a count, while Rusty Charley and I keep walking. Finally we come to the entrance of a tenement house that Rusty Charley says is where he lives, and in front of this house is a wop with a push cart loaded with fruit and vegetables and one thing and another, which Rusty Charley tips over as we go into the house, leaving the wop yelling very loud, and maybe cussing us in wop for all I know. I am very glad, personally, we finally get somewhere, because I can feel that my blood pressure is getting worse every minute I am with Rusty Charley.

We climb two flights of stairs, and then Charley opens a door and we step into a room where there is a pretty little red-headed doll about knee high to a flivver, who looks as if she might just get out of the hay, because her red hair is flying around every which way on her head, and her eyes seem still gummed up with sleep. At first I think she is a very cute sight, indeed, and then I see something in her eyes that tells me this doll, whoever she is, is feeling very hostile to one and all.

"Hello, tootsie," Rusty Charley says. "How about some ham and eggs for me and my pal here? We are all tired out going around and about."

Well, the little red-headed doll just looks at him without saying a word. She is standing in the middle of the floor with one hand behind her, and all of a sudden she brings this hand around, and what does she have in it but a young baseball bat, such as kids play ball with, and which cost maybe two bits; and the next thing I know I hear something go ker-bap, and I can see she smacks Rusty Charley on the side of the noggin with the bat.

Naturally I am greatly horrified at this business, and figure Rusty Charley will kill her at once, and then I will be in a jam for witnessing the murder and will be held in jail several years like all witnesses to anything in this man's town; but Rusty Charley only falls into a big rocking-chair in a corner of the room and sits there with one hand to his head, saying, "Now hold on, tootsie," and "Wait a minute there, honey." I recollect hearing him say, "We have company for breakfast," and then the little red-headed doll turns on me and gives me a look such as I will always remember, although I smile at her very pleasant and mention it is a nice morning.

Finally she says to me like this:

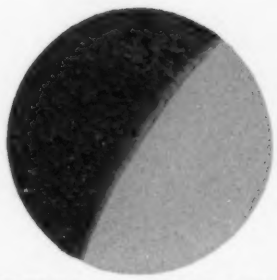
"So you are the trambo who keeps my husband out all night, are you, you trambo?" she says, and with this she starts for me, and I start for the door; and by this time my blood pressure is all out of whack, because I can see that Mrs. Rusty Charley is excited more than somewhat. I get my hand on the knob and just then something hits me alongside the noggin, which I afterward figure must be the baseball bat, although I remember having a sneaking idea the roof caves in on me.

How I get the door open I do not know, because I am very dizzy in the head and my legs are wabbling, but when I think back over the situation I remember going down a lot of steps very fast, and by and by the fresh air strikes me, and I figure I am in the clear. But all of a sudden I feel another strange sensation back of my head and something goes plop against my noggin, and I figure at first that maybe my blood pressure runs up so high that it squirts out the top of my bean. Then I peek around over my shoulder just once to see that Mrs. Rusty Charley is standing beside the wop peddler's cart snatching fruit and vegetables of one kind and another off the cart and chucking them at me.

But what she hits me with back of the head is not an apple, or a peach, or a rutabaga, or a cabbage, or even a casaba melon, but a brickbat that the wop has on his cart to weight down the paper sacks in which he sells his goods. It is this brickbat which makes a lump on the back of my head so big that Doc Brennan thinks it is a tumor when I go to him the next day about my stomach, and I never tell him any different.

"But," Doc Brennan says, when he takes my blood pressure again, "your pressure is down below normal now, and as far as it is concerned you are in no danger whatever. It only goes to show what just a little bit of quiet living will do for a guy," Doc Brennan says. "Ten bucks please," he says.

USE NO. 7 DUCO POLISH ON YOUR CAR



* TRAFFIC FILM is an accumulation of oily, sticky particles of dust and grime which are constantly settling on your car. These particles are baked together by the sun and the heat, forming a hard, dull film that hides the lustre of the finish. Soap and water won't remove it. No.7 Duco Polish will. Here is a small section of the surface of an average car, magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with TRAFFIC FILM. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish. Note the difference.

Keep that *showroom* Complexion

IF you would keep that showroom complexion on your car, you should clean and polish it regularly. And because No. 7 Duco Polish is a du Pont product, you will find it does the job simply, safely, and surely.

Du Pont chemists, who *created* Duco, discovered and analyzed TRAFFIC FILM,* and developed a simple, rapid, and sure way of removing it and restoring the original lustre.

They developed No. 7 Duco Polish, non-acid and free from harsh abrasives. It softens film, loosens dirt, removes grime. You wipe them away, and back comes your radiant car again.

Leading automobile manufacturers put sample cans of No. 7 Duco Polish in the tool kits of their new cars and recommend its use in their instruction books.

You'll find No. 7 Duco Polish at good dealers' everywhere. Ask your garage or polishing station to use it on your car. If you would like a sample of No. 7 Duco Polish, as well as No. 7 Nickel Polish and No. 7 Auto Top Finish, fill out the coupon at the right.

Three Other Du Pont Products To Beautify Your Car

No. 7 Auto Top Finish waterproofs the top and restores its original lustre. It's an excellent tire dressing, too.

No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiator and lamps.

Ideal also for metal surfaces in the home.

No. 7 Touch-up Black is for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders. It gives a new, durable, lustrous finish.

Send for the Sample Beauty Kit

Send us the coupon (with 10 cents to help cover mailing cost) and we'll send you the following:—

1 SAMPLE CAN OF NO. 7 DUCO POLISH
(enough for one polishing)
1 SAMPLE CAN OF NO. 7 NICKEL POLISH
(enough for the radiator)
1 SAMPLE CAN OF NO. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH
(enough for a spare tire)

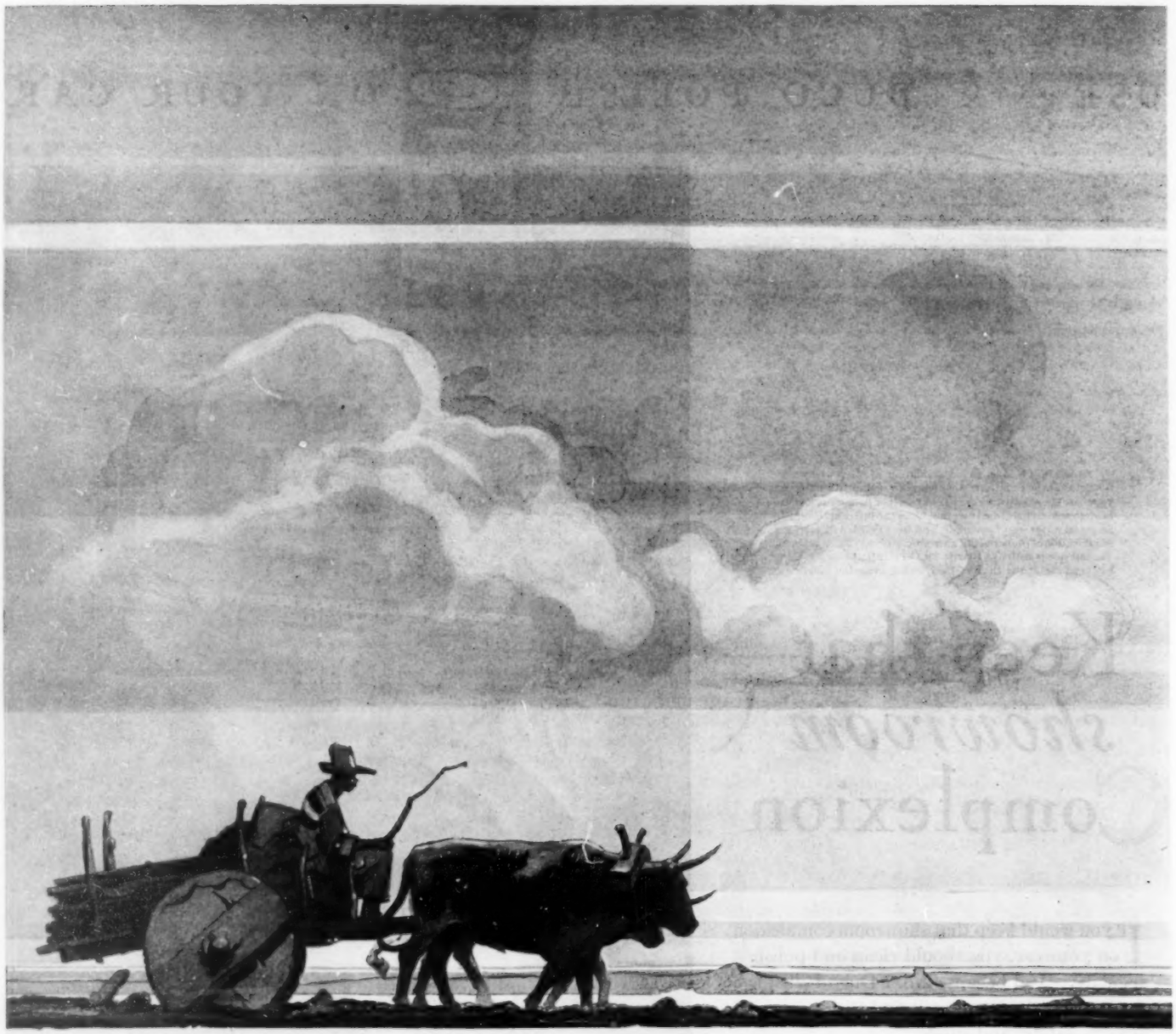
E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.
Desk S-11, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Industries, Ltd., Paint & Varnish Div., Toronto 9, Canada.

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost.
(Good only in U. S. and Canada)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



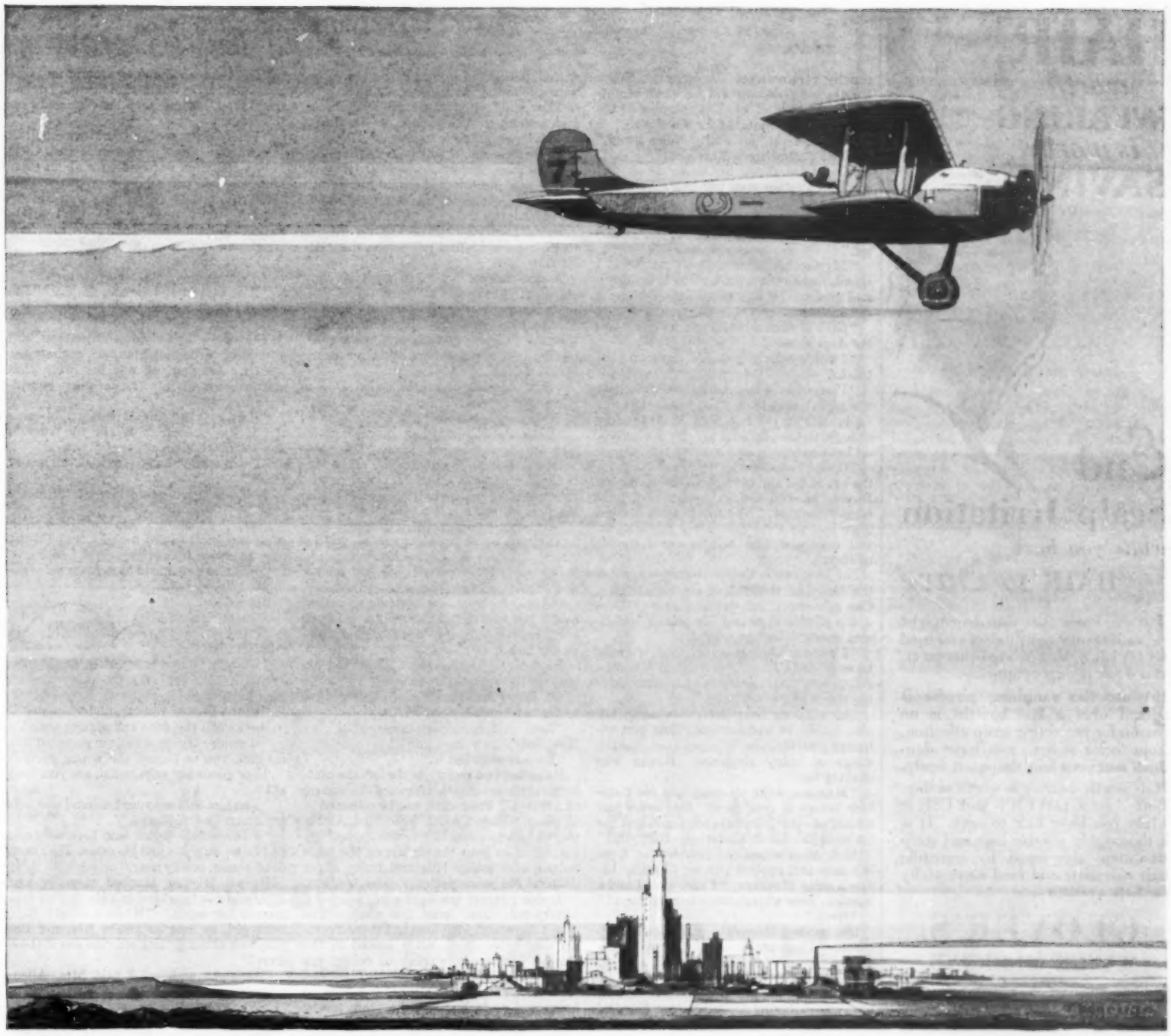
"To save time is to lengthen life—"

"ACCELERATION, rather than structural change, is the key to an understanding of our recent economic developments."

—From the report of President Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes

THE PLOD of the ox-cart. The jog trot of the horse and buggy. The rush of the high-powered motor car. The zoom of the airplane. Acceleration. *Faster* speed all the time. ¶ Speed and more speed in production, transportation, communication, and as a result, more wealth, more happiness, and yes, more leisure for us all. ¶ Scientific research has been the pacemaker of this faster, yet more leisurely, existence. At a steadily increasing rate it is giving us hundreds of inventions and improvements which speed up work, save time and money, revolutionize life and labor in the modern age. ¶ Conceive

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 9 P. M., E. S. T., ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK



how much time modern electric lighting has saved the American people—not to mention the billion dollars a year in lighting bills saved by the repeatedly improved efficiency of the MAZDA lamp. Think of the extraordinary democratization of entertainment and education made possible by the radio tube! ✓ Both these benefits to the public owe much to the steady flow of discovery and invention from General Electric laboratories. So do the X-ray and cathode-ray tubes, the calorizing of steel, atomic-hydrogen welding, the generation of power for home and industry at steadily lower costs. ✓ The G-E monogram is a symbol of research. Every product bearing this monogram represents to-day and will represent to-morrow the highest standard of electrical correctness and dependability.

FOR THE HOME—General Electric and its associated companies manufacture a complete line of electric products including G-E MAZDA and G-E Edison MAZDA lamps, G-E refrigerators, G-E fans, G-E vacuum cleaners, G-E wiring systems, Edison Hotpoint heating appliances, and G-E motors for other household electric products. ✓ ✓ ✓

FOR INDUSTRY—Several thousand electric products and appliances, including generating and distributing apparatus, motors, electric heating apparatus, street lights, floodlights, traffic lights, airport lights, Cooper Hewitt lights, Victor X-ray apparatus, motion-picture apparatus, electric locomotives and equipment, and street-car equipment.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

HAIR *worth* **WEARING** *is worth* **SAVING**

End Scalp Irritation *while you have* **HAIR** *to* **Save**

If you knew that your hair might vanish overnight unless you used GLOVER'S Mange Medicine on it, you'd get it mighty quickly.

Because the vanishing process is spread over a few months is no reason for neglecting scalp affection. Your head itches, you have dandruff and your hair drops out freely.

Hair worth wearing is worth saving. Better get GLOVER'S and USE it while you have hair to save. It is a thoroughly reliable hair and scalp treatment developed by scientific hair culturists and used successfully for half a century.

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

destroys scalp affection, stopping itching and dandruff. The reason is plain when you "get" that fragrant pine tar. The resulting improvement in the look and feel of your hair and scalp is plain, too; because the oils in GLOVER'S have made your scalp pliable and youthful. Ask for **75c**

GLOVER'S
MEDICATED SOAP

when you get your Mange Medicine. Follow each application with an invigorating massage and shampoo to flush away the last vanishing sign of dead hair and scale. A perfect Glover treatment for maintaining hair health is only found when this soap is used as a shampoo. Glover's Medicated Soap is especially produced to blend with Glover's Mange Medicine acting as an additional cleansing agent and deodorizing the scalp and hair. Together they form a rounded plan of hair culture which for efficiency and refinement can scarcely be equaled except in the world's foremost beauty salons. **30c**

At Department and Drug Stores Everywhere

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
119 Fifth Avenue, New York

Sales Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
New York

DETOUR!

(Continued from Page 21)

usually carefree face. A large bandanna handkerchief tied around her jaws heightened the pained effect. They stopped at the post office and inquired for a dentist.

"The nearest one's fifty miles away," said the postmistress concernedly.

Mrs. Allen shook her dusty head. "I can't go another step tonight. We'll just have to camp here."

"You can camp out in back of the store," said the postmistress. "It'll cost you a quarter."

"My tooth aches so I don't care what I spend, just so I can get a place to lay down and groan. Got any pop?"

"Sas'prilla."

"Give us each a bottle and fix us up two hot dogs apiece."

"I don't believe you can chew on that tooth."

"I've got to keep up my stren'th to bear this pain," said Mrs. Allen heroically.

She carried the hot dogs, appropriately enough, to the pup tent which Pete had set up beside the car, and lowered the flap.

"Gosh!" she said gratefully, taking off the bandanna and biting into the sandwich. Having finished eating, she lay back on a ragged comfort. "You kids walk around town and wait for doc. Only don't let on you ever saw him before, nor Gambler neither."

She lay there in the hot saffron shadow of the tent and thought of Doctor Higgins. One eyebrow lifted quizzically, hopefully, and a dimple skewered her plump, weathered cheek. Her lips moved.

"I wonder if he's married. My, it would be swell to be Mrs. Doctor Higgins and go riding over the country in that office, giving shows and everything."

She woke an hour later, stewing in her own juice. It was twilight. The tent vibrated with the hum of mosquitoes, like the wings of many airplanes. Bunny was shaking her.

"Mamma, wake up quick and see Gambler before it gets dark. She looks just beautiful. Her horns are solid gold and her fur looks just like an Easter egg. Hurry up!"

Mrs. Allen wiped the perspiration from her face and applied powder liberally before a scrap of mirror. "I sure wish I had a lipstick. Now where's them teeth of doc's?"

"Here."

She worked them into place with a grimace. "These are worse than a pair of new shoes. I sure hope he puts on my act quick."

She tied up her jaw and joined the crowd that was gathering around Doctor Higgins' red car in front of the hotel. Archie, clad in a white smock, was tying a sign over the resplendent pelt of Gambler, who stood eying the group with inscrutable yellow eyes. The light of an acetylene lamp, hung low over a dentist's chair, glared white from the platform at the back of the car. Doctor Higgins stood under it.

"What little boy would like to lead this sacred Himalayan goat around the streets to advertise our free show and clinic this evening?" he asked. His benevolent eye rested on Buster. "Ah, my little man, are you strong enough to hold him?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll help him," shrilled Bunny.

Each child took a horn and led Gambler majestically down the street, followed by a queue of capering youngsters. The efficacy of the advertising was evident at once in the increasing audience gathered about the lighted platform. Mrs. Allen worked her way to the front row, where the light fell full on her bandaged face.

Presently Archie came out with a gleaming saxophone. His thin, reedy neck quivered with emotion as he played The Holy City, but the crowd was unresponsive. He put down the saxophone and took up a guitar, accompanying his chief in a spirited, ribald song in which thumps on the guitar took the place of those meaning rows of asterisks that bore all the guilt in Victorian fiction. Delighted applause followed. More verses followed, with fewer asterisks.

Then, suddenly professional, Doctor Higgins addressed his audience on the results of leaving bad teeth unpulled. Did they have rheumatism, headache, eyestrain, flat feet, baldness, insomnia, somewhere in their jaws lurked a tooth that should come out.

"Now, friends, my regular rate for extractions is one dollar a tooth, but to introduce my painless methods I will pull three teeth free for the first patient on this platform tonight."

A tall rancher began to push his way truculently toward the front. The dentist's black eyes darted about in search of Mrs. Allen. She was burrowing through the crowd blindly and rapidly, like a mole, but in the wrong direction, lost in a country of tall men.

"Don't go home, lady!" called Doctor Higgins sharply. "Turn around and come up in front where you can see."

Startled, she altered her course, but the rancher was in the lead.

"Let the little lady through," said doc.

She slid under the rancher's arm just as he set his foot on the bottom step. Doctor Higgins put out a helping hand.

"Oh, doctor, my mouth's so sore I hate to have you touch it," she groaned, getting into the chair.

Doctor Higgins peered into her mouth and shook his head.

"Folks, I never saw a worse ulcerated tooth, but in five minutes you're going to see this little lady step down with a smile on her face."

He took up his forceps. He turned his back to the crowd. He jerked with visible effort. Then he faced them, holding up a molar of formidable size.

"Look at it, folks! See those roots! . . . Now, lady, did it hurt you?"

"I never even felt it."

He pulled two more. As she left the platform customers crowded forward like sinners at a revival. From each one he collected in advance. When a tooth came hard, Archie played jazz to cover the victim's cries. By the end of an hour the tin box on the table bulged with grimy bills and bulky silver dollars. No more patients came forward.

Archie put out the light and fastened a waterproof cover over the chair. The crowd dispersed, with here and there a complaining note. Mrs. Allen lurked in the shadow of the car, waiting to collect her money. The children were petting Gambler.

"Pete," she called softly, "you kids go home and go to bed. I'll be there pretty soon."

"You kids go on home," said Pete. "Me and mom will be there in a minute."

"Pete Allen, you heard what I said. Go home with them kids."

The three figures disappeared slowly.

She leaned against the car and yawned, her eyes blinking sleepily. She must get out that red silk dress from the suitcase and wear it tomorrow night. She wondered if doc was married, and decided to find out. It sure would be nice to be Mrs. Doctor Higgins. Pete could take Archie's place and maybe learn the dentist trade. Bunny could take up toe dancing and help out in the show. Gambler was already earning her way. And a wedding on that back platform would sure be swell advertising. They could use it over and over.

The last light went out in the village. Her head jerked. "Doc!" she called huskily.

"You still here?" he said, sticking his head out the window.

"Uh-huh. Here's them teeth. You'll have to fix them up again for tomorrow night, won't you?"

"Oh, yes. Thanks."

"Did I do my part all right?"

"Great. Only step up quicker next time. That man pretty near got ahead of you tonight. He had me scared for a minute. Mean-looking bird."

"Where'd he go to?"

"Oh, I saw him hanging around the edge, mad because he couldn't get his tooth pulled free. Well, let him keep his dollar and his toothache."

"Where do you play tomorrow night?"

"Practice," he corrected. "Bee City. Follow this road northwest for about sixty miles and you can't miss it. When you get there, proceed the same way you did tonight. And whatever you do, don't talk to anybody around here tomorrow morning. Keep your mouth shut."

"I will, doc."

"So long. See you tomorrow night."

"It's awful dark," she said timidly. "I'm scared to go home alone."

"I'll take you."

They walked slowly down the street, and stumbling through the lot back of the store, waked a sleeping sow and her litter, that scampered away into the darkness, squealing and grunting.

"Here we are," said Mrs. Allen, opening the door of the car. "Won't you come in and set down awhile?"

"I can't stay long. Archie's all ready to go."

"Oh, ain't you going to wait till morning?"

"Not if I know it. Some of those teeth came out pretty hard tonight, and I'll bet they're crying for revenge right now."

"What's the name of that town we're going to?"

"Bee City."

"Gee, I'm tired."

"Put your head on my shoulder. Is that comfortable?"

"Uh-huh. Are you married, doc?"

"Of course not! By the way, where's your better half?"

"In the back of the car, under the seat."

He opened the door and sprang out.

"If you're trying a badger game on me, madam, you've picked the wrong party."

"For goodness' sake, what are you mad at?"

"You just told me your husband was hiding under the back seat."

"I never did. I just said he was there, and he is; only it's just his ashes. He's been dead a year, pretty near."

Doctor Higgins laughed uneasily and climbed back into the car. He put his arm around her again. "What a relief! Say, little girl, as long as you're free and I'm free, how about getting married one of these days?"

"All right with me," said Mrs. Allen, snuggling up against him.

"Well, I must be going. No telling how far we'll have to drive tonight."

"Wait a minute. Where's that two dollars for me and Gambler?"

"Good thing you reminded me. There's something about you that makes me forget everything."

"Oh, doc!"

He stood clinking two silver dollars. "I hate to have you carrying so much money around these lonesome roads. I'll be worrying about you every minute. I believe you'd better let me keep it for you till we get to Pendleton, where you'll have a chance to spend it."

"How long will that be?"

"Ten days or so."

"Twenty dollars!" said Mrs. Allen ecstatically. "You better save it for me."

"All right, as long as you want me to. I've got to go, sweetie."

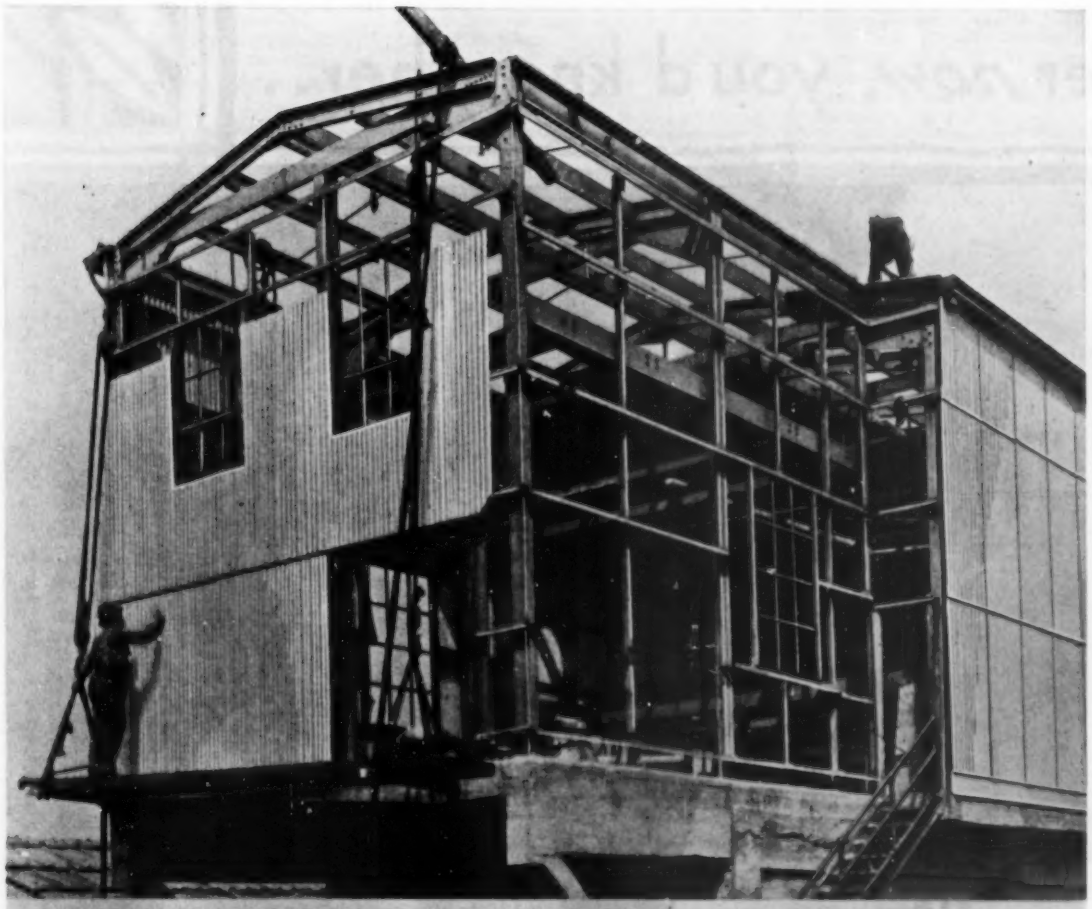
"I've forgot the name of that place again!"

"Bee City. Here, I'll write it down for you." He struck a match and scribbled on a card. "Don't lose this. And keep your mouth shut about where you're going. I don't want any squawkers trailing me."

They kissed and parted.

The Allen family, unused to late hours, overslept the next morning. They dressed hurriedly.

(Continued on Page 79)



Transite can be applied quickly and easily—but it is imperishable.

For walls and roofs that defy time, fire and weather . . . use TRANSITE*

WHEN you want a tough building material to meet tough conditions, when you want roofs and walls that require no paint or upkeep maintenance, when you want those roofs and walls fireproof and unaffected by the usual industrial fumes—you want Johns-Manville Transite. This imperishable union of cement and asbestos has proved its merit thousands of times in every variety of industrial establishment.

The elements entering into Transite are themselves fireproof and everlasting, and they are united under great pressure which results in a sturdy material that suggests lumber made from stone. While Transite, of course, is not lumber, the similarity is heightened by the ease with which Transite is worked and handled. Wherever you have a building that you desire to roof or wall permanently, you will find that Transite offers the most practicable material. Its fire safety is obvious and, besides, it will not rot, corrode, buckle, warp or crumble. Whether you are building a hose shed or enclosing a structure covering many acres, Transite will provide permanent protection. Transite sheets are supplied either flat or corrugated and in a complete variety of thicknesses and sizes. Let us send you our free book, "J-M Transite."

*Trade-mark Registered

Johns-Manville

TRANSITE • FLAT AND CORRUGATED

A BUILDING MATERIAL THAT DEFIES TIME, FIRE AND WEATHER

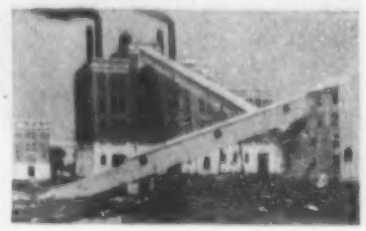
A WIDESPREAD SERVICE . . . The Johns-Manville trade-mark is the stamp of quality also on Asbestos and Asphalt Shingles, Insulating Board, heat insulations of every variety, Brake Lining for motor cars, Asbestocel Heater Pipe Insulations and Acoustical Materials used to control sound in offices and auditoriums, hospitals or other structures.

TRANSITE—for a thousand and one uses

In home, laboratory, power plant, retail store, greenhouse, laundry, dry kiln, boiler room, mine, railroad shop—industry in general—everywhere there are interesting, money-saving ways to use Transite. And wherever it is used Transite presents an imperishable barrier to weather, to fire and to the usual industrial fumes.

Transite builds safe hangars

At modern airports hangars of safe, substantial fireproof construction are being built of Transite. Such hangars provide safety for planes, require no upkeep for walls or roofs, yet present a pleasing appearance. The hangars shown are at Port Washington, Long Island.



Conveyor housings—a common use of Transite

For enclosing conveyors Transite is a material which can be applied and forgotten. Such structures are often difficult to get at and hence the freedom from any need for paint or other exterior finish is more than usually important. This fine power plant shows Transite used for walls and roof not only of the conveyor housing but also for the four story crusher house.

Transite serves the electrical industry

In cell structures such as that shown, Transite provides low cost walls for separating electric cells. It is also extensively used for arc barriers on switchboards controlling heavy loads and many other electrical applications.

In many steam power plants, boilers are enclosed in Transite casings, which serve in part as insulation. In such cases it is usually associated with one or more of Johns-Manville insulating materials. These include insulations for all temperatures from 400° below zero to the highest industrial temperatures.

Address JOHNS-MANVILLE
At nearest office listed below
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
Toronto
(Offices in all large cities)
Please send me your free book, "J-M Transite."
Tr 1-A

Name .....
1-33-4
Address .....
.....

If you met her *now*, you'd know her..

BESSIE LOVE, in "Chasing Rainbows," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures) Technicolor Sequences; **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon (Caddo Productions) Technicolor Sequences; **HIT THE DECK,** with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.) Technicolor Sequences; **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star revue (Paramount) Technicolor Sequences; **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** starring Harry Richman (United Artists) Technicolor Sequences; **RADIO RAMBLERS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, and Dorothy Lee (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD,** with Alice White (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SON OF THE GODS,** starring Richard Barthelmess (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST,** with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

Technicolor has painted her true image . . . as radiantly beautiful as the warm Hollywood sunshine finds her . . . youth aglow in her cheeks, her eyes and hair. What a thrill you receive when Technicolor transports your favorite stars from shadowland to *life* . . . when the vapory blacks and grays disappear and a rainbow of living color rests upon the screen. Technicolor captivates your eyes, your imagination. It brings you *real* men, *real* women . . . *just as they are* . . . with Nature herself mixing the colors.

★Technicolor *is* natural color

(Continued from Page 76)

"Now where do you spose my teeth are?" asked Mrs. Allen, shaking the bedclothes. "I had them here last night before I put in my trick set."

Intent on her search, she failed to notice a man who had driven up beside her camp.

"Good morning. How do you feel after your painless dentistry?" he called.

She jumped. "Why, you're the gentleman that almost got there ahead of me last night!"

"Yes. You just won by a nose."

"Why didn't you go up afterwards? He didn't hurt a bit."

"I was too Scotch. When I missed that free extraction I got sore. But I was sorry afterwards. I've been walking the floor all night with an ulcerated tooth."

"Gee, that's too bad!" she said guiltily.

"I was going to have that dentist take it out this morning, even if he charged me five dollars, but he's gone, nobody knows where." He groaned wretchedly and shook some oil of cloves into his mouth.

"Gee, that's too bad!" she repeated uneasily.

"Which way do you think he went?"

She looked at him earnestly. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Like I can keep a dollar!"

"If you'll promise not to tell anyone else," she said, lowering her voice, "I'll tell you. I said I wouldn't, but I just can't bear to see anybody suffer. He's going to—wait till I find that card. Can you read that?"

"Bee City. Are you sure that's right?"

"He wrote it out for me himself last night."

"Well, well, that's certainly lucky."

"You won't tell anybody else, will you?"

"Not a soul."

She looked after him benevolently as he drove off. "It sure does make a person feel good to do a kind act. And it doesn't cost anything, either. There I'm getting rid of his sore tooth for him and helping doc to earn a dollar."

"What'll you do if he's there tonight waiting to get it pulled out free?" asked Pete.

"He won't wait. It hurts too bad. Most likely he'll overtake doc along the road some place."

It was nearly dark when the Allens got into Bee City. They pitched camp hurriedly, and the children ran over to where the crowd was already gathering in front of the hotel, to lead the sacred Himalayan goat around the streets and receive the demonstration teeth from Doctor Higgins.

"There's an awful lot of people there already, mom," reported Bunny breathlessly. "Pete's holding a place for you in the front row, right next to the steps."

Mrs. Allen worked the teeth into place with vigorous mouthings. "I feel just like I had a snaffle bit on," she complained, tying a bandanna around her jaw.

She slipped into Pete's place under the sputtering white light. Immediately Doctor Higgins signaled to Archie, who pointed his saxophone heavenward like a gleaming signpost and played The Holy City. The crowd grew. Doctor Higgins, in deference to its size, elaborated his program of the night before with some not so very sleight of hand involving a silk hat, a watch, a handkerchief and some cards. Then he gave his dental talk, concluding with an offer to extract free for his first patient as many teeth as necessary.

Mrs. Allen won comfortably over all entries. She puffed out one cheek, moaning softly as she climbed into the chair. Doctor Higgins untied the bandanna gently, as if afraid her face would fall to pieces.

"Oh, doctor, my tooth hurts so I just hate to have you touch it," she said in a voice that suffering had not weakened.

He peered into her mouth and shook his head as he had done the night before. Then he faced his audience and took up his lines:

"Folks, I never saw a worse ulcerated tooth, but in five minutes you're going to see this little lady step down with a smile on her face."

He took up his forceps. He turned his back. He jerked with visible effort. Then he turned around, holding up a molar of formidable size.

"Look at it, folks. See those roots. Now, lady, did it hurt you?"

"I never even felt it, doctor."

As she left the platform several customers moved forward.

"Mom," whispered Pete excitedly, "there's that man from Buzzard that had the toothache!"

"Where?"

"Going up the steps. He's the first one."

"My land, where's he been all day?"

Doctor Higgins gestured toward the chair, but the man from Buzzard made no move to get into it.

"Higgins," he said harshly, "where's your license?"

"What's it to you?"

"I want to see it."

"Well, I've got one."

Higgins went into the car and came back holding up a red case for the crowd to see.

"Here it is, folks," he said aggressively. "This bird thought he was going to catch me."

"Let me see it," said the other man, snatching it. "Just what I thought. This says you are a barber and beautician, whatever that is. Higgins, you are under arrest for practicing dentistry without a license."

"Who are you?"

"I'm an officer sent out by the state dental board."

"Where's your warrant?"

"Here."

The sympathy of the crowd was plainly with Higgins. The officer stepped to the edge of the platform.

"I've been trailing this fellow for a week, but he's evaded me by traveling at night. I could have got him over at Buzzard last night, but I wanted more evidence. This woman here, his confederate"—he pointed to Mrs. Allen—"had the same three teeth pulled last night, and went through the same performance, word for word, but when I saw her this morning she had no teeth at all—not a tooth in her head. It's a clear case of fraud."

"Arrest her, too, then!" called a woman angrily.

Pete stood with his arm defensively around his mother's shoulder, and Buster and Bunny, shrieking, were trying to worm their way through the crowd with Gambler. The officer looked down at them, pinching his lower lip thoughtfully.

"Your jail isn't very big. Besides, who'll take care of her children if I arrest her? She doesn't look to me like a crook, anyhow." He pointed his finger at Mrs. Allen. "I'll give you till ten o'clock tomorrow morning to be out of town. If you're here after that I'm going to arrest you."

The mayor of Bee City, who had by this time taken his stand on the platform, signified his approval vehemently: "The county's taking care of enough bums now. If we let her stay we'll never get rid of her."

But the next morning he burst in on the officer of the dental board at the hotel.

"Say, that woman's still here, and it's nearly noon."

"What?" exclaimed the officer, reaching for his hat.

Mrs. Allen stood up and folded her arms defiantly when she saw them coming.

"We told you to be on your way by ten o'clock," barked the mayor, "and it's a quarter of twelve. Now pack up this junk and get out of here before we throw you into jail."

"Come on, mom!" implored Pete, gathering up a ragged comforter.

"I'm going to wait for Doctor Higgins," she said firmly.

"Then you'll wait for him in the hoosegow."

"All right."

The mayor and the officer looked at each other helplessly.

"Lady, ain't you ashamed to act like this? Who's going to take care of your kids? Who's going to feed that goat?" demanded the mayor plaintively.

"I'm going to wait for Doctor Higgins. Do you think I'm going to desert the gentleman I'm engaged to?"

"Going to marry him, eh?"

"I sure am."

"Well, I guess you might as well wait for him in jail, then, if you're bound to do it. Come on!"

"Wait till I put on my good dress."

She walked down the street with the officer on one side and the mayor on the other, both looking hot and foolish. Pete, with his eyes very black and his chin wabbling, stepped on their heels. Buster and Bunny, with tears falling on Gambler's back like dew on a morning-glory, brought up in the rear. Most of the town had joined them by the time they reached the jail.

Archie, sitting in the shade beside the door, like a dog waiting for his master, stared at them incredulously through his thick glasses.

"Why, Mrs. Allen, what are you doing here?"

"I'm going to wait for doc," she said with spirit. "They won't let me wait outside, so I'm going to wait in jail."

"I wouldn't do that if I was you, Mrs. Allen," he said mildly. "He's going to get out pretty soon. We got a wire from his wife this morning, and she's coming right away with money to bail him out."

"From who?" she asked blankly.

"From his wife in Seattle. I guess she'll be here in the morning."

"Why, he told me ——" She shook the officer's hand off her arm impatiently. "What kind of laws have we got in this country if a man like that gets out on bail? It's an outrage. I hope he gets ten years in the road camp."

"Then you aren't going to wait for him, after all?"

"I'll say I'm not! How can I get back to Salt Lake without going through Buzzard?"

To help you to win

When he drives for the tape or zooms over his hurdles, every college or school track man wears an athletic supporter. Neither in practice nor competition is he allowed to run, jump, vault or hurdle, unguarded.

Wear one yourself . . . in every season, every sport. On track, diamond, tennis court . . . in swimming, golf, football, basket ball . . . a supporter will improve your performance. Your brain *knows* you are safe. Your body *feels* it. Reassured, they bring your deepest reserves of power, skill and endurance into action.

Wear a *Bike*. For 55 years, it has helped American athletes to win games and break records. A simple, one-piece, all-elastic supporter, *Bike* continues to be first choice of leading coaches, trainers and physical directors. Easy to wear . . . easy to wash . . . easy to buy . . . 50 cents everywhere.

Pal is a still finer supporter, its exclusive patented features insuring long life and super-comfort. One dollar and upward, at all druggists and sporting goods dealers.

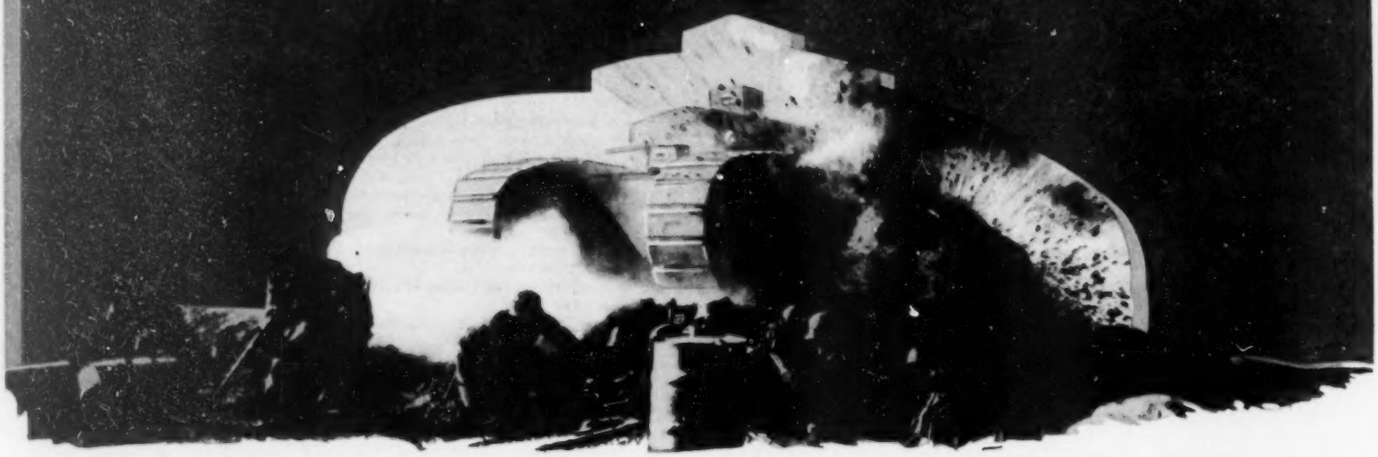
BIKE and Pal

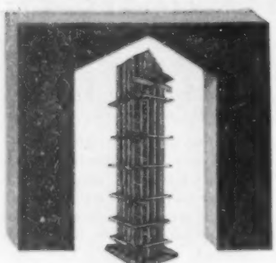
BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

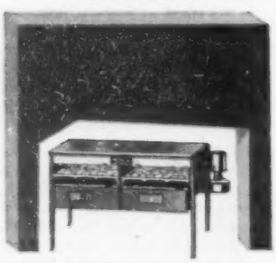
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

OUT OF PRESDWOOD

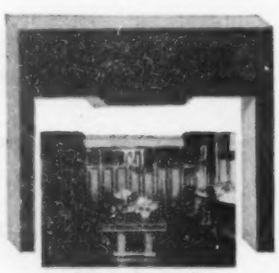




Presdwood for lining concrete forms



For sturdy incubators



For interior paneling

AN "all-steel" tank built out of Masonite Presdwood . . . and yet so realistic that an army officer wrote to find out how it was made. Scores of manufactured articles . . . store fixtures, book cases, radio cabinets, for example . . . made better and at less cost with this grainless wood board. These instances point to the versatility and economy which have been demonstrated time and time again in the use of Presdwood.

The workability of Presdwood and its ability to take any finish dictated its use in the monster tanks of the Tec Art film, "She Goes to War." Beauty of finish was the outstanding reason for using this grainless wood in paneling the directors' room of a big Cleveland bank. In Racine, a maker of incubators uses Presdwood for its strength and its resistance to moisture and warping. And in Kalamazoo, a sign maker builds cutout signs to advertise baby chicks, with this grainless material which does not crack or splinter.

So effectively is Presdwood handled on bandsaw or punch press that manufacturers use this grainless wood in ever-increasing quantities. It makes tool boxes and trays. It builds fire screens and bird houses; it is used in doll houses and tables, toys and playhouses, and scores of other useful articles.

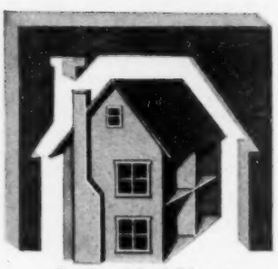
Panels interiors—lines concrete forms

Presdwood is used for paneling because of its beauty and its ability to take paint or lacquer finish. It is used to line concrete forms because it saves hours and dollars, eliminates the need of hand rubbing, and produces stronger, more beautiful concrete.

Presdwood can be obtained through lumber dealers. It comes in 1/8 and 3/16 inch thicknesses and in four foot by twelve foot boards; also in special shapes and sizes, cut to order at the mill.

Manufacturers, builders and home mechanics should read the Presdwood booklet. The booklet lists eighty uses, tells how this grainless wood is made and how finishes are applied. The booklet is Free. Just mail the coupon NOW.

MASONITE CORPORATION, *111 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois*



Presdwood for doll houses and toys

For attractive signs

For bedroom screens

Masonite

STRUCTURAL INSULATION · INSULATING LATH · PRESDWOOD

Masonite Structural Insulation Protects from Dampness

Homes that are built or modernized with Masonite Structural Insulation or Masonite Insulating Lath are guarded from spring's dampness, summer's heat and winter's cold. Masonite also makes homes more quiet; increases their loan, sale and rental value; makes them more economical to heat. Check coupon and get the interesting Masonite booklet.

Send for Free Booklet

Mail the coupon today. It will bring you the interesting story of Presdwood

Masonite Corporation, Dept. A-4 © M.C., 1930
111 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send your free illustrated booklet that describes Masonite Presdwood and its many uses.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

☐ If interested in Masonite Insulation, check here

FIRST BLOOD

(Continued from Page 9)

His immediate instinct was to see whom she was dancing with. It was a young man he knew, and with this assurance he was on his feet, giving a quick tug to his coat, and out upon the floor.

"May I cut in, please?"

She came close to him as they started, looked up into his eyes for an instant, and then down and away. She said nothing. Realizing that she could not be more than sixteen, he hoped that the party he was to join would not arrive in the middle of the dance.

When it was over, she raised eyes to him again, and a sense of having been mistaken, of her being older, went over him. Just before he left her at her table, he was moved to say:

"Couldn't I have another later?"

"Oh, sure."

She seemed to unfasten her eyes from his with some difficulty, as if they were on hooks that had become entangled. He felt rather disconcerted as he went back to his table.

One hour later, they left the hotel together in a car.

This had simply happened—her statement, at the end of their second dance, that she must leave, then her request, and the annoyed face of a youth at her table, and his own extreme self-consciousness as he walked with her across the empty floor. It was a favor to her sister to take her home, but he had that unmistakable feeling of expectation. Nevertheless, the night air cooled his mind, drawing off the intoxication of the insistent music and the sweet, heavy room, and in the young face beside him he perceived a too obvious appeal, a struggle with unrehearsed scenes and unfamiliar words. He saw all this and relaxed for a moment to pat her hand, and suddenly she came toward him, her youth vanishing as she passed inside the focus of his eyes, and he had kissed her breathlessly, as if she were thirty. She lay back against his arm.

"I've decided to give you up," she said astonishingly.

He started. For a moment he wondered if he had forgotten something—something he had said to her before—had he ever talked to her more than casually? Had he committed himself to be in some way possessed?

"But that's very mean," he managed to say lightly, "just when I was getting interested."

"I know," she agreed miserably. "They're going to send me away to school, but they think I haven't found out about it."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"And today they got together and tried to tell me you didn't know I was alive."

After a long pause, he said, "I hope you didn't let them."

She laughed shortly. "I just laughed and came down here."

Her hand burrowed its way into his; when he pressed it, her eyes, bright now, not dark, rose until they were as high as his, and came toward him like a face in a close-up. A minute later he thought to himself: "This is a rotten trick I'm doing." He was sure he was doing it.

"You're so sweet," she said.

"You're a sweet child."

"I hate jealousy worse than anything in the world," she broke out, "and I have to suffer from it. And my own sister worse than all the rest."

"Oh, no," he protested.

"I couldn't help it if I fell in love with you. I tried to help it. I used to go out of the house when I knew you were coming."

The force in her words came from her sincerity and from her simple and superb confidence that whomsoever she loved must love her in return. She was neither ashamed nor plaintive. She was in the world of being alone with a male where she had moved surely since she was eight years old. She did not plan; she merely let herself go, and the overwhelming life in her did the rest. It is only when youth is gone and experience has given us a sort of cheap courage that most of us realize how simple such things are. If we had only known that there were no bears in the hall!

"But you couldn't be in love with me," Anthony wanted to say, and couldn't. He fought with a desire to kiss her again, even if merely tenderly, and began to tell her that she was being unwise, but before he got really started at this handsome project, she was in his arms again, and whispering something that he had to accept, since it was wrapped up in a kiss; then he was alone, driving away from her door.

What had he agreed to? All they had said was unreal in his ear—tomorrow at four o'clock on that corner.

"Good Lord!" he thought uneasily. "All that stuff about giving me up. She's a crazy kid, and she'll get into trouble if somebody that's wrong comes along. Big chance of my meeting her tomorrow!"

But neither at dinner nor at the dance he went to that night could he get the episode out of his mind; he kept looking around the ballroom regretfully, as if he missed someone who should be there.

III

TWO weeks later, waiting in Marice Whaley's drawing-room, Anthony reached in his pocket for some half-forgotten mail. Three letters he replaced; the other, after a moment of listening, he opened quickly and read with his back to the door. It was the third of a series—for one had followed each of his meetings with Josephine, and it was exactly like the others—the letter of a child. Whatever maturity of emotion could accumulate in her expression, once she set pen to paper, it was snowed under by ineptitude. There was much about "your feeling for me" and "my feeling for you," and sentences began, "Yes, I know I am sentimental," or more gawkily, "I have always been sort of pash, and I can't help that," and always much quoting of lines from current popular songs, as if they more fully expressed the writer's state of mind than any verbal struggles of her own.

The letter disturbed him. As he reached the postscript, which coolly made a rendezvous for five o'clock this afternoon, he heard Marice on the stairs, and put it back in his pocket.

Marice hummed and moved about the room. Anthony smoked.

"I saw you Tuesday afternoon," she said suddenly. "You seemed to be having a fine time."

"Tuesday," he repeated, as if thinking. "Oh, yes. I ran into some kids and we went to a tea dance. It was very amusing."

"You were almost alone when I saw you."

"What are you getting at?"

Marice hummed again. "Let's go out. Let's go to a matinée."

On the way downstairs he explained how he had happened to be with Connie's little sister, and the necessity of the explanation angered him. When he had done, Marice said crisply:

"If you wanted to rob the cradle, why did you have to pick out that little devil? Her reputation is so bad already that Mrs. McRae didn't want to invite her to her dancing class this year. She only did it on account of Constance and Mrs. Perry."

"Why is she so awful?" asked Anthony, disturbed.

"I'd rather not discuss it."

His five-o'clock engagement was on his mind throughout the matinée. Though Marice's remarks had only made him sorry for Josephine, he was, nevertheless, determined that this meeting should be the last. It was embarrassing to have been remarked in her company, even though he had tried honestly to avoid it. In fact, the matter could very easily develop into a rather dangerous little mess, with no benefit in it either to Josephine or to himself. About Marice's indignation he did not particularly care; she had been his for the asking all autumn, but Anthony did not want to get married; he did not want to get involved with anybody at all.

It was dark at 5:30, when he was free and turned his car toward the new Philanthrophilogical Building in the cold maze of reconstruction in Grant Park. The bleakness of the place and the time depressed him and gave a further painfulness to the affair. Getting out of his car, he walked past a young man in a waiting roadster—a young man whom he seemed to recognize—and found Josephine in the half darkness of the lonely little chamber formed by the storm doors.

With an indefinable sound of greeting, she walked determinedly into his arms, putting up her face.

"I can only stay for a sec," she protested, just as if he had begged her to come. "I'm supposed to go to a wedding with sister, but I had to see you."

When he spoke, his voice froze symbolically into a white mist, obvious in the darkness. He said things he had said to her before, but this time firmly and finally. It was easier, because he could scarcely see her face and because somewhere in the middle she irritated him by starting to cry.

"I knew you were supposed to be fickle," she whispered, "but I didn't expect this. Anyhow, I've got enough pride not to bother you any further." She hesitated. "But I wish we could meet just once more to try and arrive at a more different settlement."

"No."

"Some jealous girl has been talking to you about me."

"No." Then, in despair, he struck at her heart. "I'm not fickle. I've never loved you and I never told you I did. I think of you as a child."

Guessing at the forlorn expression that would come into her face, he turned away and took a purposeless step; when he wheeled nervously about, the storm door had just shut—she was gone.

"Josephine!" he shouted with helpless pity, but there was no answer. He waited, his heart in his boots, until presently he heard an automobile drive away.

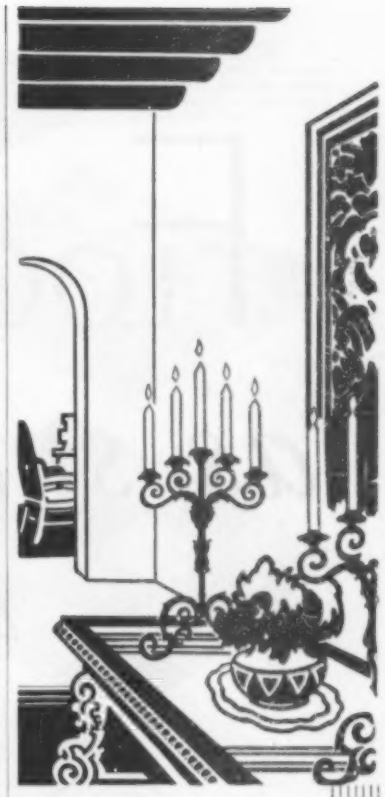
Reaching home, Josephine thanked Ed Bement, whom she had used, with a little piece of hope, and went in by a side door and up to her room. The window was open and, as she dressed hurriedly for the wedding, she stood close to it, hoping that she would catch cold and die.

Seeing herself in the bathroom mirror, she broke down and sat on the edge of the tub, making a small choking sound as if she were struggling with a cough, and cleaning her finger nails. Later she could cry all night in bed when everyone else was happily asleep, but now there was not time—it was still afternoon.

The two sisters and their mother stood side by side at the wedding of Mary Warren and Warren Dillon. It was a sad and sentimental wedding—the end of the fine, glamorous youth of a girl who was universally admired and loved. Perhaps to no one there were its details symbolical of the end of a period; yet, from the vantage point of a decade, things that happened there are already powdered with yesterday's ridiculousness, and even becoming tinted with the lavender of the day before. The bride raised her veil, smiling that grave sweet smile that made her adored, but with the tears pouring down her cheeks, and faced dozens of friends with her hands spread out as if embracing all of them for the last time. Then she turned to a husband as serious and immaculate as herself, and looked at him as if to say, "Now that's done. All this that I am is yours forever and ever."

In her pew, Constance, who had been at school with Mary Warren, was frankly

(Continued on Page 84)



San Francisco's hospitable homes are beautified with BERRYCRAFT Finishes

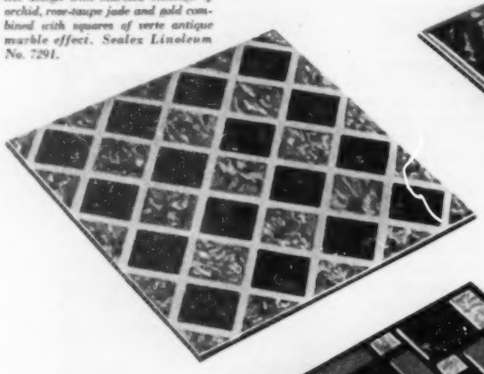
San Francisco, city of the Golden Gate, finishes for permanence and beauty by specifying Berrycraft products. W. T. Baker Company, prominent decorating firm, writes, "Luxeberry Enamel and other of Berry Brothers' wear-resisting products are the finest we have ever used. No other finishes are so entirely satisfactory in every detail." Prominent decorators and manufacturers the world over show preference for Berrycraft Finishes. Specify them for your work and assure yourself the utmost in beauty and dependability. Restore floors or woodwork with Liquid Granite, the million-step-test varnish. Use Berrycraft Enamel for enduring color on woodwork and furniture. Paint your home for extra years of beauty and protection with Berrycraft House Paint—made with Lion-oil, the secret-processed wood preservative and rust preventive. When you buy finishes the Berrycraft label is your guarantee of highest excellence at no extra cost.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

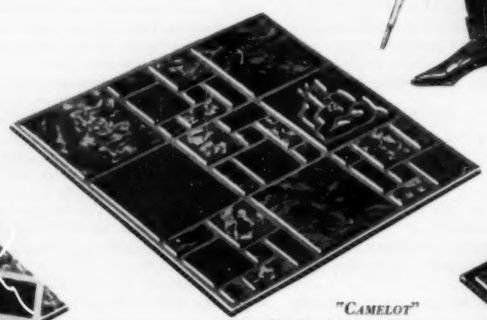
Varnishes Enamels Lacquers Paints

DETROIT, MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

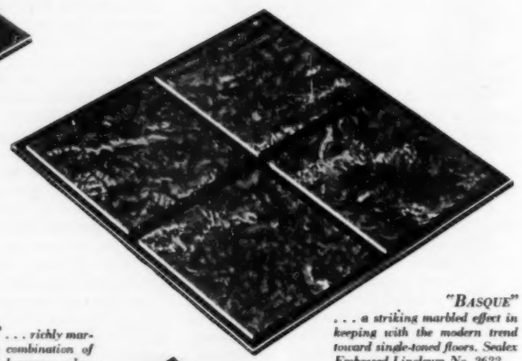
FLOORINGS *as smart as* 5th AVENUE



"YUCATAN" . . . an interesting lattice design with marbled veinings of orchid, rose-taupe jade and gold combined with squares of verte antique marble effect. Sealex Linoleum No. 7291.



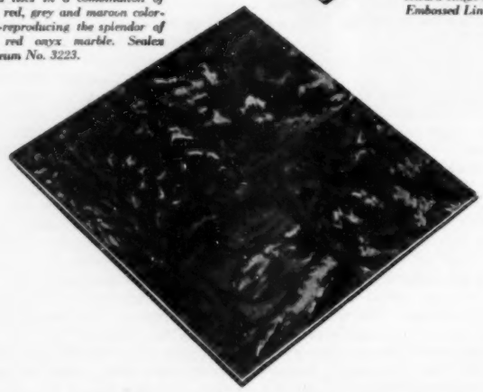
"CAMELOT" . . . a combination of warm red tiles—plain and marbled—with distinctive heraldic insets. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 2602.



"BASQUE" . . . a striking marbled effect in keeping with the modern trend toward single-toned floors. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 2622.

"MONTEZUMA" . . . richly marbleized tiles in a combination of black, red, grey and maroon colorings—reproducing the splendor of rare, red onyx marble. Sealex Linoleum No. 3223.

"ZUYDER ZEE" . . . as neat and quaint as Holland itself! A crisp, clean-cut pattern in sienna and blue marbled tiles with novel insets of sailing ships. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 2600.



"ROSEGLOW"... what could be more appropriate for a bedroom than this lovely pastel shade? Sealex Jaspé Linoleum No. 1258.

"APPLEGREEN"... a pattern in a color of increasing fashion importance. It is Sealex Jaspé Linoleum No. 1259.

"THEBES"... this marble effect is taken from the ruins of Thebes, ancient capital of upper Egypt. It is Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3516.

"ELYSEE"... a decidedly French color combination in rose-onyx and peach-grey. Sealex Linoleum No. 7263.

"DUNDEE"... moss-green and golden oak marbled effect with black diamond interliners. It is Sealex Linoleum No. 7273.

"TUSCANY"... black-onyx and Italian white marble are faithfully reproduced in this ever popular design. Sealex Linoleum No. 6066.

"MOORISH"... an interesting maltese cross pattern in blue marble and putty-grey effect. It is Sealex Linoleum No. 7282.

"TUNIS"... rich, blood red Algerian marble effect combined with plain tiles in African bleached-sand tint. Sealex Linoleum No. 6232.

"ELDORADO"... the warm color blendings of this pattern will give atmosphere to the living room or dining room. It is Sealex Linoleum No. 3222.

...the new SEALEX LINOLEUMS

YOU'RE looking through this magazine and these pages stop you. "My word, what stunning linoleums," you mentally exclaim, "and what smart, new colorings and designs!" You study the fascinating details of each pattern. You remember having read that these floorings are recommended by prominent interior decorators. You find yourself resolving, "I'm surely going to see these new *Sealex Linoleums.*"

But—now is the time to put such thoughts into action—*today!* For in better-class department, furniture and floor-covering stores, the nation over, the many new *Sealex Linoleums* are now being displayed.

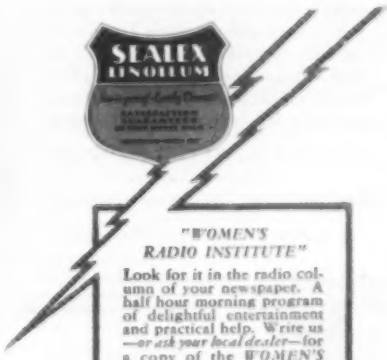
Really to know why the vogue for colorful floors is so well-established—*see* them! Really to know why *Sealex Linoleums* are everywhere so popular for smart, new homes—*see* them! Really to know the answer to, "What shall I do with old, unsightly floors?"—*see for yourself* the obvious style of these new *Sealex Linoleums!*

And what treasures the salesman will show you: marble designs so 'real' that your eye can hardly tell the difference—in the most delicately beautiful color effects. Quaint embossed patterns—with each separate tile raised above the mortar lines. These new *Sealex Linoleums* are made in a variety of patterns for *every room in your home.* Also in designs for offices, smart shops, churches, schools and public buildings.

What a difference *Sealex Linoleums* make! How they modernize—and cheer up—any interior, new or old! How they make cleaning virtually no task at all—for, as you know, *Sealex Linoleums*, thanks to the exclusive Sealex Process, are spot-proof, stain-proof, easy-to-clean.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *Gen'l Office:* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Detroit Atlanta

"COLOR AND CHARM IN HOME INTERIORS" is a delightful book containing many beautiful color illustrations—each a definite suggestion for the woman interested in planning rooms that are up to date, and in good taste. On every page are practical ideas on the color, furniture, and accessories of a room. A unique feature is the "Color Harmony Guide," which makes it easy to choose all room elements—furniture, hangings, walls and floors—in harmony with one another. Sent post-paid for only 25¢. Address: Home Decoration Bureau, Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

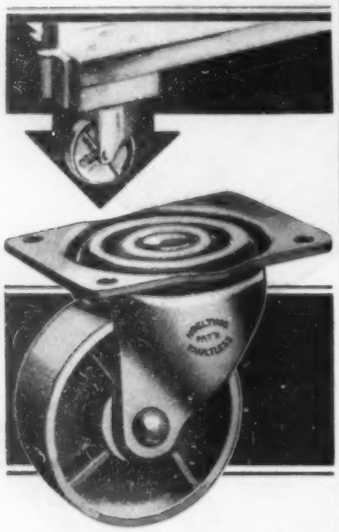


"WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE"

Look for it in the radio column of your newspaper. A half hour morning program of delightful entertainment and practical help. Write us —*or ask your local dealer*—for a copy of the *WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE* folder with broadcasting time-table. (*Not yet on Pacific Coast.*)

© 1930, C. N. Inc.

Faultless—
On Your Trucks



HEAVY loads that must move with ease—fragile loads that must move with safety—trucking worries caused by casters that won't stand the gaff—whatever your trouble, Faultless Truck Casters hold the solution. Order a set for trial, or take the word of America's foremost manufacturers—for quality, for service, there is no substitute for Faultless.

FAULTLESS CASTER COMPANY
Evansville, Indiana

New York Chicago Grand Rapids Los Angeles
High Point, N. C.
Canadian Factory: Stratford, Ontario

Check the coupon below for the book in which you are interested

TRUCK CASTERS

FAULTLESS CASTER CO.
Evansville, Indiana
Gentlemen: Please send me the book checked below:
☐ Truck Casters ☐ General Casters
☐ Office Chair Casters
☐ Institution Casters

NOELTING
FAULTLESS · CASTERS
Makers of Quality Casters for a Third of a Century

(Continued from Page 81)

weeping, from a heart that was like a ringing vault. But the face of Josephine, beside her, was a more intricate study; it watched intently. Once or twice, though her eyes lost none of their level, straight intensity, an isolated tear escaped, and, as if startled by the feel of it, the face hardened slightly and the mouth remained in a defiant immobility, like a child well warned against making a disturbance. Only once did she move; hearing a voice behind her say: "That's the little Perry girl. Isn't she lovely looking?" she turned after a minute and gazed at a stained-glass window with an appreciative smile, lest her unknown admirers miss the sight of her side face.

Her family went on to the reception, so Josephine dined alone—or rather with her little brother and his nurse, which was the same thing.

She felt hollow. Tonight Anthony Harker, "so deeply lovable—so sweetly lovable—so deeply, sweetly lovable" was making love to someone new, kissing her ugly, jealous face; soon he would have disappeared forever, together with all the men of his generation, into a loveless matrimony, leaving only a world of Travis de Coppets and Ed Bements—people so easy they were scarcely worth the effort of a smile.

Up in her room, she was excited by the sight of herself in the mirror. Oh, what if she should die in her sleep tonight?

"Oh, what a shame," she whispered to herself.

She opened the window, and holding her only souvenir of Anthony, a big initialed linen handkerchief, crept desolately into bed. While the sheets were still cold, there was a knock at the door.

"Special-delivery letter."

Putting on the light, she opened it, turned to the signature, then back again, her breast rising and falling quickly under her school nightgown.

Darling Little Josephine: It's no use. I can't help it, I can't lie about it. I'm desperately, terribly in love with you. When you went away this afternoon, it all rushed over me, and I knew I couldn't give you up. I drove home, and I couldn't eat or sit still, but only walk up and down thinking of your darling face and your darling tears, there in that vestibule. And now I sit writing this letter ——

The letter was four pages long. Somewhere it disposed of their disparate ages as unimportant, and the last words were:

I know how miserable you must be, and I would give ten years of my life to be there to kiss your sweet lips good night.

When she had read the letter, Josephine sat motionless for some minutes; grief was suddenly gone, and for a moment she was so overwhelmed that she supposed joy had come in its stead. On her face was a twinkling frown.

"Gosh!" she said to herself. She read the letter once more.

Her first instinct was to call up Lillian, but she thought better of it. The image of the bride at the wedding popped out at her—the reproachless bride, unsullied, beloved and holy with a sweet glow. An adolescence of uprightness, a host of friends, then the appearance of the perfect lover, the ideal. With an effort, she recalled her drifting mind to the present occasion. Certainly Mary Warren would never have kept such a letter. Getting out of bed, Josephine tore it into little pieces and, with some difficulty, caused by an unexpected amount of smoke, burned it on a glass-topped table. No well-brought-up girl would have answered such a letter; the thing was to ignore it.

She wiped up the table top with the linen handkerchief she held in her hand, threw it absently into a laundry bag and crept into bed. She suddenly was very sleepy.

IV

FOR what ensued, no one, not even Constance, blamed Josephine. If a man of twenty-two should so debase himself as to try to pay frantic court to a girl of sixteen against the wishes of her parents and herself, there was only one answer—he was a person who shouldn't be received by decent people. When Travis de Coppet made a controversial remark on the affair at a dance, Ed Bement beat him into what was described as "a pulp," down in the wash room, and Josephine's reputation rose to normal and stayed there. How Anthony had called time and time again at the house, each time denied admittance, how he had threatened Mr. Perry, how he had tried to bribe a maid to deliver letters, how he had attempted to waylay Josephine on the street—these things pointed to the fact that he was a little mad. It was his own family who insisted that he should go West.

It was a trying time for Josephine. She saw now how close she had come to disaster, and she tried to make up for it to her parents by constant consideration and implicit obedience for the trouble she had unwittingly caused them. At first she decided she didn't want to go to any Christmas dances, but she was persuaded by her mother, who hoped she would be distracted by boys and girls home from school for the holidays. Mrs. Perry was taking her East to the Breerly School on January third, and in the buying of clothes and uniforms, mother and daughter were much together, and Mrs. Perry was delighted at Josephine's new feeling of responsibility and maturity.

As a matter of fact, it was sincere, and only once did she do anything that she could not have told all the world. The day after New Year's she put on her new traveling suit and her new fur coat and went out by her old egress, the side door, and walked down the block to the waiting car of Ed Bement. Downtown she left Ed waiting at a corner and entered a drug store opposite the old Union Station on La Salle Street. A young man with an unhappy mouth and desperate, baffled eyes was waiting for her there.

"Thank you for coming," he said miserably.

She didn't answer. Her face was grave and polite.

"Here's what I want—just one thing," he said quickly: "Why did you change? What did I do that made you change so suddenly? Was it something that happened, something I did? Was it what I said in the vestibule that night?"

Still looking at him, she tried to think, but she could only think how unattractive and rather terrible she found him now, and try not to let him see it. There would have been no use saying the simple truth—that she could not help what she had done, that great beauty has a need, almost an obligation, of trying itself, that her ample cup of emotion had spilled over on its own accord, and it was an accident that it had destroyed him and not her. The eyes of pity might follow Anthony Harker in his journey West, but certainly the eyes of destiny followed Josephine as she crossed the street through the falling snow to Ed Bement's car.

She sat quiet for a minute as they drove away, relieved and yet full of awe. He was twenty-two, handsome, popular and sought after, and how he had loved her—so much that he had to go away. She was impressed as if they had been two other persons.

Taking her silence for depression, Ed Bement said:

"Well, it did one thing anyhow—it stopped that other story they had around about you."

She turned to him quickly. "What story?"

"Oh, just some crazy story."

"What was it?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," he said hesitantly, "but there was a story around last August that you and Travis de Coppet were married."

"Why, how perfectly terrible!" she exclaimed. "Why, I never heard of such a lie. It ——" She stopped herself, short of saying the truth—that though she and Travis had adventurously driven twenty miles to New Ulm, they had been unable to find a minister willing to marry them. It all seemed ages behind her, childish, forgotten.

"Oh, how perfectly terrible!" she repeated. "That's the kind of story that gets started by jealous girls."

"I know," agreed Ed. "I'd just like to hear any boy try to repeat it to me. And nobody believed it anyhow."

It was the work of ugly and jealous girls. Ed Bement, aware of her body next to him, warm with youth and health, and of her face shining like fire through the half darkness, knew that nobody so beautiful could ever do anything really wrong.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Along the Dunes at Barnegat, New Jersey

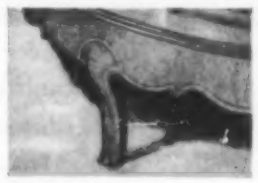
Modernize — for modern business

STORES that are analyzed and modernized by Grand Rapids Store Planning Engineers show a *marked upward swing in sales volume.*

Creating an inviting store atmosphere—arranging attractive displays—eliminating waste sales areas—regulating the flow of store traffic—locating departments—figuring the value of space on a "profit per square foot" basis—installing modern, interchangeable equipment . . . this is the work of the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation in modernizing stores for modern business.

* * *

Your store—any store, large or small—is bound to do *more business,* when planned and equipped scientifically. Our Store Planners don't guess—they KNOW! Their knowledge is based on nearly 30 years merchandising experience with thousands of successful stores. If every merchant realized fully what Grand Rapids Store Planning and Equipment means—in terms of good will, in *dollars and cents*—practically every store would be Grand Rapids equipped.



* * *

Modernize now! Our latest book, "The New Way Method in Merchandising," will open your eyes to its profit possibilities. Write for it today!

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORP., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Store planners, designers and manufacturers of fine store equipment. Factories: Grand Rapids; Portland, Oregon; Baltimore; New York City. Representatives everywhere.

GRAND RAPIDS
STORE EQUIPMENT

WHY REO IS GOOD FOR 100,000 MILES

HOW LONG do—or should—motor cars last? That was the question which automotive authorities set out to find the answer to a few years ago.

In an independent investigation based on government registration figures, these experts discovered that Reo outlasts all other cars of American origin and manufacture—regardless of price!

That, as we said, was a few years ago. Since then Reo has incorporated in the Reo Flying Cloud three important features that make the car last even longer.

First. A chrome-nickel alloy cylinder block. Do you know what chrome-nickel alloy is? It's the toughest metal ever used for cylinder blocks. It's *hard*—so hard that a file can't bite into it. It has seven times the endurance of the ordinary gray-iron block. That means less valve-seat wear—less grinding—less adjusting.

Second. Pistons made of Lo-ex—a new alloy as light as aluminum, yet tougher than tool steel. "Lo-ex" means "low expansion". Lo-ex pistons expand so little under heat that they can be fitted more tightly in the cylinders. They give less blow-by—more power. And these pistons are so tough, they give freedom from piston slap for twice the distance possible with ordinary pistons.

The third and greatest new feature of the Reo Flying Cloud is the Reo Silent-Second Transmission. The Reo Silent-Second Transmission reduces engine speed. That means less wear and tear on every part of the motor. And less wear and tear is only another name for longer life.

LONG LIFE? NO WONDER!

And remember! These are *added* long-life features. Features added to a car that already was good for 100,000 miles. Go over a Reo from radiator to tail-light—and you'll find that long life is built into every inch of the car.

There isn't a single part in a single Reo—no, not one single, solitary part—that isn't built to stand 50% to 100% more stress and strain than it will ever be asked to stand in actual use.

Take Reo's malleable castings. They're made of *live* metal, new metal, with all its life, all its toughness, all its sinewy strength. There isn't a single ounce of scrap—not one ounce of worked-over, burnt-out metal in the whole car.

Take Reo's forgings. Every single Reo forging is made *with* the grain. Steel has a grain like wood. Every Reo forging is made so that the strains and impacts come *with* that grain. You never get a "cross-grained" forging that snaps under stress—not in a Reo!

REO'S BEAUTY, TOO, IS LASTING!

Step into a Reo. Drive that car 50—60—70 miles an hour. You'll be amazed at the absence of vibration. You know what vibration does to a car. It kills it. Reo knows that—and Reo has beaten it. Do you know how? By balancing every major moving part—from the 7-bearing crankshaft down to the fan blades—with hair-trigger accuracy.

Reo is a car you'll enjoy driving for many years—and a car you'll be proud to drive for many years. For Reo's lines, like those of the highest priced cars, do not need yearly changes. The Reo you buy today will still be a distinguished looking car three, four, five years from now.

One hundred thousand miles is a tough assignment for any car—at any price. Yet 100,000 miles are built into the Reo—at a price but little more than you'd have to pay for a one or two-year car. See the Reo at your dealer's showroom. Drive it. Discover the satisfaction and the economy of owning a car that is GOOD — really good — for 100,000 miles!

REO PRICES NOW RANGE FROM . . $1175 TO . . . $1945

REO
SILENT-SECOND TRANSMISSION

Get behind the wheel of a Reo Flying Cloud and try out the Reo Silent-Second Transmission. It does almost unbelievable things. You can drive in second at 40 miles an hour—as smoothly, as silently, as in the ordinary high. You can drive through city traffic in second all day long—swiftly and silently, without shifting gears once! The Reo Silent-Second Transmission has ended all the grind—all the "feeling in" of gears—when you shift. You can shift from second to high at any speed—and from high back to second at 40—swiftly, surely, with one-finger ease. Just get behind the wheel of a Reo Flying Cloud and try out this transmission. You'll agree that it is the greatest automotive improvement since the self-starter.

The REO FLYING CLOUD MODEL 25 . . . . SPORT SEDAN . . . . EQUIPPED WITH REO SILENT-SECOND TRANSMISSION

$1945 *f. o. b. Lansing, Michigan . . . . (Spare tires extra)*

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Mich.

REO

FLYING CLOUD

GOOD *for* 100,000 miles

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth—do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know, always uses powder.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS, dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life.

Neutralize Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than other anti-acids.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, maximum freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

In use over 60 years

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

OFF THE ARM

(Continued from Page 11)

a pet. Why, they'd steal each other's overcoats to buy clothes for me!"

I shed an inward tear for Ikey, one of the best men who ever breathed, and wondered what had become of his most excellent, hard-working wife, and where the boarders were "scoffing and dossing" now.

"How's the husband?" I asked presently; for if you wanted to know anything from Sally, I saw, the best way was to be direct, and I wondered if they were still quarreling.

She chuckled.

"You should have seen that Hugeous wallop a guy that tried to get fresh with me the other day!" she said. "That big highbrow can lick nearly everybody—that's one nice thing about Hugeous; he'll wallop anyone I tell him to."

This seemed to promise well for the matrimonial situation. But she straightway sighed and confided:

"You know, that's one way I can tell he is still in love with me," she said. "After we've had a lot of rows, I get him to bounce a couple of fast ones off some guy's chin, and then we stage a big reconciliation scene."

She gathered her sketches and got up.

"He's throwing a party tonight," she said. "His little special gang of nuts. You might waddle in, anywhere from ten o'clock to four in the morning."

She laughed again. "They've got hold of a real live Russian now," she said, "and they're worshiping him because he's a Russian. I think Mr. Hugh Cass is getting a little jealous. But Michael doesn't know what it's all about, nor why he's being worshiped—he's used to Russians himself."

At the party that night I easily identified the Russian because of his evident bewilderment. He spoke French fluently, but he did not understand English very well, and the talk of Cass' crowd puzzled him.

An enameled blonde, named Nancy, was asking him:

"Don't you think that the same dynamically symmetrical rhythms which underlie the work of Archipenko and Stravinsky also make themselves felt in the passionate architecture of the Kremlin and the strophes of the Third International?"

"Ah, *oui!*" said Michael. "Oh, yess, yess; a good deal!" And added, a little vaguely, I thought: "It is the same with your Wall Street, *n'est-ce pas?* Up and down—down and up—rhythmic! Yess?"

"What Mike really wants," Sally confided to me, "is to get to New York somehow and be a bond salesman. He keeps telling them so, but they won't believe him."

Some of them, I learned, assumed that he was a grand duke in exile, and probably one of the charter members of the great order of Rasputin Shooters, Local No. 4; while others assumed that he was a Bolshevist agent; all assumed that he must know everything about all The Arts, being Russian. And they were happy—they had their Russian; no little group is complete unless it has its Russian.

Cass' satellites were the same in Paris as if they had never left Greenwich Village; they sat about at the Café du Dome and La Rotonde, speaking bad French to waiters who understood English well enough, and acted superior to all creation on the strength of the fiction that they were great artists. But the sculptors never sculped, the painters never painted, the poets never wrote verse, the musicians were beyond all instruments, the novelists never produced novels; none of them ever worked. They talked, they theorized, they condemned; principally they condemned people who worked or were American.

"Walt Whitman," one young fellow asserted—and he seemed quite serious when he said it—"was the minor prophet who prepared the way for the splendid creative work of Henry L. Mencken."

"Both Rotarians, my dear!" said Nancy, blowing Whitman and Mencken away in the same puff of smoke.

Cass set them both right, sonorously, and they all hearkened to him. Cass was differentiated from the rest of them not only by the fact that he had something in him but also by his touch of the oratorical pedagogue.

And he would have tried to patronize Zeus. His hangers-on took their tone from him, and they all patronized Sally. Sally was the perfect hostess; she mixed drinks capably; she "rustled the scoffin's," as she put it, and "dealt 'em off the arm" efficiently; and she listened like a charmed bird while her husband laid down the law on—on everything. Cass opined that "there might yet develop in the American hinterland, through a gradual fusion of racial characteristics, that Passion of Dream without which Art is Wingless and Life itself a Sordid Externality." The capitalization was in his voice. He crushed, with a ringing hammer stroke of phraseology, the sculptress who objected to Michelangelo because she found him "too American," and did it in such a way as to patronize Michelangelo as well as America.

He stood before the little fireplace, glass in hand, and shook his tawny mane, and released shafts of music among us.

"Just listen to that big boy converse," whispered Sally to me, while Cass was explaining that "the efflorescence of the National Psyche must always be preceded by multitudinous burgeonings of Fine Desire."

"I ask you, kid, is that language, or is mamma just a fool, what?" murmured Sally, as the harplike voice functioned in accordance with its nature.

Her admiration was genuine. She knew that shirt was partly stuffed with nonsense. But his music charmed her too.

"You know, Waddle," she said quite sincerely, "the nicest thing about it all is that Hugeous really knows what he's talking about, too, a good deal of the time!"

For the rest of the time—the time when she herself saw that it was nothing but bright leaves whirling in the wind—she could forgive him, for she loved him.

Along about one o'clock in the morning, one of the composers who never composed announced that he had created a new Post-Dadaist music, based on the dance of the electrons, and this statement—harmless enough in itself, it seemed to me—precipitated a wrangle.

Cass set everybody right again, but they were too busy asking Michael what he thought of it to listen to him. And it was just after this that he began to treat Sally badly.

Whether it was because they were paying less attention to him than to their captive Russian; whether he and Sally had recently had another row, which she had got over and he hadn't; whether he had had a bit too much to drink; whether her obvious adoration began to make him seem a little ridiculous to himself, or for all these causes combined, Cass lost his temper over nothing.

"Have another spot of the Psychic Efflorescence, Hugeous?" Sally inquired, tilting a bottle toward his empty glass in a lull in the intellectual racket.

He chose to take it as an impertinent criticism of his entire evening's performance. Several ill-advised satellites laughed. His cheek bones turned red above his beard, and he said:

"There is always the impulse to destroy the thing one does not comprehend—the thing or the person!"

"Oh, Hugeous, you know I didn't mean it that way!"—and she flung her arms around him.

There was another laugh, and feeling sure now that he appeared ludicrous to his would-be-sophisticated friends, he became angrier.

"Big boy," she wailed, "you know I was just kidding you! Be human! I love every ivory tile in your dome!"

He freed himself from the indignity of her embrace, while the studio roared at them; and it was apparent that the laughter tore at his vanity like claws.

"We don't compose well as a domestic picture," he said as he put her away from him. Then a little glint came in his eyes, and he drawled, looking about the walls, which were covered with Sally's sketches and drawings: "Not that bad composition would be any novelty in our apartment."

It was a petty revenge for the laceration of his ego, and cruel.

"Oh!" said Sally, following his gaze.

And everybody looked at Sally's pictures. Most of them were not very good. Some sketches were wittily conceived, as the one she had made of me, but the drawing was that of a student still uncertain. It was excellent game for her present critics, for Sally had not been influenced by any of the post-futurist, post-cubist fads; she was laboring to get hold of a sound technical method, trying to learn to draw—a thing which these idlers and shirkers instinctively resented.

Cass' voice had delivered her over to them, the echoes responded. They embroidered the theme.

"Hundred per cent American art," murmured the sculptress who had objected to Michelangelo.

"Why not?" said another. "Sally's going to illustrate books for the Watch and Ward Society."

"Oh, cripes!" said Sally, good-naturedly enough. "I know it's junk as well as you do; let it go at that!"

But they could not let it go at that. And they could not let her remain good-natured. It was not the ordinary comradely banter which fellow journeymen in the arts and crafts know how to give and take. There was a cutting edge to it, and there was intended to be. They felt Cass behind them.

"Really, now," said Cass, from time to time, and: "Oh, but I think you're wrong there." He affected to check the anvil chorus, but in reality incited it.

None of Cass' crowd liked her, for she saw through them all.

"Oh, leave it lay!" said Sally after a while, a little less patiently. "Just call it tripe and leave it lay!"

She was not really concerned over the criticism itself, although she recognized the spirit behind it. These people did not matter much to her. But she was growing more and more deeply hurt by Cass' cruelty in delivering her over to them. She made, however, another effort to carry it off with a laugh.

"You sure have got a pack of well-trained bloodhounds, Simon Legree," she said to her husband.

"It's impeccably moral, at least," said Nancy, "like Sally."

This got a rise out of Sally. She retorted: "What you really mean, Nancy, is that you think I'll never be an artist because I don't fuss around with other women's husbands!"

"Sally!" Cass' voice was ominous.

She turned to him. "Well, she brags about it!" she shot at him.

There was a hush. They all stood or sat as painfully still as if this had been a mid-Victorian drawing-room, in a queer reversal of their professed attitude.

"I think," said Cass, "that you owe an apology to our guest."

"You've got a couple more thinks coming to you, Mr. Hugh Cass," she said.

But they all thought so, or affected to think so, since they did not like Sally. It was amusing, for the girl Nancy, as Sally had said, bragged about her affairs. Most of them expressed an utter scorn of monogamy; they vaunted the utter freedom of their lives, and even insisted on thrusting a knowledge of their liaisons and infidelities upon a world not in the slightest degree interested.

"Sally, you owe ——" began Cass again.

(Continued on Page 90)

To the Woman whose husband is wedded to his work

WHAT if his business day seldom ends at five . . . that's little reason for you to become an overtime widow. Perhaps if he had a cheery, comfortable place of his own at home where he could get things done . . . Why not? Something as quieting, as inviting, as the room illustrated?

Happy thought! And let's not call it a *den*. First, we won't make it fussy . . . nothing to disturb his masculine sensibilities. Even the floor must be sedate, have a businesslike dignity. Well . . . why not the same type of floor he walks on all day long?

A splendid start—for with a softly colored floor of Armstrong's Linoleum we can literally make over any room of the house, even transform spare-room space that always foiled past decorating efforts. What pattern shall we pick? There are scores to choose from. We can even design our own floor with the new Linosets (fashionable figured inserts), and Linostrips (feature border effects).

The new floor, too, can be all in place before he comes home for dinner; yes, in time to let you fix up the whole room. And that means permanently cemented over linoleum lining felt.

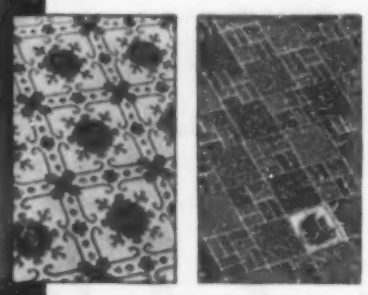
You won't have to tiptoe in when you bring him his slippers. This floor is quiet. If he paces up and down when he solves knotty problems, it won't remind him—or you. It's so springy, so foot-cushioning. Warm, too.

Another thing you'll both appreciate. An Armstrong's Linoleum Floor won't spot or stain. Even ink wipes right up. That's a feature of the new Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing keeps it like new. Should the floor need frequent washing, just renew the surface with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Breathes there a man overburdened with business cares who wouldn't welcome the soothing quiet of a room like this? Here even the floor invites repose. It is a quiet, foot-easy Armstrong's Linoleum, Design No. 63.

Like some help?

Draw a little diagram of the man's room you'd like to plan—or any other room you intend to redecorate. Describe the furnishings. Hazel Dell Brown of our Bureau of Interior Decoration will gladly lend a hand, send you complete color scheme set-ups of actual materials for walls, woodwork, draperies, and floors. The complete story of this free service is explained in Mrs. Brown's latest book—"New Ideas in Home Decoration." Ten cents in stamps brings you a copy. (Canada 20¢.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 329 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



Left—Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid No. 3058. Right—Another Embossed effect now showing, Design No. 6007.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN ~ INLAID ~ JASPÉ ~ EMBOSSED ~ PRINTED ~ and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

What Waverly's 50 years mean to you

WHEN you find a business that is strong, progressive and growing at the end of its first 50 years, you can say with certainty:

"Here is a business with a useful product, of unusual quality, and fairly priced . . . Here is a business with exceptional experience, skill, knowledge and resources—supported by policies which merited success and leadership."

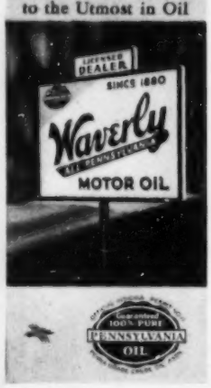
Waverly is fifty years old this year.

Waverly Motor Oil (All Pennsylvania) should be, and is, a superior motor oil. It is Waverly's ambition to excel even the small, select class of fine motor oils that are its only competitors—to be a leader of leaders in quality.

Waverly is sold only by licensed dealers, and under a most unusual guarantee. When used in your car it will give finer operating results and actual economy—even though you may *pay* a little more for it. Try Waverly the next time you need oil, and judge its advantages for yourself.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

A Trustworthy Guide to the Utmost in Oil



Waverly

ALL-PENNSYLVANIA

MOTOR OIL

35 *Cents a Quart*

1880
1930
FIFTY YEARS
of Faith, Effort
and Ambition
to Excel

(Continued from Page 88)

"I owe myself a little rest," Sally interrupted.

She moved toward the door of her bedroom, looking tired. But in the doorway she flared up again and flung at the whole company:

"Suppose it is bad work—it's work, anyhow—and I never heard of any of you wisecrackers doing any! Except Hugh, and you bootlicking four-flushers are ruining him! Artists! Why don't you go and art a little? You can tell everybody where they get off, but nobody can tell you; you've never been on!"

They were taking it in silence—a silence which they meant to be construed as infinitely contemptuous and superior—but they did not look at each other.

"Be sure you're right, and then go to hell!" she concluded, and went into the room and banged the door loudly after her. It was the immature Sally's idea of an effective exit.

I looked about, curious as to whether any of this company, so resoundingly slapped by their hostess, would consider that they owed it to their dignity to get up and leave. But their special kind of dignity did not seem to work that way. In a moment or two they were jamming wind again; only the Russian was uncomfortable. He knew that he had witnessed a scene, and he did not know what its significance was.

Cass, with the echoes answering his voice once more, looked so complacently triumphant because Sally had banged a door and put herself in the wrong that I wanted to assault him. Probably he would lick me, I reflected, but even if my legs are short, I could certainly kick him as high as the shins before he laid me out. But I had a distaste for getting laid out in that company. So I took my hat and overcoat and, under cover of the renewed clamor of intelligence, went out unobserved. For that matter, I had been unobserved all evening. I wrote stuff that sold, and they were above all that sort of thing and ignored my existence.

I left the Cour du Dragon and wandered through the network of crooked streets over toward the Seine, thinking of the scene I had left. Possibly Cass had not reflected just how cruel he had been when he allowed his parasites to make game of the girl. He was so used to patronizing Sally, he was so accustomed to their rows and threats of anger at each other, that perhaps it had not occurred to him how much more deeply she would be wounded with all these people present and siding against her.

But he should have known; he should have been aware of the continuing affection back of her occasional impertinences At this point in my meditations I was startled into a realization of my surroundings by a taxi driver who was playing the usual Parisian game of missing me by the fraction of an inch, and then bombing me with grenades of derision for my awkwardness. I had got out upon the Pont Neuf, without noticing where my feet were carrying me, and was in the Place Dauphine, just opposite the statue of Henri Quatre, that great and gallant Henry of Navarre, who gazes eternally at the Palais de Justice as if astonished at the complicated modern bureaucracy intrenched therein—or perhaps he is only wondering idly what makes the taxicabs go.

Just as I recognized Henry, a flying shadow passed between me and the base of the statue, and made for the stone coping of the bridge at the point where the steps go down into the little square, behind the monument, which forms the point of the island.

It was a woman, and she was already trying to clamber up when I rushed and grabbed her—her intention of throwing herself into the river was plain.

"What the hell!" I said, excitedly, as I struggled with her, dragging her back.

"Let me go! Let me go!" she sobbed, squirming in my arms and beating on my face and chest with her fists.

The pale illumination, electricity and moonlight weirdly mingled, fell on her face, and I saw that it was Sally.

"What the hell!" I said again.

She knew me at the same moment. "Let go of me, you fat boob, and mind your own business!" she cried hysterically.

But suddenly she went lax in my grasp—not that she had fainted, but all her energy seemed to leave her. "I shouldn't have called you a boob, Waddle," she murmured. "You're so like a nice plump old uncle." And then, with a return of her tension and wildness: "Oh, Waddle, what shall I do?"

"Anything but croak yourself, you poor little simp," I said, in her own favorite vernacular.

I looked about. She needed to rest and cry before she went back home—or anywhere else, if she never intended to go back home—and the only benches in sight were all too well lighted.

I kept hold of her arm and steered her to a shadowed place behind the statue itself. There is an iron fence around the noble Bourbon's effigy, and she sat on the stone base from which the metal palings spring, with her back against them. I sat beside her, where I could grab her again if she should have a return of the suicidal impulse that had sent her scampering to the river.

"Now cry," I said, "but cry as quietly as you can; there's always a gendarme sooner or later. But maybe you won't be noticed here for a while." I was deliberately matter-of-fact, not only for the sake of holding down her emotions but for the sake of my own.

Being a contrary person in many ways, she would not at once give way to the burst of weeping she needed, simply because I had invited her to. But every now and then a sob shook and twisted her, although she actually took hold of her throat with her hands, as if to stop them. I busied myself energetically and determinedly saying nothing. Finally she turned to me belligerently.

"He isn't as mean as you think he is!" she said.

"He's mean enough to be taken to pieces with a brick," I replied.

"He'd wallop you to a fare-ye-well before you could even get to him with a brick," she said, almost proudly.

"Yes, and you'd stand by and admire him and cheer him on while he did it," I suggested.

She started; she actually giggled. But the giggle got tangled with another sob. "Uh-huh, I would," she mourned. "If anyone took my part against him, I'd side with him. I'm just that kind of a female fool!"

"If it makes you unhappy, get over it," I advised.

"Listen," she returned; "I meant it when I said he isn't as mean as you think he is. He doesn't know ——"

"If he's mean enough to make you drown yourself, he's too mean to suit me, stating it mildly," I said.

"He doesn't know how mean he is; that's what I'm trying to get across to you."

"He does, too," I affirmed; "he practices being mean. He enjoys it. It's his favorite racket."

"No, no!" she wailed. "It's only because he's got so swell-headed lately that he doesn't realize how other people must be feeling—that's it! That rotten gang has spoiled him so he thinks of himself all the time, and he doesn't know what's going on inside of me. He didn't use to be like this at all. You don't get him, Waddle. He's mean like a kid's mean—without really knowing it!"

"Oh, that's it—just a great big jolly innocent boy, a great-hearted, simple-minded child."

"You don't believe it," Sally cried, "but he really is more like that than you think!"

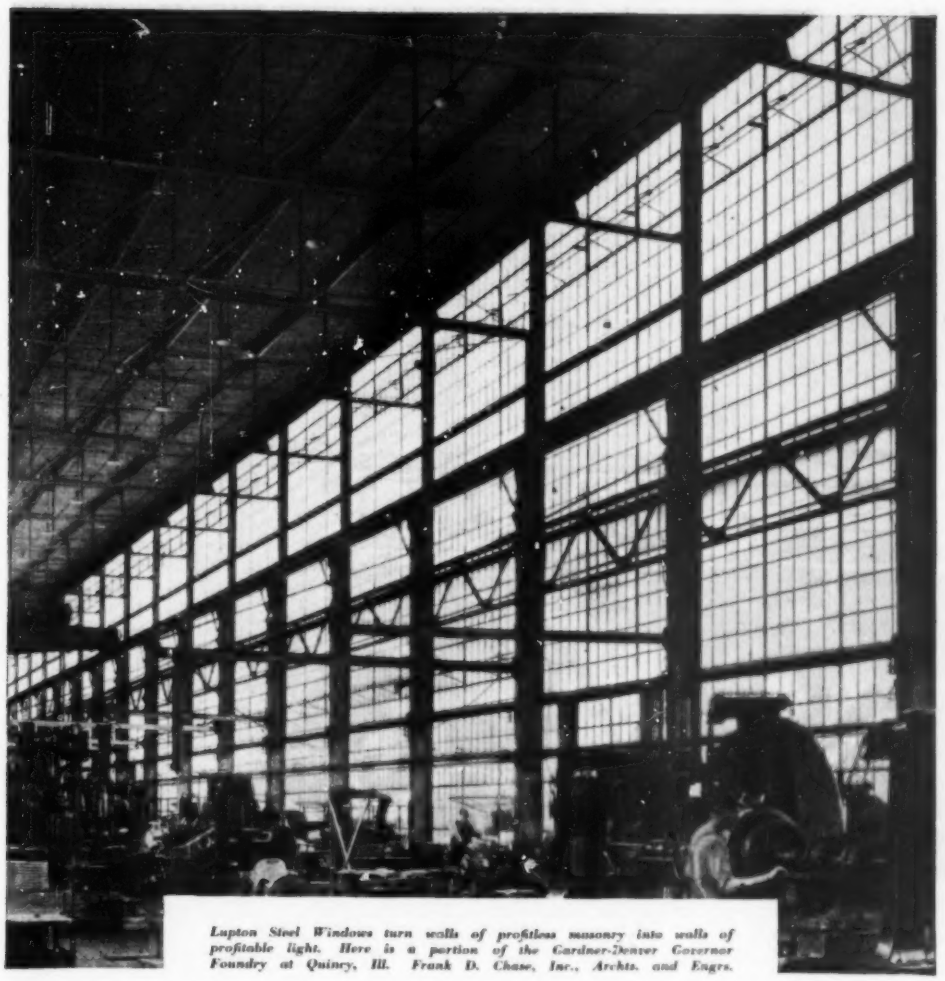
"Well, that's fine," I replied. "You run along and apologize to him now, and he'll be sweet enough to forgive you for trying to drown yourself."

Immediately I wished that I had not said it. For she cried out desperately, "Oh, he used to love me—Waddle, he really used to love me!"

(Continued on Page 93)

LUPTON

PUTS DAYLIGHT IN A PICTURE-FRAME



Lupton Steel Windows turn walls of profitless masonry into walls of profitable light. Here is a portion of the Gardner-Denver Governor Foundry at Quincy, Ill. Frank D. Chase, Inc., Archts. and Engrs.

More than 7000 Ford dealers throughout the U. S. use Lupton Auto Parts Storage Systems for their Model A and Model T parts. Lupton Systems are made for all makes of cars.

Lupton Casement Windows are made in various styles and sizes for fine monumental buildings or for residences, apartments and similar buildings. Priced to fit the average building budget.

LUPTON STEEL PRODUCTS

Lupton Combination Casements bring balanced ventilation without draft to modern office buildings, hotels, hospitals and other similar buildings.

Lupton Residence Casement Windows for homes and apartments. Beautiful in design — practical in use. Snug in winter — extra ventilation in summer.

Lupton Monumental Casement Windows add impressiveness to banks, libraries, clubs and fine office buildings.

Lupton Projected Windows bring extra light and ventilation to schools and office buildings at moderate cost.

Lupton Pivoted Windows. The standard and accepted steel window for side-walls of industrial buildings, small and large.

Screens are available for residence casements, pivoted windows, and commercial projected windows.

Lupton Continuous Windows, A-Frames, Pond Roof Design and Operating Device provide remarkable efficiency in the natural lighting and ventilation of industrial buildings.

Lupton Steel Shelving. Maximum storage or display of merchandise. Adjustable. Reasonable in cost. Also Lupton Auto Parts Storage Systems. Steel display equipment for hardware stores, bins and tables for textile mills.

Other *Lupton Products* include steel doors, partitions for offices, skylights, gutters, elbows and conductor pipes for homes.

Catalogs are available on each of these products. We will gladly send you free a booklet on the particular product in which you are interested.

ENVISAGE, if you will, a rectangle of light . . . natural light . . . daylight . . . framed in a window of steel. A picture to brighten the walls of a factory and lighten the labors of men and women. This is how Lupton and Nature collaborate to improve working conditions—and increase output.

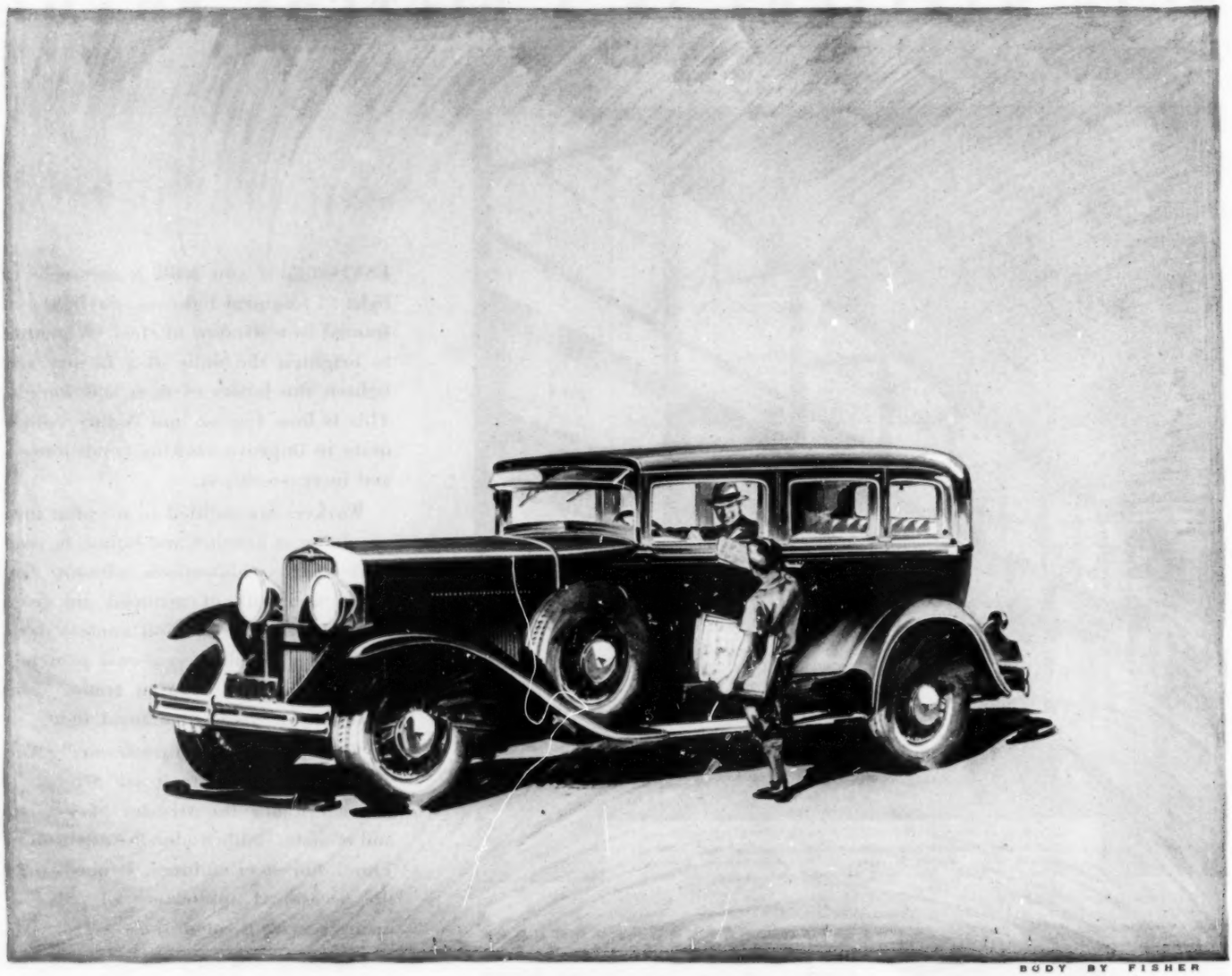
Workers are entitled to *see* what they are doing at benches and lathes; to read micrometric calibrations without eye-strain and without artificial aid from the power-house, save on sunless days. Lupton applies the greenhouse principle to all buildings. Lupton trades solid masonry for areas of natural light.

"Daylight in a picture-frame." And what a picture-frame it is! Steel . . . staunch under the stresses of weather and climate, stable under the attrition of Time! For steel endures. It needs only the occasional application of paint to insure service through the years.

Lupton is not only the name of the finest steel windows that men and machinery can fabricate—it is the symbol of service, the designation of an engineering organization that is ready and qualified to work with *your* engineers to produce the best results at nominal cost. Nature and Lupton do not figure costs in kilowatt hours. What are your particular problems? David Lupton's Sons Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

LUPTON

WHERE STEEL
IS FUSED WITH SINCERITY



BODY BY FISHER

A Shrewd Investment

In your motor car, as in any investment, you want security, value, and an adequate return. The Viking Eight is especially able to give you these advantages. Its progressive engineering, unusual provisions for dependability, and the fact that it is a General Motors product provide ample assurance that your money is securely invested. Generous size, the quality of materials and construction, the fact that it is a 90-degree V-type eight, point to the remarkable value it represents at medium price. And its sparkling performance; responsive handling ease; year 'round reliability; restful riding comfort; and tailored beauty combine to return motoring satisfaction that continues to grow as the months and miles roll by. Whether you look upon your automobile as a source of infinite pleasure, or as a cash investment in transportation, there is much about the Viking that will appeal to you and prove to you that it is a shrewd investment in motoring satisfaction.

VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 90)

Then broke the storm of weeping I had thought would come earlier. She flung herself upon me in a blind agony of tears, and like a desolate child—the desolate child that she was—she buried her face against my shoulder and clutched me and abandoned herself to her trouble.

Presently she said, still shaken and torn with the spasms: "Oh, there's no use trying to kid myself any more. He's just simply turned yellow, and I know it! He used to love me! He wasn't this way! He used to love me before his head got so swelled!" She broke off crying suddenly, gulped and snuffled, and inquired, "Got a handkerchief, Waddle?"

I handed her my handkerchief and said nothing. She was trying valiantly to get control of herself again. She blew her nose and remarked, with an attempt at levity, "I would stage a sob act without the properties; that's me!"

But she could not carry through with that.

"What made it all so rotten," she said, at grips with her agony again, "was that he knew—he must have known—how proud I'd been of him all evening! And then turning me over to that gang to pan the way he did, and ——"

She was inarticulate for a moment. She used the handkerchief again, and wadded it into a little ball and stared at it with her lips working silently. Pretty soon her voice came, with a sigh:

"He's changed so!" she said. "What made him change? I didn't change!"

She became incoherent again, and I did not try to check her weeping.

"Just simply tired of me—that's it!" she managed to say after a while.

Presently she got more of a grip on herself and began to attempt to think it out.

"Of course," she said, "I know what the answer is—either lick him or quit him."

"If you quit him," I said, "what will you do?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm a good waitress," she replied, "even if I am a bad artist. I can always go back to dealing them off the arm."

I was glad to see that she had got to the place where she could consider her problem sanely, and I was not much afraid that the suicidal hysteria would seize her again. A person who has just been dragged back from self-destruction is really glad of it, whether he likes to acknowledge it or not, and it is usually a long time before he will face the thought of death again. He has had an escape from a madness that is generally only temporary.

"I don't want to quit him," she considered, speaking slowly. "And if there was some way of walloping him into shape again I wouldn't have to."

"It'll take some wallop," I muttered.

"Uh-huh," she agreed; "it will. But all this stuff you have seen is on top—at least, I think it is. It broke out on him like a rash only five or six months ago. It's what these psychological sharks call a complex, and that basket of ptomaine tomatoes makes him worse and worse. If something puts a dent into his nut and he gets away from those art lice, he'll be like he used to be."

"If he knew you tried to kill yourself," I suggested, "that might put the dent in him he needs."

She thought this over. "No," she decided, "that would be hijacking the big goof. It would be like threatening him that if he didn't love me, I'd do it again. I want him to love me because he loves me, and not because he's sandbagged into it. It would be as bad as telling him I was going to have a baby."

"You've considered that?"

"Uh-huh," she admitted. "It's supposed to be the old sure-fire hokum stuff, isn't it—leads to the happy ending and all that bunk? You ought to know—you write that kind of apple sauce. But I'm not going to spring the baby racket on him, either; that would be another way of hijacking him. He'd see through it, too, and loathe me for it—and I wouldn't blame him much." She meditated again, and came out of the silence with this practical thought: "Also, if I tried the baby racket, and it didn't work after all—why, hell's bells, there's me with the baby!"

I didn't think so much of the ultimate success of a matrimonial adventure where a girl of nineteen is forced to work her way to all these worldly wise conclusions, but I said nothing.

"No," she summed up presently, "it's either lick him fair, or quit him cold."

"Lick 'em and love 'em," I suggested. But the thought in my mind was that if she succeeded in dominating Cass she would probably lose interest in him.

"Lick 'em or leave 'em," she amended. She added, more seriously: "I don't mean that it's got to be me that licks him—it's better if it isn't. But something's got to hand him a jolt, or else ——"

Something between a sigh and a yawn interrupted her. "I'm as tired as—as a palooka box fighter in the seventh round," she murmured, and suddenly leaned against my shoulder, utterly worn out by the excitements and emotions she had passed through.

"You're an awful nice little egg, Waddle," she said drowsily.

"You're an ethical young rip yourself," I replied.

"Don't be so stingy with your overcoat," she muttered. "Let me have the tail of it, anyhow." I gave it all to her. She slumped against my shoulder again. "I just simply love you, Waddle," she yawned.

"No, you don't," I said to myself. "At least not in the way I'd try to make you, if you weren't in this miserable jam."

But I was careful to say it altogether to myself, for what the girl needed was a friend, and not someone who would try to take advantage of the situation created by her rows with Cass.

"You're so nice and cushiony, Waddle," said Sally sleepily.

And with that she began to snore. I was rather in a quandary. I did not feel like waking her at once and taking her back home, although she had indicated that she was going to give Cass another chance. The party must still be going on, and her return at the height of it might easily precipitate another row. At the same time I was afraid we might be discovered sitting there by some gendarme who would mistake the character of the situation and become annoying, if nothing more. But I decided to allow her to sleep, for a while at least, since she was so worn out, and risk it. It would do Cass good if he discovered her gone and worried a bit.

Sally clung to her sleep with the persistence of a boy of ten who simply refuses to be wakened, even if you shake him; and I did shake her. She would rouse a little and stare at me, murmur incoherently, and lapse at once into deep slumber. So I took pity on her again and let her snore. But when she did awake of herself, she was awake all over, immediately, like a cat.

"Cripes! It's morning!" she cried, springing up.

She stood, recollecting.

"Why, you poor old tomato!" she said to me. "You must have held me up all night!"

We moved slowly from the bridge into the Rue Dauphine. Two or three red-elbowed early washerwomen were already descending to the level of the stream. Birds chirped in the chestnut trees along the Quai Conti; and to the eastward, beyond the towers of Notre Dame, the chilly sky trembled into full daylight. But I was in no lyric mood myself, nor was Sally.

"Back to the army again, sergeant!" she said.

I was wondering what sort of reception we were going to get—almost any kind of husband might be inclined to suggest a word of explanation when his wife came tripping in at dawn with another man. Maybe Sally was thinking of the same thing. The red-eyed *concierge* and his bearded wife glared at us with a knowing malevolence

(Continued on Page 95)

Your Pipe
lets you think

YOUR pipe does help when time comes for the brain to click along on all cylinders. It's not a matter of stimulating brain cells, for then you couldn't think *without* a pipe.

Pipe-smoke just shuts out the little distractions and lets you concentrate. You move straight to your point—clear-minded, deliberate, certain. Your pipe lets you take full swing with *all you have.*

That's why the leaders of men, the captains of every degree, are apt to love their pipes. They've found friendliness there, trustworthy help through knotty problems.

If *you* haven't met a good pipe filled with good tobacco, now's the time. Just be sure it's a *good* pipe. And so you can be sure it's good *tobacco* too, we'd like to be there with several pipefuls of Edgeworth. See the coupon? That's your free ticket for a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of genuine old Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change.* Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Tune in on
WRVA
the Edgeworth
Radio Station
270.1 meters
1110 kilocycles
* * *
Corn Cob
Pipe Club
every Wednesday
9:30 P. M.
Eastern Time

LARUS & BRO. CO.,
100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.
I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.
My name_____
My street address_____
And the town and state_____
NOW LET THE EDGEWORTH COME! E-6

Enjoy this EASTER as never before with MAJESTIC'S COLORFUL TONE

JOYOUS music . . colorful songs . . mighty organs . . wondrous choirs . . celebrated sermons . . the worthwhile things that fill the air at Eastertide. Afterwards, year after year of unending entertainment. The 1930 Majestic, with the new patented *Colotura Dynamic Speaker*, is distinctly better for clearness—for distance—for true tone—for absolute realism. Improved also is the famed COLORFUL TONE that made Majestic *two million times* America's choice.

EACH of the six new Majestic models contains: the new Colotura Dynamic Speaker; Majestic Matched Super-Tubes; and a simplified, stronger chassis which assures long service and unusual freedom from trouble. Ask today for a Free Home Trial. Easy payments if you wish. Be ready to enjoy this Easter—and the seasons to come—as never before. GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A. *World's Largest Manufacturers of Complete Radio Receivers.*

NEW! Majestic Model 93 (illustrated) in this exquisite Walnut cabinet, includes: new COLOTURA SPEAKER; *new simplified chassis; matched tubes.*

EACH Sunday evening, enjoy an hour listening to the entertaining Majestic Theatre of the Air, nine to ten Eastern Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

In Canada: ROGERS-MAJESTIC RADIO
Prices slightly higher

Majestic RADIO

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan Licensis Associates.

(Continued from Page 93)

from their half-open door as we went into the building. Perhaps we were in for a scene.

But we need not have worried. Cass was in the living room, which still reeked with the mingled odors of food, liquor, tobacco and candles, and he was sitting on a divan, a drawing board on his lap, with all the windows closed, writing in this stuffy atmosphere. Paper, crushed and discarded, or approved and smooth, was all about him. There was a complacent smile on his face, and his left hand complacently stroked his beautiful beard.

He frowned at us, and took the one hand from the beard and motioned us to immobility as we entered; warning us not to interrupt some splendid strophe that was flashing from the mind to the paper. We stood silent for perhaps two minutes. Then he suddenly jumped to his feet.

"Listen!" he commanded. And the magnificent voice began to chant:

"I said to Zeus upon Olympus:
'If I cease to believe in you,
You cease to exist!
Without my worship, you are not!
And you are fallen,
Fallen!
The old godheads are fallen!
For I no longer give them countenance!
You are the past,
Ruined godheads,
But I,
I am the future!
I have cast you down!
I,
I am the future,
I ——'"

"You aren't either!" I interrupted. "You aren't even the present!"

Sally sank to a chair, and there were both laughter and tears in her voice as she cried, "Oh, Waddle, he doesn't even know I've been gone!"

It was two years after that morning before I saw the Casses again. I returned to America. In that two years Cass became a celebrity. It was his novel, Mismated, that did it—put him across into the big time, as his wife would have said.

Put it down to professional jealousy if you like—and I might as well admit jealousy of Cass, professional and personal; for I perceive that I can't keep it out of my narration, no matter how hard I try—set it down to jealousy, then, but the fact is I could not understand why Mismated should be such an instantaneous hit. But a hit it was, undeniably.

Half a dozen novels get themselves and their authors widely talked about each year; two or three are remembered a year later and the others forgotten. It was in the spring of 1925 that Cass bounded into general notice, and in a short time—just a few weeks—he was a lion.

Mismated was the story of a genius whose wife did not understand him. The theme appeared to me to be sufficiently threadbare, and I decided that it must be the manner in which the thing was written that had carried it. Cass had been lucky enough, or clever enough, to please the public fancy with his method. In this respect he had sent his shaft right into the bull's-eye of the target.

The wife was a distorted version of Sally; and the unfair thing about it, to anyone who knew them, was that he affected to be so fair to her. There was another character in it—a minor character, evidently introduced for the sake of comic relief to the major theme—whose name was Roland Paul.

Roland Paul was fat and walked with a rolling gait, and the silly, impossible wife of the hero had nicknamed him Roly-Poly. This Roly-Poly was a sentimental ass who wrote old-fashioned he-and-she stories and believed in them; he fed pigeons in the Luxembourg Gardens with a sirupy smile upon his fat face; he cried publicly whenever he saw an American flag; he maintained an enthusiastic belief in the entire Santa Claus family; he was middle-aged, but he dressed like a college youth, and he was ridiculous in several other ways.

"The son-of-a-gun! He beat me to it!" I said. I was reading the novel for the second time, a few months after its publication. "I wonder if I strike everybody as an animated apple dumpling?" I murmured.

Well, there was one thing pretty sure, I told myself: Sally must have ceased to love Cass by this time. She had said that something must put a dent in him to make him human again. And nothing had. Quite the contrary. He was more swell-headed than ever.

My jealousy of him had not been altogether literary. I would have fallen in love with Sally, if there had been any use in it; but a lot of good that would have done me, with her in love with Cass! So I had resolutely kept my mind off the idea of it. But now, since there had been a break—and there must have been a break; if not before he had written Mismated, then certainly after Sally had read it—now, since there had been a break ——

But that was all nonsense, of course! Sally was twenty-one now and I was forty-two. There was something about my being exactly twice her age that made it seem more impossible than if she had been a year or two younger or I a year or two older.

Besides, I amused her. My rotundity amused her; my gait amused her; she thought my stories were old-fashioned and commonplace; my baldness amused her. After ten or twelve years of marriage, the fact that a man still amused his wife might count in his favor, but a girl of twenty-one does not marry a man simply because she finds him amusing.

Perhaps she would find me still more amusing if I tried to make love to her. Fat men are commonly supposed to enjoy jokes on themselves, but in reality they are among the most sensitive of God's more unfortunate creatures. To propose—and have Sally giggle?

Just the same, I wanted to see her. I had no idea whether she was still in Paris, or whether she had returned to America or where she might be living. I sought out people who might have known the Casses here or abroad, and made very guarded inquiries. But it was all of no avail. When I finally discovered her, it was by accident.

She was waiting on tables again in a restaurant. Food has always mattered to me, and it has frequently been suggested that there may be some direct connection between that fact and my weight. Like a good many other unattached New Yorkers, it is one of my favorite diversions to scout around for places to eat, something different, something interesting, something reasonable in price, being the optimistic wish. It had been five or six years since I had made any extensive investigations in Greenwich Village, although I live in an apartment on the outskirts of that region when I am in New York; and I was eating my way though an assortment of Black Parrots, Flying Rabbits, and so forth, when I found Sally in a dim abode of hopeful artifice which called itself The Smugglers' Cave.

"Oh, Waddle, you old darling!" cried Sally, and gave me a candid, smacking kiss.

She was dressed, as were her fellow waitresses, in what a costumer would inevitably put on the chorus girls for the more clothed numbers of a musical comedy entitled The Smugglers or The Buccaneers, or something of that sort.

"Tell me everything," I said as I sat down.

"Well," she said brightly, "I'm dealing 'em off the arm again!"

"Do you dare to sit down?" I asked her. "I want to know all about you." She didn't look much more mature than she had a couple of years before, and her costume gave her an additional touch of jauntiness; in one and the same instant I was more in love with her than ever, and more thoroughly aware of the absurdity of encouraging such ideas in myself.

"It's just the hour when everybody ties on the nose bag," she said, looking around doubtfully; "I shouldn't sit down with you." But she did it anyway. "If a dump like this is going to be formal, it might as well sign off," she remarked.

"Tell me about yourself," I insisted.

"Well," she began, "I guess you had better come backstage."

She steered me into the kitchen and introduced me to the amplest negress I have ever seen. Aunt Caroline—the boss, as I soon divined—paused, surprised, at my entrance, with a carving knife in one hand and what looked like a sheep in the other—or perhaps it was an ox, for the effect was as if a colored Statue of Liberty had halted some gigantic culinary operation to roll the whites of enormous eyes at me.

"Aunt Caroline," said Sally, "meet the distinguished writer, Mr. Gerald Wadleigh."

I expressed my gratification at meeting Aunt Caroline, and Aunt Caroline murmured some polite social nothing in response, but this did not seem, somehow, to get the presentation over with. It hung in the air. There was an appreciable interval during which she sized me up. And the whole kitchen—it was a very large room, as befitted Aunt Caroline, and clean, and inhabited by six or seven of her underlings, all colored—paused, its work suspended, to take me in, and see what effect I was going to have upon the evident potentate of these dominions. I felt as if Aunt Caroline were capable of substituting myself for the animal she was disjointing if she took the notion.

"'Stinguished fo' what, Miss Sally?" inquired the poised Aunt Caroline. The question was direct, but the tone and manner were polite and deferential—and yet the deference was quite perfunctory; her judgment was still in abeyance. I was diplomatically received, but not yet socially accepted.

"Distinguished for appetite, for one thing," said Sally.

The half-dozen assistants permitted themselves a few bars of noncommittal African laughter, melodious but tentative. But Aunt Caroline's gaze melted into the sympathetic look of one food lover to another. Her sudden grin flashed upon me the barbaric splendor of teeth alternately gold and ivory, and broke up the dark landscape of her face into hummocks of geniality. Nevertheless, she had the importance of her position to maintain.

"Yo'-all desires to write somethin' about my restaurant, Mr. Wadleigh?"

"We want to talk a few minutes, Aunt Caroline," said Sally; "and we don't want to wait till I'm through at midnight."

Aunt Caroline looked a little disappointed; she had evidently thought I was a reporter and that she was going to get some publicity. But she rose majestically to the occasion; she asked us to dinner.

"Yo', Jeff!" she cried to one of her assistants, with an assumed ferocity. "Why-for yo' standin' dead there, with grave clay weightin' down yo' feet? Why ain't yo' settin' a table fo' Miss Sally an' her frien'? In the back yahd, fool! In the back gahden! Was yo' fixin' to ask Miss Sally an' her frien' to eat in the kitchen?"

This was not the tone which proprietors, of whatever color, commonly used concerning waitresses; and I perceived at once that there must be some special relationship between Sally and Aunt Caroline. She let her business go hang while she established us in the back yard, which boasted a single sooty tree and narrow strips of discouraged flower bed between its cobbled central square and the encircling high board fence. I had been hunting unusual places to eat, and now I had found one, truly; and I enjoyed the idea of dining here rather than in the abode of fake bohemianism within.

"I love that old dinge!" said Sally, gazing after Aunt Caroline, as the latter moved with titanic stateliness into the kitchen again. "She just about saved little Sally's valuable existence last winter! And she's treated me, ever since, like she was working for me, instead of me for her! You'd think

(Continued on Page 97)

"I'll say it's easy to remove . . ."

Send for free samples and see for yourself

YOU can't beat Sealright Liftright Caps for quick action in opening milk. No trouble—no splashing—not a drop of the rich top cream wasted! The patented groove at the tip of the tab makes it easy to raise. Then the cap lifts right out in a flash! No opener needed. Liftrights keep the goodness in and fingers out.

Sealright Liftright Caps are used by progressive dairies everywhere. If the dairy you buy milk from does not use them, send us the coupon below, giving the dairy's name and address, and we'll send you free samples of these better caps for home use on your bottled milk.

SEALRIGHT Liftright MILK BOTTLE CAPS

FOR FREE SAMPLES

Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. SP-4, Fulton, N. Y.
Please send me free samples of Sealright Liftright Milk Bottle Caps.
Name .....
Address .....
Name of Dairy .....
Address .....
In Canada—Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd. Peterborough, Ontario.

MAIL THIS TODAY

HUDSON'S *Great* 8

Questions the Wisdom of ever paying more for *any* car

Its rich appointments and beautiful, well-groomed and distinguished appearance.

Its outstanding performance, thrilling action, brilliant and surpassing smoothness.

Its wealth of detail, finished inside and out with the care and workmanship of exclusive cars.

Its remarkable economy in operation—high mileage per gallon of gasoline, its reliability and sturdiness.

All these and its pride of ownership, in every particular of motor car satisfaction, *question the wisdom of ever paying more for any car.*

FEATURES

Great power in proportion to weight · Low set motor—straight line drive · Ten body types on two chassis lengths · Four 2-way shock absorbers · Engine starter on dash · Electrolock—electric oil and fuel gauge · Radiator shutters · Spare tire carried in fender well · Tire lock · Luggage carrier · Your own choice of many colors at no extra cost.

For thousands of quality buyers, Hudson's Great Eight definitely removes the need of ever buying a higher-priced car. It is revealed in hosts of new owners turning to Hudson from every size and price field. It is confirmed in the most spontaneous welcome ever extended an eight-cylinder car.

When you see and ride in it you will understand that an entirely new standard of motor value has been established. All Hudson's experience and engineering achievements are represented in its development and leadership.

It genuinely questions the wisdom of paying more for any car.

(Continued from Page 95)

she was born on my ancestral plantation—and me, I've never been any farther south than Atlantic City!"

Aunt Caroline was back with a bottle of homemade wine in her great fist, which she set proudly on the table.

"Trifle yo' time away with that, Mr. Wadleigh, till I gets yo' chicken fried," said Aunt Caroline. There must have been something psychic here, for no word concerning fried chicken had been uttered. But I had known at once, without a word spoken, that Aunt Caroline must be a finished fried-chicken artist of the elder school, and without a word she had seen in me an appreciative patron of her art.

Speaking of the wine, she explained that she bought the grapes and made it herself, following ritual and recipe learned many years ago in Tallapoosa, Georgia. And she went into the kitchen again, like the Majestic docking.

"She's nearly seventy, though she doesn't look it, and she's been in New York nearly twenty years," said Sally. "She doesn't like New York colored people so well, she tells me, and she gets homesick for the South sometimes; though she never goes back there. She said she was 'kind of honin' an' cravin'" for some white child to pet and fuss over when she picked me up off the floor one day last winter."

"Off the floor?" I interjected. But Sally merely nodded and went on.

"I guess the first fifty years of her life she'd always had some young miss or other she'd waited on and worshiped. She raises merry hell with everyone else around here. But with me—well, she's trying to make me quit using slang, Waddle! It hurts her because I haven't got any manners or background or family. She grieves over it, because she says that way down deep in me somewhere there's quality! Yesterday she looked at me and said: 'Maybe yo' ain't too old yet, Miss Sally, to go to one of these here behavin' schools and learn complete ladyness.'"

"She picked you off the floor?" I persisted, more immediately interested in that than in Aunt Caroline's psychology. "What floor, and how did you get there?"

"Floor inside—fell there," said Sally briefly. I still looked my inquiry. She put on a flippant bravado of manner as she explained: "No job. Sick. Busted. No eats. Sob-sister stuff. Virtuous working girl comes in seeking honest employment. Smells food. Emotions overwhelming. Goes into a nose dive. Crashes. Out! Aunt Caroline speeds to rescue. Eats. Job. Promotion to cashier's job pretty soon. Possible partnership later. Regulation Gerald Wadleigh, Cinderella-slush story, happy ending! And," she concluded, "if you were to say just one word in disparagement of that bronze monument's li'l' Sally, Waddle, she'd investigate the color of your insides with that big carving knife!"

"So Cass left you in the lurch as soon as he became famous?" I said.

Just then Jeff and Aunt Caroline arrived with candles for the table and the first deploys and outposts of the dinner. When we were alone again I repeated the question.

"No, Hugh didn't leave me in the lurch," Sally said. She smiled a little wryly at me. "You'll never understand that big highbrow, Waddle. Hugh wouldn't ditch me. If he had ditched me, he would have had something to reproach himself for. And he can't stand reproaching himself—he's too high-minded! *Sabe?*"

"No, not exactly."

"Hugh's got more on the ball than you have, Waddle; he's a good deal cleverer in some ways. He didn't do anything as low-down as ditching me; he managed and maneuvered things so I would ditch him! Do you get me?"

"Humph! I don't see much difference," I said.

"All the difference in the world to Hugh," she replied; "he's an idealist, you know."

"However he may have managed it," I said, "it was a pretty rotten thing to pull just as soon as he made good."

"You've muffed it again," she said. "Hugh wouldn't pull it like that. He pulled it just before! You see, he knew he was going across into the Big Time before he did. He had that hunch, and he played it. Desert the little woman just when he got over? Not Hugh! Too foxy for that! He got everything all washed up first!"

"Leaving you to starve and fall on floors," I commented.

"Three wild swings, and out," she said. "Hugh wouldn't leave me to starve; he tried to make me an allowance." She paused briefly, and then went on, with a touch of heat and bitterness: "You don't suppose, after I left him, I'd take any of his money, do you?"

"Divorce?"

"Paris. Simpler and quicker there. Then I came to New York."

We fell silent. Presently Aunt Caroline came, a dark tower looming through the twilight, and deposited her achievement on the table. She gave me a doubtful backward glance as she left; as if wondering whether to hold me directly responsible for Sally's subdued mood. Sally began to eat; I imitated her. I have no doubt that it was the perfect fried chicken that Aunt Caroline was created to disburse amongst mankind. But I shall never know, for I was thinking more than I was eating. There had been bitterness in Sally's tone a few minutes before, but I did not know whether she was free of Cass, mentally. And I wanted to know.

"Hugh's noble heart broke when I left," said Sally after a while. "The only thing that reconciled him to it at all was that it was all for my good. *Sabe?* I'd been awfully unhappy with him, and now I would have a chance to be happy! Get it, Waddle? He slicked it all up like that for himself!"

"The crook!" I said.

"What you don't get," she replied slowly, "is that he believes all that marmalade." She added: "It would be funny, if it wasn't so ——"

She choked and did not finish. Perhaps it was food that choked her. I was afraid not.

"You'd fall for him yet, Sally," I said dully—"even now!"

"No," she answered soberly, "I'm through! I've got my independence back, and I'm going to keep it. The cheese was never ripened that could coax this little mousie into a trap again!"

"And when you say cheese," I replied, "I hope you mean cheese—that big blond limburger!"

She looked down at her plate. "Yes, he is," she murmured. "He's everything you know he is, and I know he is! But what you don't see is that he's a lot of other things too."

I had never been more in love with her than at that moment. Of course, it was absurd, it was no use ——

But was it so absurd after all? Why need it be? My courage rose.

"Sally ——" I began. And stopped.

For she made an odd, appealing gesture. She knew what was coming.

"Don't, Waddle," she begged, staving it off—"don't!"

"Why not?"

All this was going wrong. It wasn't the dialogue I had meditated at all.

I had felt stirring within me an impassioned proposal, an aggressive presentation of reasons why she should marry me; and she was rejecting it before I could utter it. There was something in her manner that tied my tongue. There was a great kindness on her face, but it was not a promising kindness. I felt one of the crucial moments of my life passing me so swiftly that it would never even get into words; it rushed by, it was flung past me by her gesture, and I was left saying stupidly: "Why not?"

It was already gone, and I varied the form of the inquiry to a phrase that looked after it: "Why didn't you want me to, Sally?"

"Because," she said, with her candid brown eyes asking me to comprehend her—"because I love you so much, Waddle, that I didn't want to have to tell you that I didn't love you."

And there it was, and that was it, and that was all of it. Love—and love. With a difference. She loved me—as a friend and a comrade and a kind of affectionate middle-aged step-uncle. And there was no doubt of her love. It was genuine and it was warm and it was mine. Only it wasn't the kind of love I felt for her. I wanted her for a lover and a wife. But her passion she had given to Cass. And when she got over her passion for him—if she hadn't already got over it—she would give the same thing again to some younger man, as was right and natural. But not to me.

We sat and looked at each other, and we knew all this, both of us, and we knew that it was irrevocable. There were two ways that I could take it. I could realize at once that it was irrevocable. Or I could make a nuisance of myself by pursuing the girl, by bringing it up again and again; I could worry her and tire her. I might even catch her in some hour of defeat and try to batter her into a marriage that would save her from poverty and struggle. But I didn't want that kind of marriage. And I really knew better than to offer any such bribe as comfort and a secured life to Sally—she had never been to "one o' these here behavin' schools," and she might not fulfill Aunt Caroline's ideal of "complete ladyness," but she was not the sort of woman you bribe.

"All right, Sally," I said, "the proposal's dead. We'll just leave it lay."

It was thus, to the accompaniment of clattering pots and pans and plates from Aunt Caroline's kitchen, that Roly-Poly's romance sang its one brief wingless lyric into the sooty dusk, and fell on silence evermore—lifeless as a piece of cold fried chicken. Being used to appearing somewhat ridiculous to many persons may be, I discovered at this moment, something of an asset—that is to say, though it hurt me badly enough, it did not hurt my vanity as much as if I had been accustomed to seeing myself as a conquering spirit.

"You're smoking it like a darling, Waddle," said Sally.

I saw Sally once after that, and then I took an assignment from a magazine to do a series of articles about certain aspects of economic development in Central America, and was gone three months collecting the material.

When I got back to New York I hurried around to The Smugglers' Cave, and found that there wasn't any Smugglers' Cave any more. In the place where it had been was something that called itself The Mermaids' Grotto.

I tried in various ways to get trace of Sally again, and then it occurred to me that I was a fool for my pains. She knew where and how to reach me, and if she wanted to hear from me, all she had to do was to write. But it was more than three years before I saw her again.

Cass I met once or twice that next winter, but he paid little attention to me. He was doing a lot of lecturing. He was going strong. There was talk in the literary reviews about his next book. Then I saw in a newspaper that he was going to Hollywood to supervise the making of a moving picture from Mismated. There was a characteristic interview in which Cass announced that he was going out to the Coast to revolutionize the art of the cinema.

"Well, there are some thirty-minute eggs out there," I said to myself when I read Cass' proclamation that the movies were to come into their own at last, artistically. "I wonder how far they'll let him get with that?"

I began to hear less of him. In the winter of 1925–26 nearly everybody knew who Cass was—at least they had heard the name. In the summer of 1926 a great many people still remembered. In the season of 1926–27 a mention of him would call forth a remark such as: "Oh, yes, Hugh Cass. Didn't he write a book—Misjudged, or something?" In the autumn of 1927 the remark might be: "He wrote a book, didn't he? Or was it a play?"

There hadn't been any second book, and even the reviewers, getting no further notices from the publishers, forgot him themselves. No picture made from Mismated was ever released. His had been a sudden success, but it had not been followed up; it lapsed with a completeness and a comparative rapidity surprising to anyone who has not had occasion to observe these phenomena.

Of course, those people who had been acquainted with Cass himself remembered, and now and then they asked one another, no doubt: "Whatever became of Hugh Cass?" But, three years after the success of Mismated, that was about all. I would scarcely ever have thought of him myself, if it had not been that I thought often of Sally.

And if anyone had told me that I should ever think of Hugh Cass with even a momentary sympathy, I should have snorted at the suggestion. But that actually came about.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

"Honest, it's Spring, Stubby. Ya Can Tell by the Way the Molders is Pickin' Up"

NATIONAL CASH
NATIONAL ACCOUNTING
will save time, money and effort

MODERN BUSINESS CONDITIONS demand the speed, protection to profits, and elimination of detail work that the products of The National Cash Register Company give.

For nearly 50 years this company has been meeting changing conditions with new and efficient machines for business control.

Today its products meet every need . . . in every business . . . in the handling of money and the keeping of records.

Some merchants require a simple type of indicating, total adding cash register. They find it in the National line, with every function and feature their business demands, at the lowest possible price.

Others need registers which keep separate totals by clerks or departments, print receipts and certify sales slips, have cash drawers for each clerk, mechanically add the items of a sale and print the totals within the machine. In every case, National Cash Registers fill the demand.

Banks, general offices and instalment houses have brought us their bookkeeping and posting problems. They find the solution in National Accounting Machines and National Posting Machines.

Merchants want quick authorization on charge sales, with complete control by the credit office. They install the National Credit Authorizing System, which gives 20-*second* service.

National Cash Register products speed up business wherever they are in use. Simplify accounting methods. Provide protection. Stop mistakes in addition. Furnish printed, *machine-made* records.

Ask the nearest National Cash Register Company office to show you how they will save time, money and effort in *your* business.

BANKS *are standardizing on National Posting Machines for handling savings accounts . . . to insure that the depositor's passbook, the teller's journal and the bank's ledger card are always correct, always the same and always in balance.*

COMMERCIAL OFFICES *find in National Accounting Machines a complete line for meeting every bookkeeping need . . . for producing accurate, printed records quickly and at a reduction in operating cost.*

RETAIL STORES *install National Cash Registers because they furnish maximum speed and protection in the handling of every transaction . . . improve service to customers, make work easier for salespeople, and give the proprietor easier supervision and closer control of his business.*

TRANSPORTATION LINES *operating motor coaches and interurban cars find the National Fare Register the solution to their fare-collecting problems . . . and gain new protection and economy through the public indication, printed ticket and printed trip sheet.*

CREDIT DEPARTMENTS *use the National Credit Authorizing System to get an accurate record of goods sold on credit . . . before the merchandise leaves the store.*

THE NATIONAL CASH

WORLD'S OUTSTANDING PRODUCER OF CASH

DAYTON

REGISTERS *and* MACHINES

for *your* business

Priced at $60, $75, $95, $100, $115, $125, $150, $175, $200, $225, $250, $275, $300, $325, $350 and up in the U. S. A.

REGISTER COMPANY

REGISTERS AND ACCOUNTING MACHINES

OHIO

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The secret of keeping cars looking new *and* beautiful

36,560 MILES AND STILL LOOKS NEW

Many years ago the Spanish adventurer, Ponce de Leon, sought in vain for a mythical Fountain of Youth that was said to wash away the tell-tale marks of time and restore the vigor and freshness of youth.

SIMONIZING IS the "Fountain of Youth" for the motor cars. It makes cars look new again, and keeps the finish bright and beautiful for years.

New cars should always be Simonized before being driven very far. Don't wait until dullness and discoloration warn you that the finish of your car is in danger and needs Simoniz. The sooner any car is Simonized the better—for Simoniz protects the finish, makes it last longer, and keeps colors from fading.

It's easy to Simoniz a car. Simoniz Kleener quickly and easily removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes—truly the only way of restoring the lustre and making the finish look new again. Then, Simoniz provides that wonderful protection.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and your car will always look new and beautiful.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

HARD MONEY

(Continued from Page 5)

family. It was said of a distinguished judge, some dozen years later than the commencement of Jan's voyage, that he could journey from Albany to New York, in saddle by summer, in sleigh by winter, and neither spend a night nor eat a meal in any other house than that of a near relation.

But this was commonplace to Jan. It was a condition into which he had been born, which seemed to him as natural and permanent as the very hills which walled in the mighty stream.

It was not until ten days had passed that Jan, sailing past the lofty ramparts of the Palisades, guided his little sloop toward the easterly rocky shore and neared his destination. Other hours passed before he came abreast of the little city, which appeared in his astonished eyes as immense, tremendous, awe inspiring. He crept along the shore, scarce daring to land, eying with amazement anchored ships which brought their cargoes from all quarters of the world to the metropolis of the infant republic.

The sun was inclining toward the west when he ventured to point his craft toward the shore, watched by a group of loungers upon the wharf, and in obedience to a command, "Pass your line, lad," found himself tied to the island of Manhattan, the exact spot being Peck Slip between Pearl and Water streets.

"Where from, lad?" asked the lounger who had taken his line.

"Albany," said Jan briefly.

"Dutchman, eh? How's his majesty the patroon?"

"In good health," answered Jan, accepting the question as one naturally to be asked.

He clambered ashore and stood awkward, undecided. He was here. But what next?

With gray eyes brightened by excitement, he peered about him eagerly. At his right was a considerable knot of people who were harangued by an individual with raucous voice, an auctioneer plying his vocal trade.

"What goes on?" he asked.

"Auction. Household furniture. Part of the cargo of the Star of Egypt."

"Is it permitted to leave my sloop here?"

"I'll give ye a hand. We'll haul her along out of the way, lad, and she'll be all right."

"Where," asked Jan presently, "will I find lodgings?" He hesitated, and then added, "Where merchants lodge."

"Merchants, eh? And are ye a merchant?"

"No," said Jan.

"He might try Dan McCormick's in Wall Street," said a second fellow, "if his purse is deep enough."

To this Jan made no reply; it was not for him to divulge the state of his finances to any stranger who might ask. He contented himself with asking the way to Mr. McCormick's house, and presently, with what spare wearing apparel he owned, was walking through the city's ill-kept, muddy ways—a mud in which the hogs of the citizenry were allowed to wallow—toward that street where one day his name and the names of his descendants were to rank among the greatest.

"Where merchants lodge." In that phrase Jan Van Horn pronounced one of the keynotes of his character. His way it always was to seek the fountainhead of such knowledge as he desired. Information which came to him at secondhand or by hearsay would not suffice. His actions must be based upon certainty, if certainty could be established. First learn, then act. It might have been the motto of his house. He knew what he wanted to do; how to accomplish it was a secret from him; therefore he would place himself in the vicinity of those who knew, and by listening and by questioning he would learn.

Jan rang Mr. McCormick's bell, which was answered by a colored servant, a slave, and the boy, in his rough homespun garments, with his pack of clothing, was admitted dubiously to the parlor, to which Mr. McCormick presently came.

"Well, my lad?" he asked pleasantly.

"Do merchants lodge here?" asked Jan.

Mr. McCormick smiled. "Mr. Elain and Mr. Glover and Mr. Smart live in this house," he said.

"If you will take me," said Jan, "I will lodge here too."

"There are cheaper places," suggested Mr. McCormick.

"I would not find merchants in such houses," answered Jan.

"And merchants are necessary?"

"Yes, sir."

The keeper of the lodgings was amused; the boy puzzled him and interested him; besides, there was a tiny room at the top of the house which might be let at a nominal figure by a kind-hearted man to a boy who seemed to know what he wanted.

"I can give you a room," he said, "for four dollars a week, and one dollar extra for washing, if that is satisfactory."

"Will I eat with Mr. Elain and Mr. Glover and Mr. Smart?"

"At the common table," assured Mr. McCormick.

"I will lodge here," said Jan.

Jan was shown to his room, where he deposited his belongings and descended quickly to the street. Time was not to be wasted indoors when so much was to be seen that was new and enlightening. For a couple of hours he walked about the city unaffronted by the unspeakable condition of the hog-frequented streets. New York was not clean, its sanitation was rudimentary, it looked forward confidently to annual plagues and epidemics, and it had not yet recovered from the ravages of the Revolution.

He passed the residence and countinghouse of Nathaniel Prime, New York's first private banker, at No. 1 Broadway, on his way to the Battery—Prime who dealt in usury and extraordinary commissions for the discount of long paper.

Many times in after years was Jan to cross that threshold, but that was hidden from him today. He stood upon the Battery and looked out upon anchored shipping, and his reflection was not upon far-flung commerce but upon another aspect of the matter.

"If," he thought, "merchandise comes from over the world to this city, then there must be great use of money here." It was money that interested him, not ships or goods. Money as money! A commodity in which to deal as other men dealt in linens or in tea or in furs.

Hastily he trudged back to Wall Street in time for the evening meal, and diffidently, apple cheeks more flushed than even was their wont, he waited for Mr. McCormick to conduct him into the dining room. Here, by his smiling host, he was presented to his three fellow boarders, the city merchants Elain and Glover and Smart.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. McCormick, "this is Mynheer Jan Van Horn, of Albany, who has come to learn our ways—especially the ways of our merchants."

"You wish to become a merchant?" asked Elain courteously.

"No, sir," answered Jan, "but I wish to know what merchants know."

"And what," asked Glover, "do merchants know that would be useful to a young man who does not wish to be a merchant?"

"They know about money," said Jan. "How to deal in money."

"You wish, then, to deal in money?"

"Yes, sir," said Jan briefly.

"To be a banker?" asked Elain.

A banker! Jan had not thought of that. Banks he did not know except in vaguest way. A banker! Already his four dollars a week with an extra dollar for washing was paying him a return.

"What does a banker do?" he asked.

"The function of a banker," said Glover, "is to gather the small and almost useless savings of the people, so that they may be loaned in larger sums for the carrying on of business."

"And," added Smart, "the issuance of paper money to swell the available currency and increase the amount of usable wealth."

In this Smart asserted the almost universal theory that the function of issuing paper money was not only inherent but the greatest service a bank could render to the community. From this fallacy sprouted and grew rankly those financial ills which vexed the country and brought to the verge of ruin, time and again, the ensuing generation. But it was too deep for Jan. He pondered it, but did not understand it.

The gentlemen turned from him to one another and in the ensuing conversation his presence was forgotten, but his ears remained open. Commodities, their prices, their volume were discussed. And their source. Auctions! Jan learned that it was common practice for the cargoes of incoming vessels to be sold at public vendue. An extraordinary proportion of business originated from foreign goods imported in the holds of sailing vessels, offered in lots on dock or sidewalk by one of the city's forty-three auctioneers, to be purchased by local merchants and resold in their places of business at retail. Perhaps the principal center of this traffic was at the Coffee House, though Peck Slip, Burling Slip, Old Slip, Vesey Street, Fulton Street and Broad Street were also permitted to the auctioneers, provided they did not use more than one-third of the cartway or resort to bellman, crier, fife and drum, or any other musical entertainment, to attract purchasers.

Jan listened to accounts of purchases and sales, of bargains found and quick turnovers accomplished, of money made. He heard discussed the hard terms imposed by Mr. Prime for a loan to a certain merchant which that gentleman must accept because of the arrival of a cargo of goods. Jan's gray eyes lighted. Here was an example of money making money.

Again Mr. Elain addressed the boy. "If it is knowledge you are seeking," he said, "I would advise you to visit the Coffee House with open eyes and ears. Acquaint yourself with the prices of commodities at the auctions; then, if you desire, you may come to my place of business." He chuckled. "I might even find work for a capable and ambitious lad."

"Thank you, sir," said Jan, and then, the meal being at an end, he ascended to his little room and went to bed, for he was accustomed to retire with the sun, that he might arise with its reappearance.

During the ensuing days Jan discovered that it was of more advantage to him to concentrate his attention upon the Coffee House auctions than to run from slip to slip. There an amazing variety of the articles of commerce was exposed for sale, and of many of these Jan did not even know the names. But he found that a courteous boy received courteous replies to sensible questions. His back-country shyness left him by degrees, so that he was able, without stammering, to inquire the name of this commodity or the fair price of that or the figure which it should bring when offered by a merchant at retail. What he heard he remembered. This was an asset of Jan's which was to prove useful to him and sometimes troublesome to his antagonists. He never forgot. Years after an important conversation had taken place he could repeat it word for word—a faculty which sometimes proved embarrassing to gentlemen who desired to recede from a position.

An idea was forming in the lad's broad head. He carried it to his room, where he sat on the edge of his bed and considered it

(Continued on Page 102)

1 SUPER-SENSITIVE
2 SUPER-SELECTIVE
3 SUPER-FIDELITY
OF TONE

You must have all three for perfect radio reception . . . *only the* SUPER-HETERODYNE *can give them to you*

The Radiola Super-Heterodyne is the result of ten years of research by the world's greatest radio engineers to produce *the most perfectly balanced* instrument for home use.

The marvel of the Super-Heterodyne—an exclusive RCA development—is its incomparable tone quality *with the super-sensitivity and super-selectivity demanded by modern broadcasting conditions.*

Only the Super-Heterodyne gives you these three necessary essentials of perfect radio reception *in a single instrument.* That is why this famous leader of the Radiola line is the choice of those who seek the finest radio for all reception requirements.

The Radiola Super-Heterodyne is no longer a luxury to be enjoyed by a few fortunate owners. Radiola engineers have solved the problem of its high cost of manufacture. Today a fine Radiola Super-Heterodyne costs little more than an ordinary radio set. The table model with the latest chassis design is priced so low that every home can afford to own one. The beautiful cabinet model with the Radiola electro-dynamic reproducer of amazing musical range is one of the greatest values ever offered in fine radio.

Don't deny yourself the best in radio. Your choice of these moderately priced Radiola Super-Heterodynes may be purchased on the very convenient Radiola Time Payment Plan. And you will have a real musical instrument that you will be proud to own. Radiola Division RCA Victor Company, Inc.

* * *

RCA RADIOLA 60 . . . *Super-Heterodyne, table model* . . $98

RCA RADIOLA 66 . . . *Super-Heterodyne with Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in cabinet* $175

RCA RADIOLA 67 . . . *Special combination of the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Electro-Dynamic Reproducer and phonograph for electrical reproduction of records* $690

(Above prices less Radiotrons)

Copyrighted 1930
RCA *Victor Co., Inc.*

Look for and insist upon the famous RCA *trade-mark*

RCA RADIOLA

TUNE IN—THE RCA VICTOR HOUR, EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER A COAST-TO-COAST NETWORK OF THE N. B. C.

Alert Men

Changing to New Kind of Shoe to get New Kind of Comfort

PERFECT fit, fine leather, tasteful style, no longer are enough to satisfy men who can afford the best. Every day thousands of them are changing from brands worn for years. They have heard about the new "Active Comfort" offered only by Arch Preserver Shoes and want it!

It's comfort that energizes, exhilarates—comfort that keeps the foot from tiring. So different from comfort that is nothing more than freedom from pain.

Nerves, muscles and blood-vessels enjoy barefoot freedom on the Arch Preserver flat inner sole.

The natural springiness of the step is stimulated by the moulded Arch Preserver metatarsal support.

The long arch retains its youthful strength and buoyancy, all strain and stress being absorbed by the concealed Arch Preserver arch bridge.

These and other exclusive features are found only in the Arch Preserver Shoe. They cannot be duplicated because they are patented. Distinguished styles and choicest materials in Custom Grade at $12.50 and up. Other grades $10.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. S-116, Rockland, Mass.
Also makers of the Wright Shoe, $8.50 up

Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Every alert man should read about "Active Comfort"—the new idea in fine footwear. Send for booklet and name of nearest dealer.

Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE FOR MEN

(Continued from Page 100)

from all angles. In imagination he carried out his transaction from beginning to end, and then he scrutinized it for error. It was his plodding, certain way—a plodding way illuminated at times with sudden inspiration.

Perhaps it would be more veracious to say that it started with inspiration and then proceeded to fruition by careful movements, by mulling over every detail, by drawing a mental map of the entire project, and then by following that map as a capable mariner follows his charts.

Jan had discovered, among other useful facts, that the officers of vessels in the Canton trade were allowed to make private ventures for their own profit. When, on the following Monday, the Empress of Cathay warped into Derby dock, Jan was on hand to witness the arrival of this ship from her long voyage around the Horn, with her cargo of teas—bohea, hyson, Souchong, cassia—with hides and chamois skins and buckskins, with wine and china and bandanna handkerchiefs and muslins. The boy awaited his opportunity and addressed the mate.

"Have you got an adventure, mister?" Jan had learned the correct title of address for such personages.

"I've got ten chests of bohea and six of Canzo, besides a dozen packages of bandanna handkerchiefs," replied the officer with satisfaction.

"Mister," said Jan, "if you'll let me have some samples I can get a better price for you than you'd get at the auction. You give me samples and hold that tea for me. I'll give you ten dollars now to prove I mean business."

"Why, lad, it can't do no harm. What merchant you runnin' for?"

"A good one," said Jan noncommittally.

It was next day before it was possible for him to procure his samples, which he wrapped and marked carefully. With these he visited his acquaintance, Mr. Elain, by whom he was received affably.

"Mr. Elain," said Jan, "you said you wasn't in a position to buy a cargo of tea."

"Yes, my lad."

"I can get for you ten chests of bohea and six of Canzo. Just arrived by the Empress of Cathay, and I've brought samples."

A careful examination of the little packets of tea confirmed their quality. "What price do you set?" asked Mr. Elain.

"Fifty-three dollars a chest for the bohea," said Jan, "and fifty-three dollars and a half for the Canzo."

"A fair price," said Mr. Elain. "I will pay upon delivery."

With this assurance Jan returned to the wharf.

"Tea," he told the mate, "is fetching fifty dollars a chest at the Coffee House. I can pay you fifty-one for your adventure."

"A deal," said the mate.

"I got a cart here. If you can come with me to Mr. Elain we'll get your money on delivery."

"Aye, lad. I'm free to go in half an hour."

So, before noon, Jan completed his first transaction on another man's capital. The mate made the original investment, Mr. Elain purchased the tea at a price satisfactory to the sailorman and paid the cash to Jan, who retained the satisfying sum of thirty-five dollars as his profit and paid over the remainder to the mate. And Jan had not been compelled to advance a shilling! He had found a way to make money with other people's money. To him this had not been a transaction in tea but a deal in dollars.

On May first he embarked again in his little sloop for the return voyage to Albany. His original capital of one hundred dollars he invested in merchandise suitable for his father's pack; carefully wrapped was a piece of China silk for Anneke, his first present to his mother; but more important to him and to the world at large was a cargo of tea—four cases of Souchong—purchased with the profits of his first and of three other similar transactions in which he had acted as middleman. Tea! Compact, salable, of a quality to make it welcome in any manor house along his way! And it had cost him nothing but shoe leather and observation.

His return voyage was longer, a battle against the adverse current of the river, and delayed by halts along the way at the manors of the Livingstons, the Van Wycks, of the Tellers of Fishkill, and the Ver Plancks, to whom he offered his tea, and, because since the Revolution tea had never been in abundance, he sold. On May 12, 1801, he nosed his sloop to the shore at the spot where he had embarked. His original capital was intact in goods intended for his father's use, but in a private pocket was a sum of money which would have made the eyes of Anneke and of Claas bulge with amazement. Three hundred and twelve dollars!

Here, tied in a roll with string, was the first unit of the Van Horn fortune, earned in characteristic manner, to be dealt with in a way surprising in a youth of eighteen, a boy who would be like to boast of his achievement. But Jan did not boast. He recounted his adventures to his relieved mother, made her happy with her first silk dress, and exhibited the wares which his father would sell at an excellent profit. But not one word of the three hundred dollars reposing in his pocket! Not even to Anneke. A close-mouthed young man who bided his time to make disclosures; a youth with some liking for the dramatic, as will be seen.

"And now, my son, do you remain on the farm?" asked Anneke.

"No," said Jan.

"What, then?"

"I have learned a great deal," he said.

"There is much to be learned," said his mother.

"Therefore," Jan replied, "I must go where it is to be found out."

"To New York again?"

"First to Albany," said Jan. "After that I do not know. But I will come home often, mother. I think I will always come home often."

"Yes," said his mother, "there are things to be learned even here, my son."

III

ON THE second day of May, 1803, Messrs. Livingston and Monroe concluded the greatest bargain in the history of human trading: they bought Louisiana for fifteen million dollars. The deal was unique. Napoleon sold and delivered property which he did not own, which was not in his possession, which he was pledged not to sell, and which the constitution of France forbade him to dispose of. Messrs. Livingston and Monroe spent millions of public money which they had no authority to spend and bought land they had no right whatever to buy. An empire was born among trappings of sardonic humor!

The news of this event, which did not arrive for some time, agitated Mr. Jefferson acutely, but caused scarcely a ripple among the Dutch of Albany County and the Van Rensselaer patroonship, for they made up a country within a country, a nation within a nation, speaking a language of their own and interested only in their own immediate concerns.

But Jan Van Horn was interested. In the two years since his first voyage to New York he had broadened his horizons; one might almost say he was no longer Dutch. There were physical signs of this, for he had begun to sign his name John Van Horn instead of Jan. He was commencing to see visions, for he had talked with men whose trade had carried them to Canton, and to the ports of the Mediterranean, to Africa for slaves and ivory, and to the region of the Great Lakes for furs. He was twenty, and he possessed imagination. People who saw the heavy-limbed, apple-cheeked, stolid-featured Dutch boy would have been astounded could they have read his imaginings—which, in the light of his life's history, may be called inspirations.

(Continued on Page 104)

The finest dinners of the OLD SOUTH *reached a fragrant climax in this* COFFEE

MOBILE BAY OYSTERS—Salmi of Prairie Grouse with Port Wine—Buffalo Tongues decorated bridge fashion—Blue Wing and Wood Ducks smothered with Sherry Wine—such were the prized dishes of the old Maxwell House, the most famous hotel in the Old South.

One fragrant specialty followed another, each course more delicious than the preceding, until at last came a coffee so rare and mellow that plantation owners, jurists, steamboat captains, beautiful Southern women, and visitors from the North, lingered appreciatively over each palate-delighting cupful.

This same blended coffee, formerly available only to the distinguished patrons of the old Maxwell House, now stands in a friendly blue tin upon your grocer's shelf. Try it for breakfast tomorrow. Your family and your friends—whether they be traveled sophisticates who have supped upon *fettucini* at Alfredo's in Rome or fireside folk who prefer plainer fare—are likely to enjoy this fragrant blend more than any other coffee you might serve.

No other coffee in the world has the same wonderfully rich flavor as Maxwell House. No other coffee has achieved such well deserved and wide-spread fame.

We are sure Maxwell House Coffee will delight you—and your grocer will cheerfully return your money if you are not fully satisfied.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N.Y.C. over National Broadcasting coast-to-coast hook-up.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

(Continued from Page 102)

"Mother," he said, for it was only to Anneke that his dreams became vocal, "this is going to be a big nation."

"It is shut in by the wilderness," said Anneke.

"Kentucky and Tennessee were wilderness a little while ago," he answered. This was a conclusive argument to him. These states, so recently primeval forest, roamed by savages, unsafe for pioneers, were now so populous with a new and aggressive race of men that their voices were becoming a dominant note in Washington. Kentucky and Tennessee were soon to take the major share in forcing upon the country a war unpopular to those states which hitherto had been all-powerful.

"The country's filling with people, mother," Jan said.

"Where do they come from, Jan?"

He shook his head. "There are always more people and more people," he answered. "Cities grow bigger, more men make farms for themselves. There is always less wilderness this year than there was last year."

"But what of it all, my son?"

"More people," he said, "need more money. There will always have to be more money."

"Always you think of money," said Anneke, "as a dairyman thinks of milk or a farmer of corn."

"Money is my corn," said Jan. "A man who knows about money will grow big with the country." He paused. "Somebody who knows how must see that the ones who need money have a way to get it."

Anneke did not smile; she listened. By this time she had learned that her son spoke seldom, but generally with authority. If he made a statement it was because he knew the facts. "How will you do that, Jan?" she asked.

"Some day," he said, "I will have a bank."

"But bankers are rich men," she objected.

"I shall be a rich man," he said. "Every day I learn more about money. I will learn to use money as a blacksmith learns to use his forge."

"Already," she said proudly, "you make more money than your father."

"Because," he said, "father buys and sells cloth and tea and other things. I buy and sell bank notes. And what I make does not stay in the clock. No, it works for me as horses on the farm work for the farmer."

Anneke nodded. "It is well to lend," she said, "but it is ill to be harsh with the borrower. It is not good to make a profit from another's misfortune."

"I lend only to men who grow," said Jan sententiously. "If a man has a good business, I lend. He uses my money to grow bigger, and then I can lend him more. I am not harsh, mother. But I take what is just."

"And always you keep your promises," she said. "It is good to be known as a man who makes his word good."

"It is worth money, like a good stock in trade," said Jan. "That is why I take your advice, mother, and build my business in Albany. Because I am known there, and become better known each day. I work to establish myself in men's minds as a person who does not play tricks."

"It is well," said Anneke. "I would rather have an honest son than a rich son."

Jan smiled a bit grimly. "I," he said, "would rather be both." He walked to the door and stood there hesitant, almost abashed, his big head hanging. "I go to Albany," he said

Anneke looked at him with her sharp eyes but did not speak. This conduct of her son was not like him. He, who was so direct, almost blunt, bore himself now like a bashful boy, and there was evasiveness in his manner. But Anneke did not comment upon it. She was a woman who noted facts and stored them in her mind; she studied her menfolk but did not meddle with them until meddling was required. A wise woman, Anneke Van Horn, who knew that all men are naughty boys and that the most certain way of arousing them to stubborn wrong-headedness was by questioning or premature opposition.

"A good journey, my son," she said.

She followed him to the door and watched his sturdy figure down the path toward the river. Then she sighed. "It is a woman," she said to herself, and then lifted her strong shoulders. "Well, it is time. I hope he chooses well."

It was midmorning when he arrived at the little city, scarcely more than a village, and, walking up the hill, took his station sentinel-like across the road from John West's baker's shop. He did not pace up and down with nervous stride as some young men might have done, but stood stock-still, his eyes fixed upon the door of Mr. West's place of business. It was a half hour before the door opened to Phœbe, the baker's daughter, who emerged with a basket on her arm, for Phœbe was her father's delivery service and the basket was full of warm loaves.

Jan permitted her to walk some distance along the way before he stirred foot to follow her, but his eyes never left her slenderness or ceased to drink in the picture of her fairness. Phœbe was no wide-shouldered, broad-hipped Dutch girl, no bearer of burdens, able to do her day's work on the farm as well as in the kitchen. To Jan's eyes she was fragile, beautiful beyond words, a princess out of a dream. He was twenty! That those lips could pout, that her cunning chin was pettish rather than strong, that she could be animated by vanity rather than pride were matters hidden from his infatuated eyes. Not now—possibly never—would he be able to distinguish between prettiness and beauty.

When she had walked some hundred yards Jan followed and presently overtook her.

"Good day to you, Phœbe," he said, but without lifting his cap.

"Why," she exclaimed, pretending to see him for the first time, "it's Jan! When did you come to town, Jan? What brings you from the farm?"

"You," said Jan, but was unable either to amplify or embroider his announcement.

"Oh," she said, with scant attention to what amounted to a declaration, "you should have come yesterday. The patroon was here with his lady. They are journeying to Esopus to some merrymaking. Oh, Jan, to ride in a carriage like that, with all the people coming out to see you pass!"

"My wife," said Jan, "will ride in a carriage."

"And, oh, the black coachman in his livery, and the servants! It was like a king. The patroon's lady, Jan—her dress, her furs, her bonnet! I have scarce thought of another thing since I saw her."

"My wife," said Jan, "will wear furs and silks."

Phœbe turned suddenly to scrutinize him. She saw a stocky, round-faced, apple-cheeked Dutch boy dressed in ill-fitting homespun. A yokel, clumsy, without a social grace; sturdy and clean, it is true, but possessing no quality to make him desirable in the eyes of such a girl as she.

"Your wife will have a carriage, Jan? And silks and furs?" She laughed not kindly. "Where will she get them, eh? By wishing? Will some fairy give her three wishes?"

"I know nothing about fairies," said Jan. "I will give them to her." His voice was very earnest. "I know about money, Phœbe. Every day I learn more about it. Already I have done well, as nobody can deny. In a year I earn twice what my father earns, or your father. I shall be rich and my wife will be rich with me."

Somehow he impressed her; she almost believed him. There was about him a grim determination, an inflexibility, a tremendous will which affected even her frivolity. She was even a trifle apprehensive of him.

"Already," he said, "I can keep a wife better than most. I am twenty."

He was twenty! Also she had heard some talk of him in town—talk of how he traded in bank bills, and how he had money to loan, and that older men looked upon him with some respect. Perhaps what he promised he could perform. She had heard it said of him that his word was as good as a bond, and he was promising his wife carriages and furs and silks! There might be something to it. At any rate it would do no harm to give him some encouragement until she could see her way more clearly.

"You came all the way to town to see me?" she asked, and let her eyes fall with skillful coyness. "Why did you do that, Jan?"

"To ask you to marry me," Jan said succinctly. "I made up my mind. If you'll have me, Phœbe, we can go and talk to your father today."

But this was altogether too precipitate for Phœbe West. Husbands were plentiful. The young men of the town and of the garrison of the fort ran after her, and she could take her pick of them. But she was not throwing herself away on the first to ask. Not Phœbe. Her eye was fixed steadily upon the main chance, and she would give herself to no man until she was reasonably assured of something in the way of silks and furs and carriages. Not that her dreams carried her to the height of carriages, but certainly her husband must be able to elevate her to a position far better than that of a baker's daughter.

"When you ask a girl to marry you," she questioned him, "don't you say anything about love?"

This came with quaintly unconscious irony from her lips, who considered love not at all in her choice of a mate.

"If I do not love you," said Jan, "I do not ask to marry with you. When I ask you to be my wife, that means also that I love you."

"Most men," said Phœbe, "talk a great deal about love, but a very little about marriage."

"I am not that kind," said Jan.

"All men are alike," retorted Phœbe, repeating, parrotlike, what she had listened to in the warning of her disillusioned elders.

"I am not alike," Jan said, and suddenly he was aware of his difference from other men. It startled him. It was the first time he had ever become aware of his identity, and he reflected upon it briefly. He was Jan Van Horn. There was no other. He was alone, separated from all other human beings by the physical walls of his body and the mental ramparts of his mind. Nor was this all. He assayed himself in one of those flashes of revelation which come to all men. Not only was he different and individual, he was more able. He could do what other men could not do, accomplish what other men could not accomplish. This reflection pleased him. It was not born of vanity but of self-analysis and comparison and accomplishment. He, Jan Van Horn, was a better man than any he knew. "I am not alike," he repeated. "I am better."

Phœbe laughed, but again she was impressed. "You are vain," she said.

"I am not vain. I know," Jan answered. "You will see. I understand things other men do not understand. I can look ahead. I know." He paused and turned his gray eyes upon her, so that she could not look away; nor did she like being held so and dominated so. It frightened her. "So," he said, "will you marry with me?"

She tore her eyes away, and, to her relief, saw approaching a young man in uniform, a sergeant from the garrison.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "here comes Sergeant Hart. Hush, he will hear you."

"I am not ashamed to be heard," said Jan. "What I say is honest."

"Hush," she said again, and then turned her smile upon the soldier, who was frowning darkly.

"I came to meet you," he said, ignoring Jan.

"Well," she answered flippantly, "you have met me, haven't you?"

His not unhandsome face was dark and his voice furious as he said, "You promised to walk with me."

"Did I so?" She was pleased. This encounter fed her vanity, and it showed Jan Van Horn how she was sought after.

"Who are you?" the young soldier said overbearingly, glowering at Jan.

"I am Jan Van Horn."

"All right, Jan Van Horn, then betake yourself some place else."

"No," said Jan.

"Oh," exclaimed Phœbe, between alarm and delight, "you mustn't quarrel."

"There'll be no quarrel if he takes himself away," said the sergeant.

"Then," said Jan, "I think we quarrel."

The sergeant was an older man than Jan and taller by half a head, and he was in uniform. Your ordinary man is impressed by uniforms, but Jan was impressed neither by age nor size nor habiliments. He did not budge. He could not budge. He was where it was his right to be, prosecuting a lawful matter, and it would have been as impossible for him to withdraw as it would have been for him to fly from tree to tree as a bird. It was not stubbornness, but something more admirable than stubbornness.

Without warning the soldier struck him so that he staggered back and almost fell to the ground. He heard Phœbe utter a little scream, and after that was obscurity and confusion. He was innocent of any knowledge of the arts of battle, but, unexpectedly, he found himself confronted by the necessity for fighting. He must fight or run, and he must win, or Phœbe would perceive that another was the better man. Therefore he went about the matter doggedly, without skill but with grim determination.

He knew he was strong; his intelligence told him he must come to grips or he would come to grief, but the skilled fists of his adversary would not let him come to grips. Those knuckles cracked upon cheek bone or jaw pitilessly. He found himself on his back, his head beclouded, but he did not remain there. As quickly as he could manage, he was on his feet, trying to seize his antagonist; not endeavoring to hit him but to grip him. Again he was down, and again and again, but each time he scrambled to his feet and with lowered head charged the soldier. It seemed to him that the battle had been going on for hours, that those fists had beaten his face a thousand times, but still he charged. Once, with a certain elation, he felt his head butt the sergeant in the chest and his wildly groping arms close about the soldier's body. But the man wrenched himself free and Jan was on his back once more. It was not easy to get up.

"Say 'enough,'" panted the soldier, but Jan said nothing. For a moment he sucked air into his tortured lungs and shook his head to make it clear, and then he was up and charging again. It was indomitable, even terrible, the silent grimness, the animal courage of it. He might be battered unconscious but he could not be beaten. It became not so much a contest between two physiques as between the souls which animated these physiques. If one had watched the eyes of Sergeant Hart, a certain bewilderment would have been discerned—a bewilderment tinged with dismay. The man had fought often, he had fought hard against able antagonists, but never before had he encountered a man such as this one—a man who seemed unable to comprehend that he was beaten, who came up again and again and yet again with a relentless perseverance that was more than human. It was not that savagery was manifest, for Jan did not fight savagely. He fought stolidly, soundlessly, almost as if he held no animus toward his enemy, but also as if he must go on forever and into eternity being thrashed, being knocked down, climbing up again and rushing in headlong for more. It was eating at the morale of the victor; he was face to face with something he did not comprehend, which was outside his experience and above his comprehension. He carried himself with less certainty. Vaguely he was commencing to wish the thing were over and he were well out of it.

He knocked Jan down again. "Say 'enough,'" he commanded, but his voice rather pleaded than commanded.

(Continued on Page 109)

SMART WOMEN SAY

KNOW THIS SHOPPING SECRET BEFORE YOU BUY PORCELAIN ENAMEL

The life of porcelain enamel surfaces depends largely upon the *bond* between the china-like enamel and the metal beneath.

The porcelain enamel on your new kitchen range, your refrigerator, table top or kitchen ware, or in the tub of your washing machine . . . is fused onto a *sheet of metal.*

Produced in furnaces under terrific heat, the coats of enamel form a bond with the metal and give you a surface smooth as glass but with the strength of metal.

Porcelain enamel requires a base metal, having highly technical properties, involving uniformity, density, freedom from gases that form blisters, etc.

Ordinary sheet metal takes the enamel poorly. . . .

So when you buy a porcelain enameled product for your home . . .

FIRST: *look for the Armco Triangle and the words,* "INGOT IRON"

For Armco INGOT IRON enameling sheets are specially manufactured and prepared to *take* and *hold* a coating of porcelain enamel . . . and today are used for this purpose more than any other sheet metal.

SECOND: *treat it with reasonable care*

Do not strike it sharp blows . . . do not strain it by twisting. Do not wash it while hot . . . just use warm water and a sudsy cloth. Gritty cleansers should be avoided if you would preserve the clear lustre of the surface.

Then porcelain enamel will give you a lifetime of service, such as you can get from few if any other types of finish.

Whenever you see this Triangle on a product made of sheet metal, it means that the manufacturer of that product has gone to the expense of using special sheets designed to best serve that particular use.

ARMCO

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: Middletown, Ohio
Export: The Armco International Corp. *Cable Address:* "Armco—Middletown"
PRODUCERS OF
ARMCO IRON AND STEEL SHEETS
FOR EXACTING PURPOSES

Tune in on station WLW Cincinnati each Tuesday evening for the Armco Concert Band. 10 to 11 Eastern Time or 9 to 10 Central Time

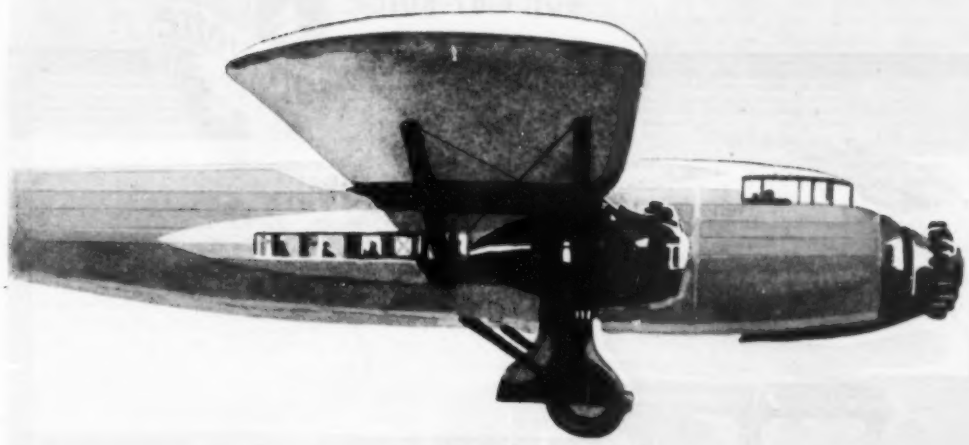
"BE SURE IT'S MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON"

THE AIR-FLIGHT PRINCIPLE

Makes Riding

Seven Points of Superiority in the FISK *AIR-FLIGHT* Principle

1. Larger air chamber—your car rides less on the rubber, more on the air.
2. All-Cord material reduces internal friction and adds strength without rigidity or weight.
3. Multiple cable bead gives more strength at the rim while increasing side-wall flexibility.
4. Increased length of flex area at the side-wall provides greater use of the air cushion.
5. Rim-width, streamline tread eliminates useless overhanging tread rubber and allows greater air cushioning.
6. Greater road contact results in better and longer-lasting non-skid qualities.
7. The newly perfected *AIR-FLIGHT* balance between air and materials achieves the *maximum air-cushioning and mileage.*



as Smooth as Flying

Within the last few years the world has learned a new kind of travel comfort—*in swift, luxurious airplanes.*

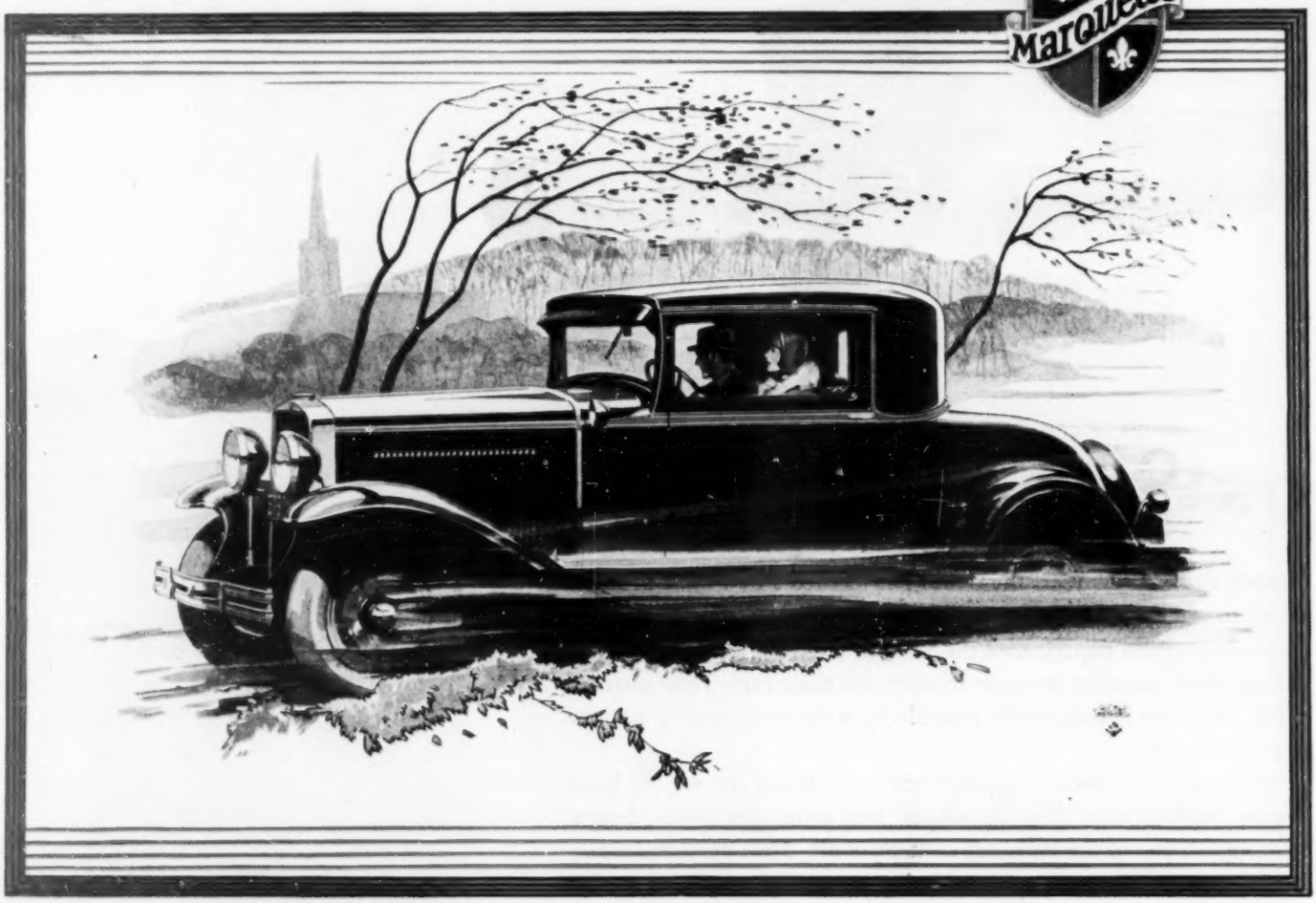
Motorists who experienced the smooth sensation of flying wanted this air-flight comfort brought to them for their cars. They pictured more luxurious riding, made possible by a tire that carried its load *more on the air.*

Working along these lines, Fisk engineers found the way to build a true *air-flight* tire. They developed new principles of tire design, making full use of the cushiony content of air. They perfected a better balance of materials, without bulky masses of misplaced rubber that lessen riding comfort. The result is a tire that floats your car smoothly along on air, with the effortless ease that is typical of flying.

Visit your Fisk Dealer today and see these remarkable new tires. They are more flexible yet more durable—combining *air-flight* comfort with exceptional mileage. Try these Fisk *Air-Flight* Principle Tires and experience a different driving sensation…surer traction and greater comfort than you have ever known before.

BUILT BY BUICK

Marquette



3 Reasons Why You Should Drive Marquette Before Buying Any Car

1—*A Great Performer.*
2—*Built by Buick.*
3—*$25,000,000 in Sales.*

You can order any motor car in a few minutes. But you drive that car for months and years. Give a few extra minutes to its selection—and reap long months of extra satisfaction—by driving Marquette. ✻ Three facts recommend that you make this test, whether you desire a car for professional use or for your family. Marquette is known the country over as a *great* performer. It is built by Buick—recognized leader in fine car manufacture and producer of more than 2,400,000 fine cars. It has won over $25,000,000 in sales during the comparatively short period it has been on the market. ✻ But these facts, vitally important as they are, are overshadowed by the specific quality facts of the car itself. Marquette, with its smart, beautifully tailored Bodies by Fisher, is the fleet, compact, convenient type of car so admirably suited to today's motoring needs. The Marquette engine—built to out-perform any other engine of its class—whisks you ahead from 10 to 60 miles per hour in 31 seconds—maintains a pace of 60 to 70 all day long . . . reveals this same marked brilliance in hill-climbing, stamina and reliability. Marquette's wonderfully balanced chassis—Marquette brakes—Marquette Lovejoy shock absorbers—impart outstanding comfort, roadability and safety to what is truly a marvelous value. ✻ Consider the importance of your motor car investment. Realize the wisdom of driving before buying. Then take the wheel of this great performer. Drive Marquette before buying any car, regardless of price.

Six body styles, $990 to $1060, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont. — *Division of General Motors Corporation* — Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

✻ ✻ WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM ✻ ✻

(Continued from Page 104)

Jan did not say "enough"; he did not say anything. He got to all fours and then upon his feet, and once more charged those skillful fists. He charged, but it was almost placidly. Suddenly Sergeant Hart knew that he could not whip this young fellow; not all his experience or strength or skill could master this young Dutchman; nothing would stop him from charging and charging in again but death, and the man's nerve vibrated and cracked. His skill forsook him. Blindly he sought to claw Jan away from him; his blows were no longer straight and powerful, but were a hysterical waving and flapping and pushing. He felt Jan's stout arms close about him, felt Jan's strength wrestling him from his feet, flinging him to the ground. And he lay there covering his face with his hands.

"Enough!" he cried. "Enough." And he had scarcely been touched, had shed no drop of blood.

"Be you licked?" Jan asked without raising his voice

"I said 'enough!' I said I was licked!" Hart answered without uncovering his face. Somehow he was afraid to look up into those steady, relentless gray eyes.

"All right then," said Jan, and he seemed to wash his hands of the matter, to brush it aside and forget it. He wiped his bruised, bleeding face on his handkerchief and turned to cowering Phœbe.

"I guess we can walk along now," he said, and she followed him dumbly, half a pace behind.

When they returned from that walk, it was to stop in John West's bakery to ask his permission to their marriage.

IV

TWO events occurred in the year 1806 which had a far-reaching effect upon the career of Jan Van Horn—his first son was born, and he bought a beaver hat.

With the birth of the son dawned that idea which was to dominate Jan's life—the idea of family permanence, of creating a thing which should outlast himself, just as governments outlasted administrations and went on forever irrespective of individuals. He conceived the notion of an institution.

The purchase of the beaver hat signified that he had found a position in the community. No longer was he an itinerant dickerer in bank bills, but a stationary dealer in exchange; no longer a youth who loaned sums of money out of his wallet, but a business man who made his loans out of a strong box. He rented a small house in Albany, the front room of which was converted into a countingroom with a desk and books and an iron receptacle, which locked with a key, in which reposed both hard money and currency. He was not yet a banker, but he was exercising certain of the functions of a bank. It was a step along the path; it brought him into contact with actual bankers and gave him the entrée to local financial circles, because he was useful. He had, as was his custom, advised with Anneke before undertaking the venture. But not with Claas. He never advised with his father. His father was a humorous person who made jokes and wandered the countryside more because he loved the irresponsible life than because it earned him a livelihood. But Anneke was sound—when she spoke, it was with the authority of a stable intelligence—and Jan loved her. Jokes he did not understand.

"Is it honest?" asked Anneke.

"It is honest," said Jan.

"But someone loses," she objected. "Someone is cheated."

"Not cheated, mother. It is this way: There are banks here and there and the other place, chartered by the states. These banks issue bank notes. But the banks in Boston will accept only Boston bank notes in their dealings; New York banks will accept only certain notes; and Albany does as New York leads."

"It is strange that money is not always money," said Anneke.

"But," persisted Jan, "a merchant in Albany sells his goods at a distance. He must accept in payment the notes current where he sells. But our banks will not accept them. So he has to swap them for New York or Albany notes. For this swap he must pay 5 or 10 or even 20 per cent."

Anneke considered. "It is not dishonest," she said after reflection, "but it is unjust. It is not good."

"It is very bad," said Jan, "and one day it will be different. Before this country can be a great country a dollar must be worth a dollar through all the length and breadth of it. Some day I will have a bank whose notes will be worth the face of them wherever they are found."

"That," said Anneke, "will be good. But what does Phœbe say of this?"

"I do not talk to Phœbe of business," said Jan. "Phœbe nurses the baby."

"It will make her more contented," said Anneke. "Also, the child will be good for her." Again she paused. "There is money in the clock," she said tentatively.

"I have enough," said Jan, "for a beginning." He did not say how much. Not even to his mother could he disclose how much. "The trouble," he said after a moment, "is that there is not enough hard money in the country. There is never enough. Always it is traveling away to foreign countries to pay for merchandise which comes to America."

"Then," said Anneke, "we should not buy in foreign countries."

"It is because we are young as a nation. A boy cannot do all a man can do. When we become a man it will be changed. But while I wait I must make money in such ways as there are."

"But always honestly," said Anneke.

Jan traveled homeward to his young wife, who gave him scant welcome, for the day was hot, the baby had been fretful, and the world seemed to her frivolous mind a place of unending drudgery.

"We take a house in Albany tomorrow," he said.

"With a carriage like the patroon," she said sharply, and then she mimicked him: "My wife shall have a carriage," she said. "My wife shall have furs! My wife shall have silk dresses!"

"They will come, Meewtje," he said. From the beginning he had called her Meewtje, which signifies little "sea mew."

"Promises," she taunted him, and laughed a thin little laugh. "You made me marry you—you did make me. I was not ready to marry anybody, but you made me. Full of promises. And what do I get—tell me that? It was easier to carry bread for my father. I work, work, and then comes the baby, and I work more than ever."

"I also work," said Jan. "It is good that a wife works with her husband. It is good to have a son. Already I make plans for our son."

"And what is there to look forward to but another son and another son and another son, and more work and more work? Until I am old and my back is bent double and no one wants to look at me! When you made promises I believed you. I believed you would give me a carriage so I could ride through the streets and people would look at me in my furs and my silks! They look. They look, Jan Van Horn, but it is to say, 'There is the girl who married with a Dutchman and works herself to the bone.'"

"A man gets carriages quicker if his wife helps him. My mother helps my father. It is not good to complain. It is better to have patience."

"Patience! Is this a silk dress?"

"On your birthday I buy you a silk dress," he said. "I can afford one."

"I'll warrant," she said, "you could afford a dozen. But no. You pinch and scrape and hoard. And I grow old and homely. Did I marry you for that, Jan Van Horn?"

"You married with me," said Jan placidly, "because you loved with me—and the rest will come. I promise it."

"Loved you! Loved you!" She threw back her head and laughed her thin laugh. "You were so handsome I loved you. You were so grand in your broadcloth and your linen and your beaver hat that I loved you! You were so rich that I loved you!" Her temper—the tantrum of a petty human being—was escaping from control. "You frightened me and you made me marry you. That was all. What was there about you to love? Why would a girl love you—a Dutch yokel like you?"

Jan listened, but there came no glitter into his gray eyes, no tightening of his round, apple-cheeked, placid face.

"Then you did not love me, Phœbe?" He did not use the tender name of Meewtje now.

"No, no, no, no! You forced me! That was it! I could not stand against you!"

"So?" he said with rising inflection, and then stood silent, considering. "I was stronger than you and I forced you to marry with me." Again he considered the point. It might have been so. He was conscious of his strength; he knew the power of his will, and two years had acquainted him with Phœbe's lack of force, her pliability, her weaknesses. It might be so, and if it were so, then Phœbe was not to blame. He, Jan Van Horn, was to blame. It was possible.

He looked at his infant son, stirring in his mother's tired arms, and nodded his head. There were many things to be considered, and among them was this little son. Jan's silence frightened Phœbe; always she was a little afraid of him, of his depth and stillness, and of capabilities and forces within him which she could only imagine. But he did not rail at her or threaten. His voice was placid as ever as he spoke, but even its placidity frightened her—frightened her as she never had been frightened before.

"This," he said, "is how it shall be. It shall not be any other way, and you shall remember it and I shall remember it. If either of us remember it any different, it will be bad."

She looked up at him with apprehensive eyes, and he continued: "So it shall be thus: Because you loved me you married with me. Because you loved me you are mother of my son. I am not a Dutch yokel, but your husband that you love. I make promises to you of carriages and furs. You will be patient until they come. You will be patient because you love with me. Neither did I force you to marry with me. This is how it shall be between us. Have you heard?"

"Yes, Jan," she said, almost in a whisper.

"It is good, Meewtje," he said. "Tomorrow we take a house in Albany. Also there will be a girl to help with the housework and the baby."

He turned then and went out of the house and walked alone, and as he walked he said to himself many times: "I have said how it shall be between us. But all the same, she does not love me. She did not love me in the commencement. That is bad. It is not good." And again he said, "I promise her a carriage and furs and silks. What I promise I must do, whether or not she loves me. That is right."

Within three months he encountered an opportunity to enrich himself so that he could have purchased a carriage and furs and silks; and it will be well to examine into his dealings with that opportunity.

He had established himself in his countingroom, where he discounted the bank notes of institutions in Pennsylvania and Connecticut and Massachusetts and distant portions of New York State, and where, as opportunity offered, he loaned his profits upon the short-time obligations of dependable merchants or farmers or artisans. And he prospered because he knew his conditions and the discounts which would enable him to show a satisfactory profit.

Whenever he went out-of-doors he wore his beaver hat, so that people perceived him to be a young man of substance and were impressed by his success. His dealings with the banks taught those who controlled them that Jan Van Horn was able and skillful at his trade, so that in the end Mr. Caleb Duane came into his little countingroom and laid before him a proposition which would have greatly furthered his material fortunes. Mr. Duane was the figure in control of one of Albany's banks.

"Jan," said Caleb, "we have watched you and we see that you know your business."

"I have studied to know it," said Jan.

"Therefore I come to you so that we can do a stroke together—I and my associates in the bank and yourself."

"That is good," said Jan.

"What happens, Jan, if a bank stops specie payments?"

"It is bad," said Jan. "Especially if that bank has issued notes. The notes fall in value and those who hold them lose much money."

"Yet it is done, Jan. Often banks cannot lay hands upon enough hard money to redeem their notes in specie and are compelled to suspend payment."

"It is so," said Jan.

"But it may become a benefit to certain people."

"Ah?" said Jan, with the curious inflection of interrogation which his voice sometimes assumed.

"Let us see. Suppose, now, Jan, our bank, with its capital of a hundred thousand dollars, was to issue notes, slowly and carefully, to the extent of, say, a hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"I can name five Massachusetts banks," said Jan, "whose capital is seven hundred thousand dollars and who have issued bills for nearly eight hundred thousand."

"True. Well, to proceed. Suppose we went about such an issuance, and in the end, when the notes were in the hands of the community, we were to suspend specie payment. The value of the notes would fall."

"They could be bought," said Jan, "for 25, perhaps for 15 per cent."

"And," said Caleb, "those who knew the bank would presently resume payment, would be enriched."

"It is true," said Jan.

"That," said Caleb, "is why we have come to you. You will act as agent for us in the purchase of those notes when we suspend. With money which we furnish, you will buy them in at the lowest point. It will require adroitness. And having knowledge, you can use your own money to buy for your own benefit. There will be a fine commission, besides your profit. What do you say, eh?"

"My share might reach thirty-five or forty thousand dollars," said Jan.

"It would."

"It is a great deal of money," said Jan; and then: "For just a little dishonesty."

"Eh? Dishonesty!" Caleb Duane bristled at the word.

Jan worked and wove his strong, thick fingers together, nor did he raise his eyes from the top of his desk.

"Well, what do you say?" asked Caleb Duane.

"I say," said Jan, "you shall not do it. It is not good. A note from a bank is a promise. It is a promise to pay that note in gold or silver. What is promised must be done. A promise is a promise. I do not break promises or help other men to break them."

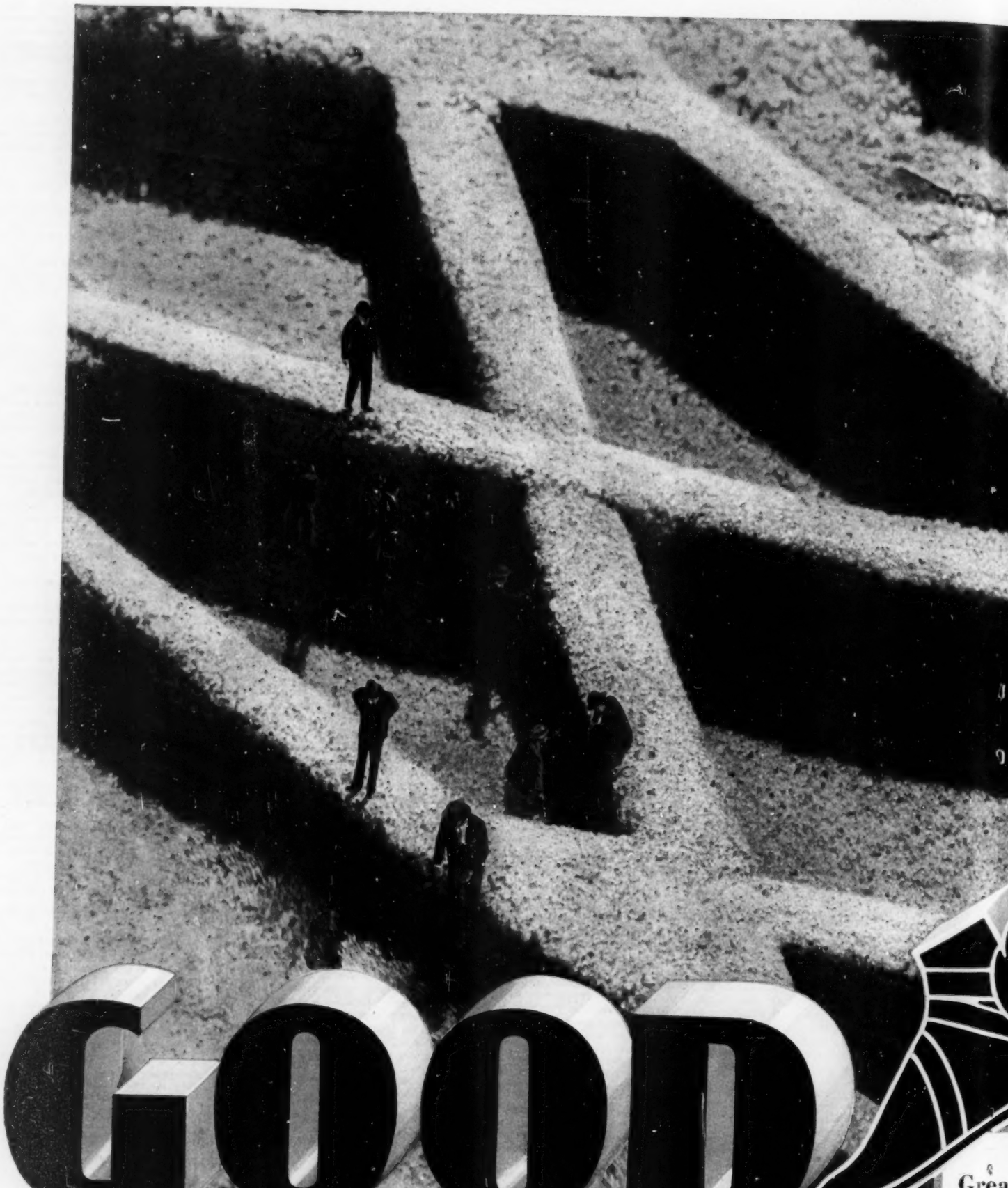
"You're a fool!" said Duane furiously.

"No, Mr. Duane, it is you who are the fool. Because it is bad business, not only dishonest. For see. Who loses this money? Why, merchants and workers and artisans and all. Men who make business. Men who deposit their savings in your bank. From their savings you earn profits. But you destroy their savings and there is nothing with which to make profits."

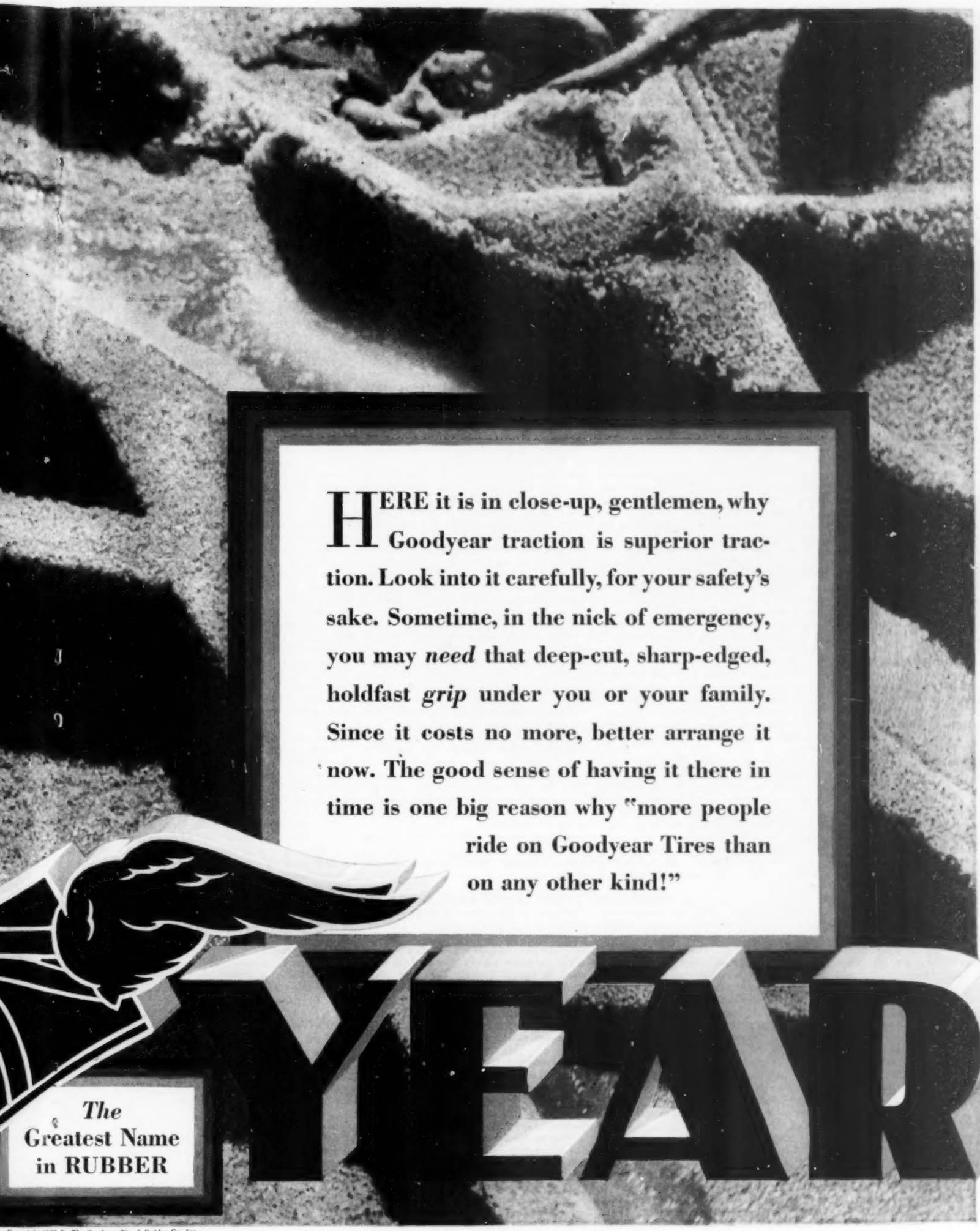
"I say you're a fool!"

"Not so. You make quick maybe fifty thousand dollars. But if you help those merchants and others to be bigger merchants with more trade, then, in a short time, you will make more than fifty thousand dollars. You throw in the river many

(Continued on Page 112)



Copyright 1930, by


HERE it is in close-up, gentlemen, why Goodyear traction is superior traction. Look into it carefully, for your safety's sake. Sometime, in the nick of emergency, you may *need* that deep-cut, sharp-edged, holdfast *grip* under you or your family. Since it costs no more, better arrange it now. The good sense of having it there in time is one big reason why "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!"
GOODYEAR
The Greatest Name in RUBBER

Copyright 1930, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 109)

times fifty thousand to grab a little today. It is you that are a fool, Mr. Duane. I have nothing to do with it."

Duane bit his lips. "At least you'll keep a still tongue in your head."

"That also is bad business. I tell you now that you must not do it. I will not permit. I will not let you. See! I will stand on the steps of the bank and shout this thing—and then, eh? It will be bad, eh? And men hanging from trees. Like you."

"I trusted you," said Duane.

"All the people trust you," said Jan. "I will make you keep your promise to help them. So now that is all. I have told you."

"Van Horn," blustered Duane, "I and my associates will drive you out of town for this double-dealing."

Jan replied as placidly as, three months ago, he had replied to his wife in another crisis:

"It will not be good to drive me. It will be very bad. You will find me bad to drive, already."

Which was the end of it so far as that transaction was concerned, but not the end of it for Jan. For even the most secret affair becomes whispered about, and Jan's stand on that day was rumored throughout the city. It multiplied his capital of public confidence and was worth more than dollars in his strong box.

Strangely, it gained him respect even from the men whose proposition he had rejected. Personages connected with that bank came thereafter to Jan when they had need of that quality which he had manifested, and his beaver hat justified itself. Two persons there were who received the news with opposite emotions; they were Phœbe, who was enraged, but dared not manifest her anger; and Anneke, who was content.

Upon the matter she questioned him closely, and at the end she kissed him on his apple cheek and nodded her head vehemently three times, and said, "What I teach, you learn. It is good."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE INDISPENSABLE

(Continued from Page 43)

"Eh?"

"Mr. Macabe," said Edwin, his face expressionless, "I have had an addition to the family, and I wonder if ——" A spasm went through him, a nervous twitch not suggesting emotion, and he halted.

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Macabe again. "You want an increase in salary, is that it? I'm glad you mentioned it; I don't want you to feel dissatisfied, my dear fellow. Do you think we should take a mercenary view, now, really? I can get any number of bright young men who will come in here for the experience, and you're getting wonderful experience. However, I want you to be perfectly satisfied, and if you'd rather I made a change ——"

"No, not at all, Mr. Macabe. Please don't take it that way."

"All-l right," cooed Mr. Macabe. "But I'll keep it in mind, Mr. Kiley. That'll be all for the present; and let Miss Monahan have that statement. . . . Oh, pardon me!" Mr. Macabe, smiling warmly, beaming, rose to his feet and thrust out his hand. "My heartiest congratulations on the happy event, Mr. Kiley." That was handsome of him, but not handsome enough; he did not feel that the occasion had been adequately exploited. "Mr. Kiley, you probably know that I am taking three thousand shares of Peppo Bottling."

"Yes, sir; for your fee."

"For a valuable consideration."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Ki-i-ley," he said tunefully, turning his head aside and smiling down his cheek at his managing clerk, "I am going to let you have a thousand shares of that stock."

"Yes, sir."

"I make many mistakes, don't I, Mr. Kiley?"

"No, sir."

"I do—yes, I do. I'm almost always wrong, but not very far wrong. This stock is good enough for me. Have you been out to Peppard's factory yet? Go, my dear fellow. . . . I'm going to let you have a thousand shares for three dollars a share—the market price—but I'll take your note for it. Think it over and let me know, my dear fellow."

This seemed a happy solution to Mr. Macabe. It would be a good thing for Mr. Kiley; it would make him thrifty. And, when Peppo Bottling got to the dividend stage, after two or three years, Mr. Kiley would have a nice little income. It would be at least equally as good a thing for Mr. Macabe; he would get interest on his investment at once, and he would be sure of his valuable clerk for quite some time to come.

The salary question was irrepressible and would bob up again; Mr. Macabe would consider it judicially, reconciling the opposing interests, without recrimination, heat or ultimatums.

II

"WHAT have you been doing to him?" cried Mrs. Kiley, darting at Edwin a look of hatred as she rushed by him. "There, there, my angel; mamma's here. I can't go out for an hour's recreation and leave you alone with the baby but you must try to kill him. And you call yourself a father."

Edwin looked at her over his glasses and resumed his study of The Market Operator's Handbook.

"What are you going to do now—sit there all evening and read? Can't you say something?"

Edwin closed the handbook on his index finger. "Did you have a nice time, Gladys?"

"I had a perfectly rotten time. Listening to those women talking about their husbands; how smart they are and all the money they make in Wall Street. I could have choked that Gwendolyn Levey—her Mortimer, her Mortimer."

Edwin coughed. "Why didn't you talk about your husband, lovey? That's the way to get back at them."

She looked compellingly at him, forcing him to meet her gaze; his guileless expression endured valiantly for a moment and then broke into the self-abasing snigger that always irritated her.

"You fool, you," she breathed in an exhausted tone.

"The little angel took four ounces," she announced a few minutes later, holding up a partly filled nursing bottle. She glanced at the pitcher of milk on the supper table and then at Edwin; he shuddered, slightly but unmistakably, though his eyes were on his book. "You didn't think I was going to pour the rest of it in the pitcher, did you?" she said challengingly.

"No, lovey."

"Well, the way you act about rice puddings and such ever since the baby came, I don't know what to think you think. Not that it would do you any harm, I'm sure."

"Do me good, Gladys. In fact, I thought the milk this morning tasted very nourishing."

"It happens he took all his bottle this morning. Since you're so choosy about what you eat, it's a wonder you wouldn't make more money. . . . Are you listening to me? The man was here about the arrears on the radio today, and he says he'll take it away."

"I wish he would, and give me his book, lovey. Tell him to take it and give me his book, and I'll go around every morning and call on him."

"That's right; go on grinning to yourself like a baboon. You can laugh at me. But don't start abusing the baby, understand? Don't try it! I don't care about myself. I can get sympathy from my friends: Gwendolyn Levey telling me that her Mortimer made almost six thousand dollars in Tomahawk Oil, and throwing up to me that she told me to tell you to buy Tomahawk. But you wouldn't do it; oh, no. A frightfully common man like Levey can make almost six thousand dollars for his family, and you're a lawyer and all you can make is forty dollars a week. Ha-ha, a fine lawyer. After I went to the trouble of finding out where we could borrow a hundred dollars on your salary."

He showed interest. "And supposing we lost it, Gladys?"

"Levey didn't lose."

"But he might have."

"But he didn't! Oh, you drive me mad. Men all around you, with the most frightfully common wives, getting rich. But you never take my advice; you don't care what I say. So long as you have an unfortunate woman to slave for you —— There, there, my little sweetheart, my angel." Her voice had changed incredibly, all its acid turned to sugar by a divine and miraculous chemistry; but she was talking to the baby. "Look where our money goes." She snatched open the book in which he kept the family budget. "'Rent, $16.66; Grocer and butcher, $13.12; Car fare, Haircut, Baby Supplies; Cab to hospital with Gladys. . . .' Well, Edwin Kiley!"

"Yes, lovey?"

"Cab to hospital with Gladys—and you put it under the head of Amusements. So your idea of amusement, young man ——"

"We could have taken the street car," he said, rising.

"Where are you going? Sit down there."

"I brought you two presents, lovey," he said, drawing from his brief case a long envelope and a pint bottle filled with a crimson fluid. He placed the envelope on the table and opened the bottle with one of the pulls of the sideboard; he tendered her a glass filled from the bottle.

"It's a new beverage," he said. "Peppo! Bound to be very popular. Better than beer, but not bitter; anti-acid, stimulating, but not inebriating. We're handling the legal end down at the office. How do you like it, lovey?"

"I think it tastes something horrid."

He twitched, and his eyes went furtively to the envelope on the table.

"It's bound to go big; the company's putting a million dollars into a sales campaign, and that's not talk, because I know it. Gladys, you like it, don't you, really?"

"Must I like it whether I do or not? You asked me if I liked it and I told you."

He whistled a jig tune softly and off key. "Maybe I'd better take the baby out for an airing before we have supper."

"It's high time you offered to do something for that unfortunate child," she accepted, and proceeded to bundle the infant. "You'll find his carriage down in the hall under the stairs."

She put his son into his arms and he started down the stairs of the apartment house. "Gladys!" he called from the landing below.

"Well?"

"You'll find the other present in the envelope on the table. I borrowed the money for it, lovey."

She returned to the table, opened the envelope and found in it a certificate, made out in her name, for one thousand shares of stock in Peppo Bottling Company. She studied the document with growing conviction and hostility; she had never seen a stock certificate before.

She hurried out into the hall. "Ed-win!" There was no response from the dark stair well.

She returned to her flat, slamming the door. She thrust the certificate back into the envelope and flung it onto the table. Her hot black eyes fell on the bottle of Peppo; she took it up and poured its contents into the sink.

That mollified her somewhat but did not yet adequately express her repugnance to being a part proprietor of the new and horrid beverage; she plucked the certificate forth from its wrapper again, snapped it open and scanned it angrily. But now an appeasing thought came to her; she smiled, placed the certificate on the sideboard and went to preparing supper, humming bodingly the while.

III

ON A MORNING two months later, Edwin sat at a window of his flat with his baby on his knee and watched delightedly the response of the child to the whirling flakes in the dingy court outside.

"Gladys," he cried, "he said, 'Snow'!"

"A child of six months?" protested Mrs. Kiley. "Let me have him and you have your breakfast."

Edwin sat down to a generous cut of chuck steak. This was unwonted food in the Kiley flat so early in the morning. Edwin's breakfast had been prepared for him these many years by scientists, highly paid dietitians, and had consisted of a cereal that had all the virtues but one of a pound of chuck, with the added inducement of costing much less. The ten-cent box, still containing a dozen breakfasts, rested now on the kitchen shelf. Edwin would resort to science again when, because of heavy meat breakfasts, he should become obese, headachy and stupid.

He was not yet obese, with a false appearance of health, but he had become sleeker, and a warning tinge of rose was in his cheeks. In his blue eyes was not yet the confident stare of the meat-eating animals, but they had lost their look of abnegation.

He cut off a gob of meat and opened back his newspaper to the stock-exchange page. "Great Cæsar," he exclaimed, "did you see what Peppo Bottling closed at yesterday? Seventeen! Time we sold that, lovey; we have a clear profit of fourteen thousand dollars."

Mrs. Kiley held silent, obstinate.

"I'm glad you didn't let me persuade you to sell until now, but we don't want to overstay our market, lovey. That big advertisement campaign drove the stock away up, but it's likely to fall again before a dividend is paid."

"If you remember," said Mrs. Kiley tartly, "you wanted me to sell when we had a profit of only fifty dollars. You said we were missing the chance and that we'd lose all our money if we held on. I think we'll hold on some more—until it goes over 20 anyway."

"All right, lovey, if you're satisfied. With all that money we could move into a nice apartment over by Mount Morris Park and the baby could be in the park every day and you could have a lady in to do the work. How would you like to take the baby and go down to Florida for the winter? I can keep house here."

"We're very well off here. What's Tomahawk Oil doing?"

"That dog? Down another three points. . . . What's the matter?"

"Oh, poor Gwendolyn Levey," gasped Mrs. Kiley.

"That's what she gets for buying a stock she doesn't know anything about. I'll wager she told you Peppo Bottling was no good when she heard you had it."

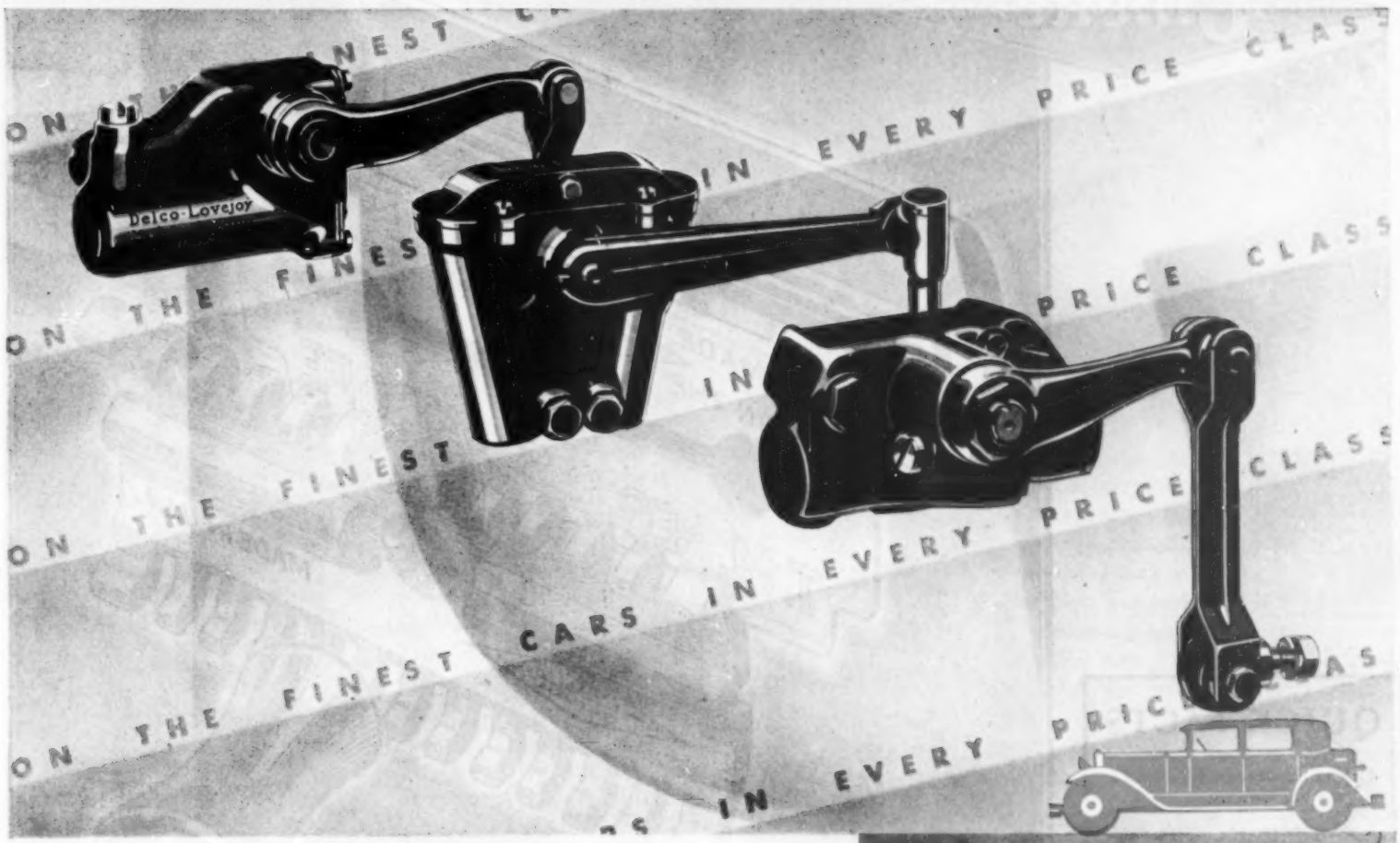
"She did. She was the very one. It serves her good and right. Oh, poor Gwendolyn Levey!"

A rope began rattling in the dumb-waiter shaft.

"Sh-h," warned Mrs. Kiley. "It's the man about the radio, and we can't pay him yet

(Continued on Page 117)

Lovejoy HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS



IN VIEW of the present-day stress upon comfort, it is especially significant that the finest cars in every price class are equipped with Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers. For the builders of such cars select their shock absorber equipment solely for its capacity to heighten motoring enjoyment. On this uncompromising basis, the foremost manufacturers in each group—in fact, the majority of *all* car manufacturers—have chosen Lovejoys as standard equipment.

DELCO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

82,000 MEN a day

TRADE Gillette MARK

QUICK FACTS

1. *New blade can be used in your old Gillette*
2. *New processed steel; new blade resists rust*
3. *Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"*
4. *To clean, turn guard at right angles . . . then re-tighten . . . rinse . . . shake dry*
5. *New shape guard channel gives full shaving clearance*
6. *New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally*
7. *No projecting posts to dull blade edges*
8. *Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped*
9. *Square blade ends safer to handle*
10. *Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears*
11. *New blades same price as old*
12. *New razor, 24K. gold plated, with one new blade, in case, $1.00*

are scrapping their old razors *for the New* Gillette

New Blade – *no wiping*
New Razor – *no pulling*

ONE hundred and ten million men have used a Gillette Razor for years and maintained that it was the most efficient shaving instrument ever made. They were right.

Yet these men are scrapping their old Gillette Razors by the scores of thousands today. And again they are right.

You'll say so too when you try this New Gillette Blade and Razor (patents pending) —a shaving instrument so smooth, so fast, so velvety, so effortless in its action that you have to feel your face to make sure the whiskers are off. Never have you enjoyed such an amazingly comfortable shave.

You *can* use the new blade in your old Gillette Razor . . . and get a better shave.

Yet once you try the New Gillette Blade and New Gillette Razor together, you will never want to use anything else. You will agree that the few extra pennies spent for the new razor are the greatest investment in shaving comfort that you ever made.

In designing this new blade and razor, Gillette engineers interviewed 27,000 men, examined tens of thousands of used razors. They found the cause of "razor pull"—found it in nicked and dented corners resulting from dropping the razor on floor or wash basin. These dents were enough to throw the blade out of alignment, to spoil a perfect shave.

What Gillette engineers did was to reinforce each corner of the new razor cap with heavy metal lugs that withstand abuse.

New Cut-out Corners

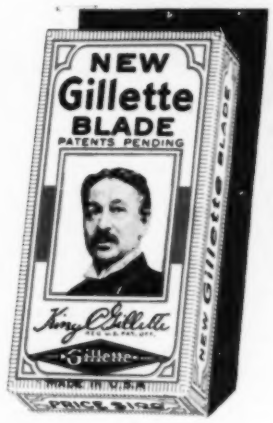
Then they cut out all four corners of the blade so that it is not held at these corners at all when cap and guard clamp together. Now even if you should happen to drop the New Gillette, no harm is done; the blade maintains its perfect alignment and "pulling" is prevented.

The New Gillette Blade has square ends that do not slip in wet fingers. It is designed to shave closer around the corners of ears, nose and mouth. And gone are the old posts that stuck through the blade and accidentally caught and dulled so many keen edges.

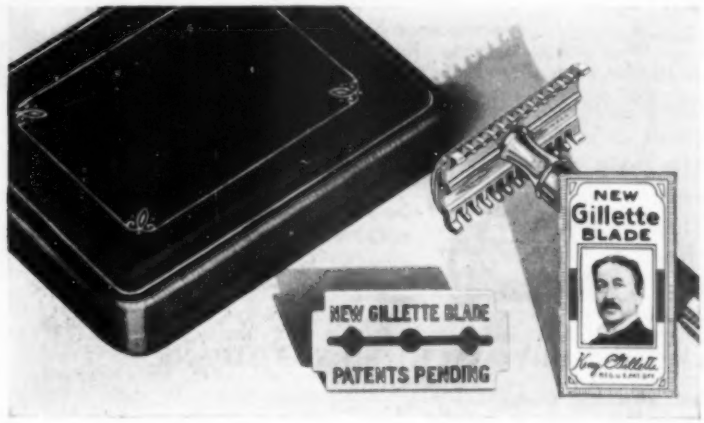
The New Blade is made of special processed steel to resist rust. When finished shaving, turn blade and guard at right angles, re-tighten, hold under hot running water—shake thoroughly, leave on shelf to dry. A great time saver. A great towel saver.

At almost every store you can get the New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, supplied with one new blade and packed in a good-looking case, for only one dollar; also the New Gillette Blade in the new green packet which costs one dollar for ten, and fifty cents for the package of five.

Don't wait any longer to enjoy the most comfortable shave you've ever had in your life. Stop at your dealer's today.



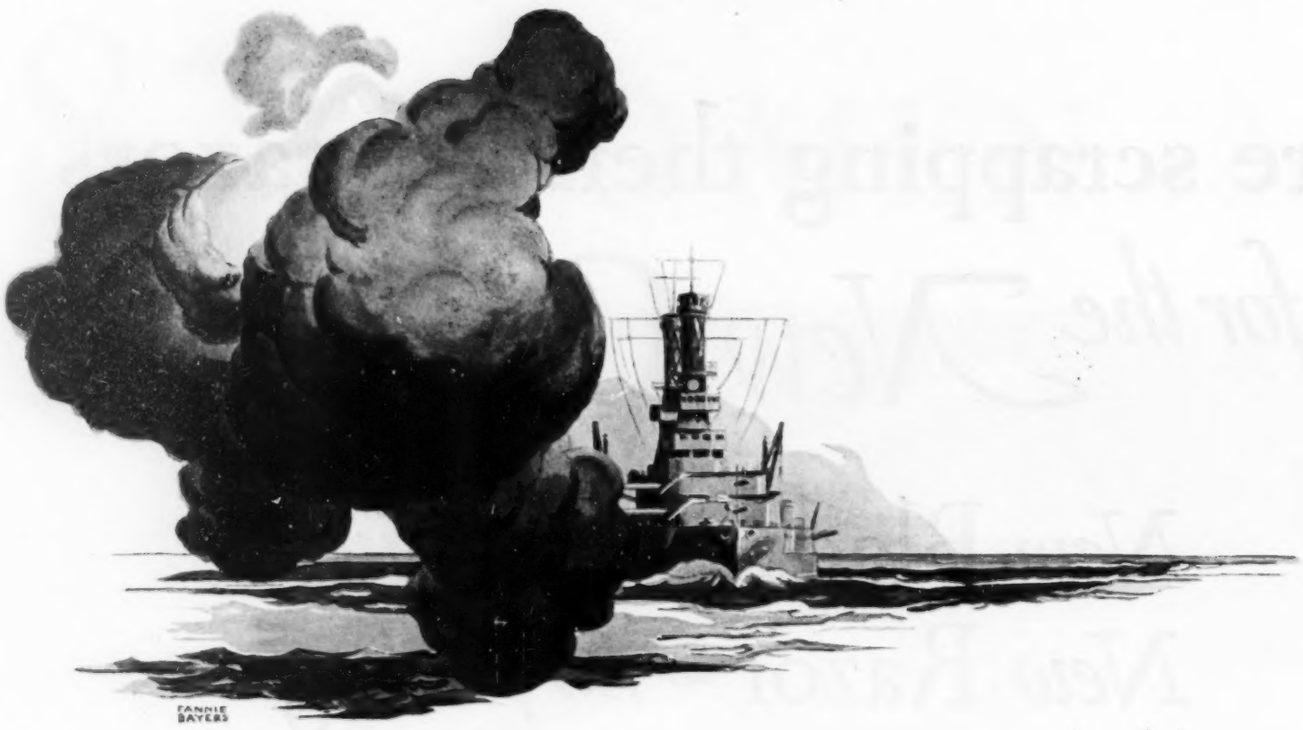
$1.00 for ten and 50c for five . . . the New Gillette Blades in the new green packet



The New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, in beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade . . . . . Price $1.00

Other De Luxe models at $5.00 to $75.00

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



Big Guns... and Wash-buckets

Long naval guns thunder at invisible targets twenty miles distant . . . three hits out of five on a target only thirty feet high . . . a world's record in gunnery . . .

And the discarding of wash-buckets helped in achieving that precision of fire!

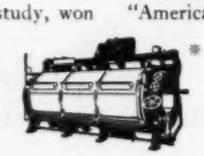
In the old days, after gun practice, every sailor had to wash his soiled clothes, laboriously, by hand . . . And hours given to chores couldn't be devoted to study of seamanship, gunnery . . .

Then the navy turned its back on the wash-bucket, put big, modern laundry machines on its battle-ships, even on many destroyers . . . The sailors, with more time for study, won record after record in gunnery, in engineering . . . set new standards of achievement in the science of seamanship . . .

And it's not only the navy that is benefiting from these colossal "American" laundering machines, well called "Mammoths." *

Passengers on world cruisers, as they turn from gazing at sunsets over coral islands in mid-Pacific, descend companionways to berths where the linen is as clean and white and crisp as any they would find in the finest hotels on shore.

In fact, shipboard life on every sea is cleaner, pleasanter, because of American Laundry Machines, because of the inventiveness of "American" engineers.



* *One man can handle the Mammoth Cascade Washer, with its 700-pound load, just as easily as he handles a machine with less than half the capacity. An "American" achievement in man-power multiplication.*

SUPREMACY
AMERICAN

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

In the Cause of World Cleanliness

© 1930, The A. L. M. Co.

(Continued from Page 112)

and he goes on something terrible. Don't answer, Edwin."

"I'll talk to him," promised Edwin, rising like a lion refreshed. He stalked to the dumb-waiter, threw up the slide and called, "Hello!"

"Is that you, Kiley?" came a hoarse voice from the basement.

"This is Edwin Kiley."

"When are you going to pay the bill you owe for that radio, Kiley?"

Edwin, glancing up and down the shaft, saw slides going up in several other kitchens. "I can't hear you," called Edwin.

The voice from below increased in volume. "I say when are you going to pay that radio bill, Kiley? You've been owing on it now for four months."

"Can't you talk any louder?" demanded Edwin.

"Yes, I can talk louder, Kiley," bellowed the collector below. "I can talk loud enough for the whole house to hear me! You're a dead beat, Kiley, and I'm going to publish you if you don't come across with that fifteen dollars. Can you hear that?"

"Just a moment, my friend," requested Edwin grimly. "Oh, Mrs. Levey! Did you hear him?"

"Well, Mr. Kiley—good morning, Mr. Kiley—nobody could help hearing him, he yelled so blamed loud."

"Mr. Berg, good morning. Did you hear him?"

"I certainly did, Kiley."

"Very well, my friend," Edwin called down to the collector. "You may tell your employer that he'll hear from me before the day's over." He pulled down the slide.

"Oh, what a disgrace," breathed Mrs. Kiley. "We'll have to move. We can't stay in this house after that."

"You can send them all a picture postal from Florida, lovey. Except Mrs. Levey and Mr. Berg; you'll have to send them at least a box of oranges, because I'm going to ask them to do me a favor."

He called the stenographer to him as soon as he reached the office. "Take a complaint, Miss Monahan—action for damages for slander. Entitled Edwin Kiley against Harmonia Radio Corporation."

And he dictated the pleading with practiced ease, recounting the episode of the dumb-waiter shaft with legal particularity, and ending: "Wherefore the plaintiff demands judgment in the sum of five thousand dollars." His eyes glinting with anticipation of assuagement and reconstitution in the minds of his eavesdropping neighbors, he drove into Mr. Shelby Macabe's business.

Miss Monahan looked across at him with covert admiration; something had come over Mr. Kiley lately. Her new opinion of him was confirmed a few minutes later, when Edwin had Mr. Macabe's business in hand and could take a moment for himself. He called up a brokerage office and asked the latest on Peppo Bottling.

"Opened at 19⅛. Wait a bit. Here it comes under the wheel—19½—¾—20 is the last."

Edwin hung up with a clash. "Make that ten thousand dollars, Miss Monahan! Open an envelope for it, and put down Mr. Berg and Mrs. Gwendolyn Levey as witnesses." A harassed clerk on forty a week could be abused for nothing, or at a very modest cost, but it was something else again to slander a high-stomached gentleman worth nearly twenty thousand dollars.

He opened the Law Journal to observe the progress of the cases which Mr. Shelby Macabe had then in the courts, and to mark the same for appropriate action. There on the editorial page was a news item to the effect that the governor had appointed Mr. Shelby Macabe to fill the unexpired term of the late Justice Huggins. Edwin ringed that too.

Mr. Macabe sent for him after an hour. Beside Mr. Macabe's desk sat a bright-faced youth of twenty-three to whom Mr. Macabe introduced his managing clerk.

"This is our Mr. Kiley, Mr. Peters. . . . Sit down, Mr. Kiley. Mr. Peters is taking over my practice; I imagine he'll be safe in your charge." Mr. Macabe smiled winningly at Edwin and humorously at his successor. "Until we come to a final arrangement, Mr. Peters is my partner and the active head of the firm.

"Mr. Peters, Mr. Kiley is thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of the office and he will advise you on all questions that come up. He's a modest chap—oh, yes, you are, Mr. Kiley!—but extremely competent, and I feel that you'll do well to be guided by him. I can depend on you, and Mr. Peters can depend on you, can't we, Mr. Kiley?"

Edwin looked at Mr. Peters with the ill will of the disinherited, but was compelled to like him. He was evidently a nice, bright boy and would be a competent lawyer after a few years under Edwin's tutelage; just now, he was fresh from law school and probably didn't know the County Courthouse from the Municipal Building.

Edwin spoke in a voice that was unintendedly loud and aggressive; it had threatened to strangle in his throat: "No, Mr. Macabe. You cannot."

"Pardon me?"

"I've decided to go out for myself."

"Well!"

"I've been here for eighteen years and have had wonderful experience, and I think I'm capable of conducting my own office. Fortunately, I can afford it, thanks to Peppo Bottling and you, Mr. Macabe."

"You're entirely welcome. But, really, I feel that you're taking an unfair advantage of me when I need you most. You leave me in the lurch, so to speak, and not only me but Mr. Peters. Don't you feel, as I feel, that you owe me—owe us—a duty, after eighteen years? Now, really, my dear fellow."

"I have a family," said Edwin. "Will next Saturday be convenient, now that you have Mr. Peters? Then I'll leave on Saturday. I certainly appreciate all you've done for me, Mr. Macabe, and I'll pay off that loan with interest in the course of a very few days."

In fairness to Mr. Macabe, it must be said that Edwin was not the high-pressure executive—serene, dominant, compelling by his obvious reserve—during this interview; Edwin twitched, blushed, looked surly. Declaring his independence, he looked the mutinying subordinate. The moral force that inspires the man born to command, and bound to command, whether he knows what he's commanding or not—the gift of the fumbling but indomitable Mr. Macabe and the fledgling but eaglet-eyed Mr. Peters—was not Edwin's despite his inflation.

IV

EDWIN knew how to go about being a leader and securing for himself the symbolic bare desk; he could have written the leading authority on this perennially interesting topic. He could have compiled a treatise that would have become a prescribed textbook in the schools of success that offer to make a Mussolini or Napoleon of any agitator or corporal for a small cut of his net income.

He could have ushered anyone to the seat perilous, but could not have told him how to ride it; his exemplar was Justice Shelby Macabe, and Mr. Macabe had not yet displayed the crowning quality of leadership. The leader who stays put has been cruel to be kind, ruthless and then conciliatory.

Edwin hired a small room adjoining the office of Mr. Macabe and sent out five hundred announcement cards; among others to whom these cards went were the clients of Shelby Macabe. This was raiding, but had its technical excuse; a judge on the bench could not practice law on his own hook and could have no use for clients.

Mr. Macabe had used politics as a ladder; Edwin would mount to the second story of success by the same road. He had long been a member of a local political club; the club wasn't his and never had been—on the contrary, he belonged to the club. He went there on the evening of his interview with Mr. Macabe and Mr. Peters, and made an address that thrilled the crowded house and directed to him its wondering and respectful attention. Hardly had he done when the leader drew him aside and clasped his hand, saying "You're a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Kiley? We want you on the law committee, and I'll see that your name goes at once on the list for references and receiverships." This was Edwin's maiden speech, delivered throatily but distinctly while the membership was devising ways and means: "Put me down for two hundred dollars."

Edwin did these things, and furnished his office with simplicity and taste, on tick. He had no money, but Peppo Bottling was at 24, and he rated A1.

He would get a clerk. Sitting at his naked desk on the first Monday following the last Saturday of his service with Mr. Macabe, he meditated on his needs in the way of a clerk and perceived that he did not want an efficient and experienced scrub, since he was himself adequately experienced and efficient. He wanted a chap who would dress the office, who could command by the power of the human eye, who could marshal and inspirit a corps of clients. He would write to his old college, sending specifications; he could use the unathletic manager of the athletic association, the class-day speaker, the man most frequently tapped, the most popular man, even the best-dressed man; he wanted neither a plunging halfback nor a bulbous-browed grind.

Nothing succeeds like success; while Edwin was still meditating, and before he had put pen to his new stationery, his door opened and admitted a chap who was the composite picture of Edwin's requirements, just the man he needed as associate. This chap was dapper, boring of eye, confidence breeding but unassuming; Edwin recognized him at once, and his heart thumped.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Macabe," he exclaimed. "Good morning, judge. Come right in!"

"Hearty congratulations, Kiley," said Judge Macabe, offering his hand. "I wish you every good success, and I know it will be yours. I know I shall be proud of you, Kiley."

"This is handsome of you, judge," said Edwin feelingly. He was standing, and he gestured toward the only chair in the room, which happened to be the swivel chair behind the shining desk. "But do sit down."

"Oh, not there," protested the judge, veiling his hazel eyes humorously. But he permitted himself to be persuaded and took the seat; Edwin stood beside the desk, alert and sympathetic.

Judge Macabe clasped his hands behind his neat little head, leaned back and flirted with the ceiling.

"Every good prospect, Kiley. I feel—and I know you feel, too—that with your experience and—ah—good will, not only in your own practice but in the associations you have formed —— And you may rest assured, Kiley, that I'll do anything that lies in my power, individually and in my new status and position, to help and assist you. You won't hesitate to call on me, will you? And yet, my dear Ki-i-ley"—his tone was sweet and insinuating—"and yet, viewing this entire matter in its larger aspects and not in any particularly and partisan—how shall I say —— Eh? You follow me?"

"Yes, sir," said Edwin. "Some arrangement might be arrived at that would conserve the interests of us both without conflict."

"Ah—ah, yes! Yes, Kiley."

Edwin closing the door of his new office, lingered with hand on knob and gazed at the handsome new lettering of his name on the ground-glass panel. When first he had seen that name there, alarm had fluttered in him, nascent panic, but his sentiment was now of regret. He sighed, shrugged, thrust the door to and turned toward home.

His gait was brisk, self-important, not quite the importance of a drum major striding before a regiment and epitomizing its

(Continued on Page 119)

Send for this *free* booklet

SIR WALTER RALEIGH had a hunch that pipe-lovers would welcome some practical hints on how to take care of a pipe. It was a good hunch. Thousands of pipe smokers have sent for this free booklet.

It tells you how to break in a new pipe—how to make a good pipe smoke smoother and sweeter—the proper way to clean a pipe—and many worthwhile hints on pipe hygiene.

If you haven't sent for this booklet, write for a copy today and find out what pipe-makers and pipe-lovers suggest doing to keep your pipe sweet and mellow. Just drop a line to the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. 5

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco

It's 15¢ and *It's milder*

Kardex shows RED ...and 22% of UNION SPECIAL'S inactive accounts buy new machines

"27% of old accounts hadn't bought in 1929.
"Coverage on 30% of customers inadequate.
"Machines left too long out on trial."

THAT'S the vital information which a Kardex Sales Control Record flashed one day to T. S. Whitsel, general sales manager of the Union Special Machine Company of Chicago, one of the world's largest makers of industrial sewing machines.

With this new and clear Kardex picture of the business before him, he was able not only to speed up service and coverage—not only to reduce the number of trial days on machines—but to bring in orders from 22% of those inactive accounts and greater profits for the firm.

A striking feat! But no more striking than many feats which Kardex is accomplishing for hundreds of other companies every day.

Trims inventory $225,000

Over $225,000 released for additional working funds—$225,000 that was tied up needlessly in a vast stock . . . until Kardex enabled the American Writing Paper Company, Holyoke, Mass., to make this tremendous stock cut without impairing service one iota.

Remington Rand
BUSINESS SERVICE
KARDEX
VISIBLE RECORDS
Remington · Library Bureau · Safe-Cabinet
Dalton · Baker-Vawter · Kalamazoo

Simple—Inexpensive

Quick as a flash, Kardex lays vital information before you—information which a school child could understand. The clear-cut color signals flashing on visible margins do away with cumbersome ledgers and cards that are so often mis-filed. You can start a system for the weekly wages of a clerk, and any girl in your office can operate it. Kardex can be installed by our Indexing Service without any effort on your part.

Call in a specialist

Increase sales . . . cut inventory . . . speed up turnover . . . bring in collections . . . and uncover other ways to extract more money from your business. It can be done. And a Remington Rand specialist can show you just where and how to do it.

Call for a specialist today and let him inspect your methods. Call him at nearest branch, or write to Remington Rand Business Service at Buffalo, N. Y.

ACCT NO.	JAN – JULY	FEB – AUG	MAR – SEPT	APR – OCT	MAY – NOV	JUNE – DEC
1	Howell & Poslate Awning Co.,			Madison, Ia.		

THE KARDEX TELL-TALE EDGE *(detailed information on rest of card)*: Green ■ Trial-period on machine expired. Orange ■ Date of salesman's last call. Red ■ No order in 10 months.

(Continued from Page 117)

might, nor even that of a court officer making judge and jury and counsel jump at his leonine roar, but at least the importance of a sergeant of the guard, an ambassador or a walking delegate. He was again a subordinate, clothed with authority while responsibility depressed somebody else.

His assurance decreased visibly as he neared the little Harlem flat.

He was going to Gladys with good news, but he could not anticipate that the reaction would be altogether satisfactory, would result in a complete rapprochement. The grasshopper in their milk, so to say, was the fact that their good fortune was owing entirely to her. It was she who had urged that they speculate on borrowed money; when he had done so, it was she who had supplied all the nerve and resolution to hold on while their profit mounted. He had urged her, pleaded with her, to sell, when they had fifty dollars' profit, when they had hundreds, when they could have a gorgeous and incredible thousand for the taking. She had been reluctant, moody, snappish, but obdurate; and she had been right.

She was an ambitious woman—ambitious for them both. The shrewishness that many years of disappointment and niggardly living had bred in her would not be removed by the news that success was his at last; would rather be justified. She had been, was and would be right; and he, wrong. He could speak for both of them by saying, "You told me so!"

"Lovey," he said, beginning to tell her, "I had a visitor in the new office today."

"A client!"

"No, not a client. There never will be any clients in that office, Gladys." He smiled expansively. After all, it was good news. He loved her and would rather have her happy than be right. "Lovey, you promised me that when we had a profit of twenty thousand dollars on that Peppo Bottling stock you'd sell it. It closed at 24 today, lovey; there's our twenty thousand dollars and a bit more."

She took the newspaper from him and opened it to the stock quotations. How white and worn she was! It had been a strain on her to see comparative ease within her grasp and to defer taking it in the hope that it would improve, to wait in constant peril of losing it all again. He couldn't have done it.

"Hello; what's the matter, lovey?"

She had dropped the newspaper and fallen into a chair; she was breathing short and fast. "Oh, Edwin, it's down to 10; we've lost—I've lost every cent of that money. Oh, my poor boy—my poor baby."

His arms were about her. "Don't be silly, lovey. It's not down to 10; it's up to 24! See, here it is."

"I mean Tomahawk Oil. Oh, how could I do it?"

"What do we care about Tomahawk Oil!"

"Edwin, I can't stand it any longer. I'll have to tell you. We're ruined, Edwin. We've lost everything. And you've lost your position too. I must have been mad. . . . Edwin, I did sell that Peppo Bottling stock."

"Well, then? We've got the money! . . . Oh, I see. When did you sell it, sweetheart?"

"Two months ago. The very morning after you gave me the stock. And, Edwin—don't hate me—I put the three thousand dollars in Tomahawk Oil."

He rose from his knees beside her and took a bewildered turn up and down the little room. It's no joke to lose twenty-four thousand dollars, even if twenty-one thousand of it is only a paper profit. It takes a man's breath away. "So we never had that money that I was counting on at all. . . .

"Gladys ——"

Her eyes lifted slowly. They gazed at each other for a forlorn interval; and then he was smiling and was on his knees beside her again.

"There, there, sweetheart; don't cry. What's there to cry about? We haven't lost any twenty-four thousand dollars. Gosh, we never had it! Gladys, I met the agent downstairs and I gave him notice."

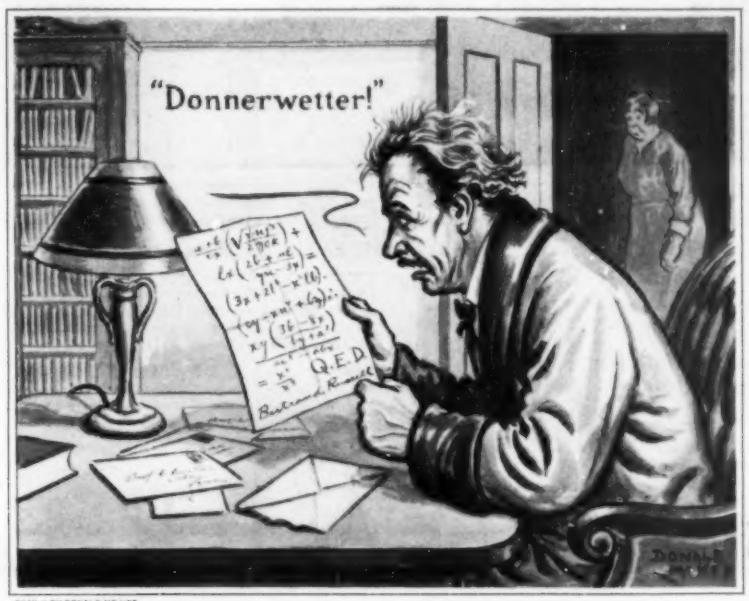
"Oh, Edwin. Can't we live even here? I'll go to work; I can work."

"What would a rich woman like you want to work for? Gladys, we're going to move over to that apartment by the park, and we'll have a lady in by the day, and we'll get a rubber-tired, ball-bearing go-cart for the baby, instead of that catamaran downstairs, and we'll begin to live! . . . I didn't tell you about the visitor I had. It was Mr. Macabe—Judge Macabe—and I'm going back to work for him. But I'm going to be a junior partner now, with a drawing account of a hundred and fifty a week. Oh, he couldn't get me cheap, I tell you. . . . Do you hear me, Gladys?"

"I don't understand you. Edwin!"

"I'll go get the baby and tell him all about it, and he can explain it to you. There's a bright boy. In another six months he'll be smart enough to try our Municipal Court cases for us; he can holler loud enough now. . . . Sit right there, Gladys."

She watched him going for the child, love lighting his footsteps. The years relented and he was again the boy whom she had married—alert, flippant, cajoling, aspiring. He had reacquired prestige, the majesty that should hedge a husband, the mystery of a man who can go out and wrest a decent living from a harsh and penurious world.



DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Professor Einstein Opens His Fan Mail

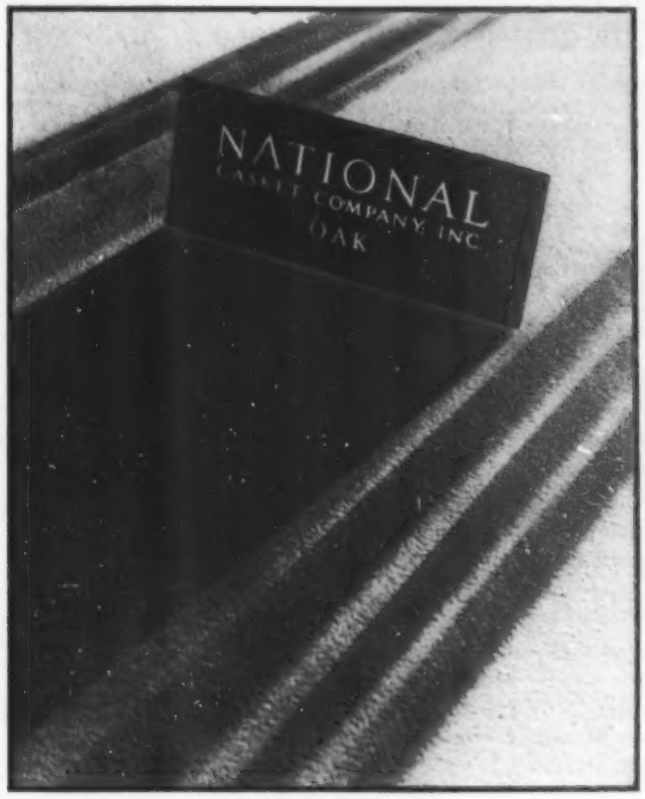
A trademark to dispel uncertainty

THE SELECTION of a casket is too often based solely on external appearance. There are other factors deserving at least equal consideration. Is it not equally important to know the degree of protection afforded . . . the quality of the materials used . . . the workmanship underlying the exterior beauty?

There is a quick and easy way to determine these values . . . the trademark of the National Casket Company.

This trademark appears on every National casket. It is inconspicuously placed, but plainly visible. It states of what material the casket is made. It pledges authenticity of style. It is the purchaser's guarantee of quality workmanship—the word of a company with a reputation for reliability extending over nearly fifty years.

National caskets are sold by funeral directors throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is reasonable to suppose that



the funeral director who handles merchandise of high quality has similar high standards of service.

To throw authoritative light on a little-known subject, the National Casket Company has published a little book, "Funeral Facts." We shall be glad to send a copy without charge in a plain envelope upon request. Just write Department L 1, National Casket Company, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass.

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.
DISPLAY ROOMS IN TWENTY-SEVEN CITIES

Now you can have crisper vegetables and better salads .. For today Frigidaire is equipped with the HYDRATOR

. . . a new moist-air compartment that makes vegetables crisp, firm and delightfully full-flavored. Mail the coupon for our new, free salad recipe book today

The "Cold Control"

THE new Frigidaire Hydrator freshens your vegetables with the magic effect of chilly dew on a growing garden. It makes celery crisp and tender—lettuce fresh and brittle—tomatoes firm and full of flavor. And it does more than that. It makes it far easier for you to prepare vegetables for the table.

No longer need you go through your refrigerator selecting vegetables and salad materials first from one shelf and then another. You can keep *all* your celery, lettuce, tomatoes and similar vegetables in the Hydrator *ready for instant use.*

Every household Frigidaire is now equipped with the Hydrator. In addition, each new model has the famous "Cold Control"—a device that speeds the freezing of ice cubes and desserts.

Frigidaire also has the extra power that insures dependable refrigeration regardless of kitchen temperatures. And every household cabinet is both practical and beautiful. All have convenient elevated shelves. All are lustrous, rust-proof Porcelain-on-steel inside and out—as easy to clean as chinaware.

See these important features. See how they save time, work and trouble. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room at your first opportunity.

NEW SALAD RECIPE BOOK NOW SENT FREE

We have just prepared a special, salad recipe book which also gives full details about the Hydrator. The recipes are new and different and the facts about the Hydrator are interestingly told. May we send you this book, together with a copy of the new Frigidaire catalog—free? The coupon will bring both books without the slightest obligation.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,* Dept. B-1056, Dayton, O.

Please send me your new free salad recipe book and the Frigidaire catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

In Canada, 1604 Sterling Tower, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Public Institutions . . . Electric Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment . . . Room Coolers

MR. MOLE

(Continued from Page 17)

"Say, isn't that great?" Mr. Pelham J. Miller demanded of the little man. "But—but how can you tell they'll get him? Do you know him?"

Mr. Higgins smiled and shook his head. "Not that I know of—not by that name, anyway. I said they'd get him, in the end, because he didn't have any brains."

"Do you understand that?" Mr. Miller smilingly demanded of the little man. "I confess I don't. If he was smart enough to get away—clean—isn't that the word?—why isn't he one of the brainy few that ——"

"Simply because he had to run away, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Miller"—with a smile.

"—— Miller. A brainy crook—one of the few of 'em like Forgan, for instance—wouldn't make a break like that. What if he does get clean for a little while? They know he's a crook, don't they? They'll have plenty of his finger prints, won't they? He's brainless because when he does get caught they have something on him—something that he can't get away from. Now, if Forgan was handlin' that job ——"

"Who's Forgan?" asked the little man. "I never heard of him."

Mr. Higgins took his pipe from his mouth and held it, stem forward, like an admonishing forefinger. "Forgan," he told the highly interested pair, "is the one in ten million. He's the Rockefeller an' the Ford of the business. Not because he's the kind that plays for big money, but because he plays for safe money. See? About all the police know about this brainy guy is that he exists. Does Forgan operate with a lot of hop-crazed babies? He does not. Does Forgan take a chance on his partner double-crossing him, like poor Old George Morgan? I'll tell the cock-eyed world he don't. Does he wear diamond rings an' silk dressing gowns an' buy the girls a lotta near champagne? He does not."

"Isn't that interesting?" commented Mr. Miller to the little man, and then, as if suddenly struck by some sudden doubt: "But how can you tell all this about a man nobody really knows? What I mean is, how can you be sure?"

"That's right," chimed in the little man with a touch of triumph in his reedy voice. "How can you, now?"

The smile that Mr. Higgins passed around to this pair of Pullman-car innocents was a tolerant, kindly one.

"Because if he did those things I've been speakin' of," he explained, "we'd know him, don't y' see? Crooks run to form—the brainless ones—just like other people. If Forgan ran to form we'd get him like we get all the rest in time. Some girl would squeal or some stool would turn him up, or something. Take this cheap two-timer that left Old George Morgan holdin' the bag. He probably thinks he's a pretty smart crook, layin' up in some boarding house or beatin' it across the country, but if that was a Forgan job it would have been pulled off so slick that nobody could tell who pulled it off. Get the idea? Forgan could just stand there, so to speak, an' watch them comb the room for clews. Get the difference?"

"A sort of Doctor Fu Manchu?" suggested the little man.

"Moriarity," supplied Mr. Miller.

"Mebbe," assented Mr. Higgins. "I don't know. I can't say."

Mr. Miller moved forward on the leather seat. It was evident to the little man that Mr. Miller had become an ardent admirer of the brawny arm of law and order seated beside him.

"Have a cigar, Mr. Higgins?" he suggested.

Mr. Higgins didn't care if he did.

Mr. Miller glowed with pleasure at the big man's graciousness. "You know," he went on eagerly, "you are the first real detective I've ever run across. In real life, I mean. I suppose," he sighed, as a man sighs who dreams, "that running into danger and matching wits with dangerous crooks is all in a day's work with you, but to me—why, it's just like having the pages of some magazine come to life. It is indeed."

"Very interesting," contributed the little man.

Mr. Higgins passed it off with a modest yawn, but his eyes, when they rested upon the frankly admiring Mr. Miller, were quite kindly.

That gentleman stared for several minutes at the night flying by the windows. "I suppose," he said finally, "many people go wrong because they don't realize how many men there are in the world like you, Mr. Higgins—keen, relentless, tireless, brainy men, backed by great organizations and hundreds of thousands of dollars, who are devoting their talents to law and order."

"There's a lot of us," Mr. Higgins admitted.

"I don't think I ever realized before," his admirer went on, "what a tough proposition a crook is up against when he tries to beat men like you."

"It's a tough racket," Mr. Higgins was forced to admit.

"Very tough," corrected the little man.

"It's terrible," Pelham J. Miller assured them solemnly. "I was just thinking. Suppose I was a crook like—like this fellow that you were just telling us about—the one that made off with the money and left his partner to face the music alone. What chance would I have if I ran onto you somewhere—like this train, for instance? Why, you would see through me in an instant. I can tell that instinctively, can't you, Mr.—Mr. ——"

Thus appealed to, the little man nodded vigorously and supplied his name—Bowler.

"Not much, I'll be frank," assented Mr. Higgins kindly.

"I can see myself," cried Mr. Miller dramatically, "cringing inwardly when I discover that you are the Mr. Higgins of The Bankers and Brokers' Protective Association. I can feel my hands growing clammy with fear and the little beads of sweat forming on my forehead. I can feel eyes as cold and as hard as steel boring into my guilty soul. I can hear your words, lashing like icy rain, across my eardrums calling upon me to—to come clean, isn't it?"

Mr. Higgins nodded complacently.

"I had a cousin once," put in Mr. Bowler, "who was arrested for speeding in Washington, D. C., and he said he aged five years while he was giving his name and address to the policeman."

Pelham J. Miller sighed. "Sherlock Holmes was always one of my greatest heroes."

Mr. Higgins was disposed to be gracious: "For a dick in a book, he was pretty good."

"I'm glad you feel that way." It was evident that this new admirer of detection in the flesh valued his hero for his literary opinions too. Then he flushed and his words stumbled.

When Mr. Higgins sorted them out he found he was invited to breakfast. He accepted with a beneficent nod.

"I guess I'll be going to bed," said Mr. Bowler.

Mr. Higgins yawned and arose also.

Mr. Miller followed him down the swaying car and, at Lower 7, bade him good night in a timid, friendly voice in which law and order detected the note of awe due his calling.

Just what he would have thought if he had peeped into Lower 9 fifteen minutes later and seen his new admirer, his violet silk knees doubled up in silent mirth, will probably never be known.

III

BREAKFAST is either merely the first meal of the day or it is a ritual in honor of better living. Speeding across the pancaked farms of the Middle West, Detective Higgins voiced the opinion that people in this day and age were not paying enough attention to the art of putting away their victuals. Not that plenty of them were not making fools of themselves dieting.

"What I say," Mr. Higgins went on, the third sausage from his second order poised gracefully on his fork, "is this: If a person is going to be fat he is going to be fat, an' if he is going to be thin he is going to be thin."

"It stands to reason," agreed his host, "that if Nature intends a person to be fat, Nature probably has her good reasons."

"Sure she has."

"Another cup of coffee, Mr. Higgins?"

The detective didn't mind if he did.

Ten minutes later, when the last drop of rich gravy had been absorbed by the last piece of golden toast, Mr. Higgins didn't mind if he did have a cigar.

"In fact," he added graciously, "I'm much obliged for the breakfast, Mr. Miller."

Mr. Miller grinned happily. "It has been an honor," he declared. "You have no idea how much I enjoyed our little conversation last night. I lay awake for an hour thinking about it. But you make me feel sorry for the crooks. It—it makes me glad I'm in the conveying business."

"Conveying, eh?" said Mr. Higgins uncertainly. "That—that's something like the real-estate business, ain't it?"

"Something, but not so technical."

Mr. Higgins nodded. "Sure."

"More money in it."

"A-huh."

Mr. Miller turned back to the morning paper the steward had left at their table. "I see by this paper they haven't got the fellow you were telling us about last night. What was his name—Clark? That's what I thought you said. A—a funny thing though. It says here that The Bankers and Brokers' Protective Association is coöperating with Chicago police and an early arrest is expected."

"We'll get him," his guest assured him confidently. "There ain't a railroad station of any importance in the country that we won't be watchin'."

"You don't say!" murmured Mr. Miller.

"You just watch," promised Mr. Higgins through his tightly clenched perfecto, "when we get to the Grand Central tonight I'll betcha I can show you a half dozen of our boys keepin' their eye on the trains comin' in from the West. That's the game, y' know."

"What is?"

"Comin' to New York. An old-fashioned yegg or somebody like that will lay up somewhere, but not one of these smart, white-collar crooks. They like the white lights and the nifties too well."

For the first time since he had met Detective Higgins, a shadow flickered across Mr. Miller's brown eyes.

"You just watch," repeated Mr. Higgins heavily.

"I will," promised his host, and it was quite evident that he meant it.

IV

THE Eastern Limited was due at Grand Central at 8:17. At 8:10, just before they began to tunnel their way under the greatest city in the world, Mr. Miller presented his friend, Detective Higgins, with another cigar. It was the mate to the ones he had insisted upon supplying as Mr. Higgins had fought, weakly, for the luncheon and dinner checks.

Mr. Miller winked as he passed it over, and repeated the words he had uttered on those occasions: "It all goes on the old expense account—entertaining a customer."

And Detective Higgins grinned, as he had grinned before.

"What do you say we ride uptown together?" he suggested as they followed the redcap through the hurrying crowd.

"It would be a real pleasure," Mr. Miller assured him with a smile.

As they neared the brightly lighted gate, Mr. Miller noticed the two gentlemen that stood on either side, scanning each passenger as he stepped out into the lemon brilliance of the terminal. Mr. Higgins did not see them until they were at the gate. Then he stopped.

"Hullo, Cleary," he said to the heavy-set man to the left. "You an' Beck playin' hide an' seek with the Eastern Limited?"

The man named Cleary grinned. "Looking for a Chicago smarty," he confided. "Bird that got away with seventy grand out there. Smarty by the name of Clark."

Mr. Higgins nodded. "Al," he said, "meet my friend Miller."

Mr. Miller held out his hand. "Any friend of Barney's is a friend of mine," he declared cordially.

Mr. Cleary took the hand.

"Glad to meet you," he said. Then, to the puffing Higgins: "See anybody on the Limited that looked like our smarty, Barney?"

Detective Higgins shook his head jovially. "The Limited was clean. Eh, Miller?"

Pelham J. Miller appealed to Cleary. "What else could it be—with Barney on the train?"

Higgins wanted to stop at his office. As the cab headed across Forty-second Street toward West Thirty-ninth, Pelham J. Miller watched the streaming traffic with eyes that glowed almost as brightly as his companion's cigar. New York! New York and seventy-four grand! Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness!

"It makes you glad you're an American," he said aloud, happily.

"What does?"

"New York at night," Mr. Miller told him softly. "The lights, the people, the sense of people going somewhere—motion. Don't you like it, Barney?"

The button of red gold twitched in Mr. Higgins' mouth. "It's a good town for my business."

"God help the poor crooks on a night like this, eh, Barney?" The cab slithered into Thirty-ninth Street. "Especially the brainless ones." Mr. Miller laughed. He was still laughing when he stepped up to the black onyx desk of Hotel Goliath and booked a room. The clerk looked down at the card and then up at the smiling, incoming guest.

"Nice evening, Mr. Miller," he suggested.

"I'll tell the world it is," Mr. Miller assured him.

In fact, Mr. Miller's mirth continued. He sang blithely in his shower the next morning. He whistled merrily as he waited for a cab to take him to the post office. He hummed cheerily as he waited at the general-delivery window for the large, thick envelope which was presently handed to him.

Back in the privacy of his hotel room, he shook with laughter as he thought of that keen, relentless, brainy champion of law and order, Mr. Higgins, and slit the inner envelope on the desk before him.

And then, as his shaking fingers ran through the neatly clipped and folded sheets of newspaper which the envelope contained, his mirth sudden'y departed and he thought of that innocent, righteous, brainy gentleman—Mr. Mole.

Mr. *and* Mrs. Valspar

"Aren't these colors lovely, Val?"

"Whenever I start painting with these colors, Val, I just can't leave them alone," continues Mrs. Valspar.

"Yeah," agrees Val, *"just like eating peanuts."*

The famous Valspar Boiling Water Test

Transform "*The Den*"

THE SAME ROOM. THE SAME FURNITURE—PLUS VALSPAR AND NEW DRAPES.

"GOSH!. . . . It's hard to imagine it's the same room," says Mr. Valspar, their color-spree in *"The Den"* having ended in mutual admiration of their accomplishment.

"I think we worked out a pretty attractive color scheme, Val, don't you?" returns Mrs. Val, recalling the night she had curled up in the old wing chair when they planned the "transformation."

"But, it's even better than we anticipated," concludes Val, *"and if credit goes where it belongs 'The Valspars' should be saluted."*

* * * *

Thousands of other families have been equally gratified with Valspar. Whenever there is any "finishing" to be done to beautify the home . . . . Valspar is invariably the finish used! A welcome companion on every journey into *Colorland*.

For Valspar, experienced and reliable old guide, blazes the trail for many delightful color pilgrimages . . . indoors . . . outdoors. Wherever the chosen surface calls for painting, varnishing, enameling or lacquering, there is always the *right* Valspar for the need . . . always the *right* color or combination of colors.

There is the certainty of Valspar *Quality* to add to the success of your color efforts. Quality in the sense that Valspar can "rough it" in any weather or climate and still retain its beauty . . . a waterproof, wearproof, weather-proof finish *proved in service.*

Always remember! The name Valspar includes Clear Varnish, 4 Hour Enamel and Lacquer in most popular colors, a complete range of House Paints, Flat Wall Paints, Porch and Floor Paints. Every penny invested in Valspar pays out satisfaction . . . with interest.

The store that displays this headquarters sign is the place to obtain your Valspar in just the "finish" and color you desire.

VALSPAR FINISHES

· VARNISHES · · PAINTS · · LACQUERS · · ENAMELS

hurry!
worry!
hurry!
...chew

for digestion!

IF you rush through meals as fast as the rest of us, and rush all day, give your digestion this mild help—chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

Over 30 years have passed since Dr. Beeman perfected his pepsin gum, but it still holds first place with the wise folks who chew gum as an aid to digestion.

Millions of enthusiasts know there's nothing like its keen, fresh flavor, and the smooth way it chews.

You'll agree with them! Try it!

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

HAPPY LANDINGS

(Continued from Page 29)

So it was an unknown taxi driver who found for them the charming little place, with walls of paneled ivory, with a cellist and a violinist and a trombonist and a drummer and a pianist of unexampled subtlety and melodic discrimination; in brief, the taxi driver did indeed find them a good place, where from six till half after seven ——

Eve had said she wasn't hungry, but they dined not badly on clams, a guinea-hen casserole, endive with an odd, delicious dressing, an ice, and excessively good black coffee.

"You order a dinner as a gentleman should," she said to him as the casserole departed.

"Will you dance?" asked Traill, rising. The orchestra, which had been sobbing itself to sleep, started broad awake as Eve slipped into his arms. The drum rolled. In a long sweet cry, the violin shivered. As if they had indeed been to dancing school together, Eve and Traill moved off across the shining floor.

"You're good," she sighed shortly—very shortly.

He said, "Who wouldn't be?"

"Just a Southern gentleman."

"Not at all. There's such a thing as keeping quiet."

Eve said, "We were born to dance together."

"Hearts in Dixie," said Jed Traill, grinning one-sidedly.

"Oh," she murmured, "if I didn't like your technic I'd stop. I can't be bothered with amateurs."

He said, "You talk like the girls down home."

She said, "I'd much rather not talk at all."

"Sorry," he muttered.

She patted his arm and laughed up into his moody face. "Don't be ridiculous! I mean, I'm so unexpectedly . . . just happy."

"Dancing with me?" asked Traill, incredulous.

"Oh, just dancing," said Eve. She added generously: "Of course it's partly because you're quite wonderful, really."

They had danced half a dozen times, the ices had disappeared and the small coffee cups stood empty, only the ash trays showed mounting hillocks of gray fluff, when he began to sing to her. Close at her ear, in a muted tenor. Having in its lower range the strange sweetness, the haunting, hurting vibrancy of a steel guitar. Just above a whisper, of course, close at her ear, the orchestra beating and wailing a long way off, like tom-toms in a deep wood where a deep river flowed.

"I want your love, but I don't want to borrow,
To have it today and to give back tomorrow,
For my love is your love; there's no love
for nobody else."

Eve said, when Traill stopped, when only the sound of violin and cello flowed round them like the deep river in the deep wood: "Go on. I like it," she said, whispering.

He began to sing again, holding her close, moving with the slow, effortless grace that she had recognized in the first step she took with him that night:

"Love me or leave me and let me be lonely.

"It's a fool trick—singing when you're dancing."

She said, "Go on! Don't talk. It's heavenly!"

He held her closer yet. At which she shrank a little. He loosened his hold instantly, went on singing, very low, with an undertone of weariness. His voice had a quality of heartbreak and desire.

"You won't believe me, but I love you only,
I'd rather be lonely than happy with
somebody else."

Like a bell ringing beside a track with an unseen train bearing down . . . like the smell of rain in the air, where no rain yet is . . . something in the deeps of Eve's soul quickened, renascent. "Eddie, my darling, did you think I'd forgotten? Did you think I was happy?" What was she doing with this stranger's arm around her, the sleeve of his coat against her cheek? With this alien intimate voice, magicking her. Her feet followed now, uncaring.

"Regretting instead of forgetting,
With somebody else!"

Wine and honey in that voice—the Tristan philter.

"There'll be no one unless that someone is you,
I intend to be independently blu-u-u-e.
I want your love, and I don't want to
borrow."

He was himself half magicked, singing in time to his slow, swinging steps.

More, suddenly, than Eve could endure. She said: "This is wonderful, but I have a feeling we ought to look at the time. . . . Don't look like that," she said to his eyes, wincing, rebuffed. "We can't miss our train, can we?"

Traill took her back to their table and signaled his waiter. When he picked up the bill, Eve happened to be looking at him. She was drawing on her gloves, faintly remorseful at having so brusquely cut short his song. She saw his dark eyebrows come together for a moment, saw his mouth tighten. Most unlikely that one of Howard's friends would be disconcerted by an overcharge in a restaurant, yet distinctly she saw Traill hesitate. Then he took some money from a billfold and paid the man, quietly waved aside change. The waiter's respectful farewell was earnest of a fair tip.

Still Eve struggled with a growing uneasiness. The taxi had driven round and round the park, for miles along the lake. Taxis are not driven in charity. Then there had been the two dark-velveted divans. Movies are no longer to be had for two nickels, one dime.

She said, diffidently, because she would not for worlds have offended that sensitive quiet of his, yet she could not help but feel in him a painful embarrassment: "I thought there might have been a mistake. These places are such robbers."

He said: "No mistake except my own stupidity. I'm afraid I'm going to have to borrow taxi fare from you to get you back to the train." That dark and burning flush. Eve wanted to put her arm around his shoulders. He was so obviously suffering from what he conceived to be abject ignominy.

She laughed, put her hand on his arm, shook him a little: "Don't be absurd! Anybody'd know you came from Virginia! I've been a gold-digger, that's all! I've let you spend a frightful lot on me."

He said, with vehement earnestness: "You've given me the only really happy day I've had in years."

And how could that be? Howard's outfit wasn't given to unhappy days, or nights. Eve, in the taxi, on the way to the train, came suddenly to an open question.

"Are you going out to California for polo, or fishing, or what?" she said. "I've been dying to ask you."

Traill told her amazedly: "I thought, of course, you knew. Wasn't that what West told you about me? I'm going out to get into talking pictures—if it can be done." He smiled, with his ineffaceable tilt of mockery. Only skin deep, or more? "I've been in stock this winter in Providence. A misleading juvenile."

"You mean," said Eve—"you can't mean you're on a shoestring like me?"

"A shoestring?" he said. "I hang by a thread!"

Eve threw herself back; she broke into delighted laughter. "Now," she said, "we can talk!"

Said Traill, "Have we only just begun?"

They paid off the taxi with a dollar taken from Eve's purse.

IX

NEXT morning they had breakfast together, followed, in the course of time, as breakfast things must be, by luncheon and dinner. It amused Eve to find companionship so quickly and simply arrived at. The fact of a common background of course obviated a good many preliminaries, did away with certain adjustments, and in addition to their adolescent memories of the South, they had, of course, in common the limitless shop of the theater. Hours slipped away from them, whole states unrolled and slid away beneath the wheels of their train while they discussed the terrible winter in plays, the possibilities of the talkies.

"You know," Eve said to him sagely, "that voice of yours might mean something."

Traill looked skeptical. Skepticism, she had already discovered, was, with him, not only a matter of a crooked mouth but the stigmata of some inner warp as well. Some secret warp of the soul. Scar tissue, shrinking what must, to begin with, have been a smooth surface.

He said, "My voice is nothing to swank about. I've got too much accent, for one thing."

"I meant your singing voice," said Eve.

She had herself rather wondered if his drawl, his blurred vowels and sometimes completely elided consonants, however delightful to the ear, might not, in the merciless enlargement of sound production, prove hopelessly distorted.

"Still," she said, "there are Southern accents in Hollywood." She named a male lead, almost of stellar capacity.

"That cock-eyed ass!" said Traill gloomily. He hadn't much hope of Hollywood. It seemed at moments, to Eve, that he had no especial hope of anything. He hadn't, to take his own word for it, been conspicuously good in stock at Providence. Before that, he had had no luck with one or two trivial parts in New York.

"Are you keen about the theater?" Eve asked him.

"Oh, I dunno; not frightfully," said Traill.

"How on earth did you happen to pick on Hollywood?"

"The director in Providence talked me into it. Decent sort of chap. He seemed to be quite a friend of mine."

Even his friends only seemed to be!

"The man who directed our show," said Eve, smiling to remember Jimmy Sutherland's lamentations and prophecies, "did his best to scare me off."

"Then why —— Are you so keen on it yourself?"

"There was a man, the night we opened in What Luck ——" said Eve slowly. She hadn't, since leaving New York, thought a great deal about Timberlake. Meeting Traill had diverted her. She had been glad to forget her own perplexities and bafflements, in the interest of a fresh personality, bringing with it, as it did, the relaxing safeness of tribal kinship.

Now she felt the return, abrupt and vivid, of a feeling Timberlake had aroused in her—a feeling which had swept her along in agreement with whatever he suggested. Traill gave her a sense of being comforted, of being looked out for, of being almost reverently considered. Perhaps only the Virginian's immemorial attitude toward a woman, perhaps merely a social cover for ordinary selfishness and incomprehension—still, she had been soothed by it. Now she remembered Timberlake with much the feeling of coming out of a delightful dream, back to the strong contours of reality. What force he gave off . . . what casual dynamic ruthlessness clipped his words and tightened his brief, abrupt gestures! He would know what he wanted, and he would take

(Continued on Page 126)

For 82 years . . . . . fathers have been telling their sons: Dill's Best is America's Best

DILL'S BEST
TOBACCO
DILL'S BEST
SMOKING TOBACCO
J.G. DILL CO
NO STEMS IN DILL'S – ONLY THE FLAVOR-FULL BLADES OF THE LEAF ARE USED

Dill's Best (rubbed or sliced) is sold almost everywhere in 15-cent tins, and in half-pound and full-pound sizes. And in vacuum-pack tins, pounds or half-pounds, the smoker has a choice of rubbed or flaked slice.

15¢

A NOTE of pride creeps into the voice of many a pipe smoker when he tells how he first heard that Dill's Best is America's Best. *His father told him!* And years before that, his own father had received the friendly tip from *his* father. From friend to friend, from father to son—through three generations—the word has been passed along that Dill's Best is America's Best.

There are *no stems*, disguised or otherwise, in Dill's. Nature stores the real tobacco taste and fragrance in the tender blades of the leaf—not in the *stem*. Therefore, only the tender blades of superior quality tobacco leaf are used in making this clean, dust-free natural-tasting tobacco that doesn't "bite"—or clog the pipe.

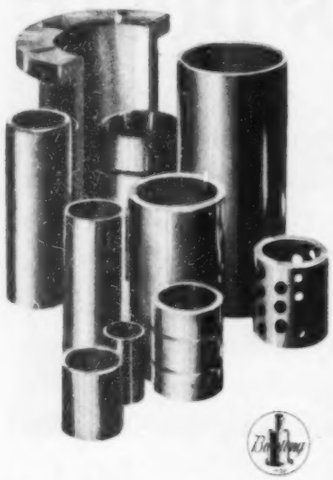
For real pipe smoking enjoyment, try Dill's Best. Smoke pipeful after pipeful . . . all the way to the bottom . . . *and you'll find the bowl remains dry and sweet.* Dill's Best costs only 15¢—and almost all dealers sell it. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

SINCE 1848

Dill's Best TOBACCO

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND — ESTABLISHED 1848

always the same quality



ONE constant factor—*quality*—runs through the hundreds of different bearings made by this company. Differing applications of bearings require different designs, alloys and processes to produce the staying *quality* demanded by individual conditions. This company can design exactly the bearing you require and can manufacture it without variation from the predetermined specifications. In no other way can you be assured of the desired *quality*, suitability and economy. We offer:

Engineering counsel and patterns and tools for over 20,000 special designs and sizes placed free at your disposal. 450 sizes of "Ready Made" completely machined and finished Bunting *Quality* Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings, ready for assembly, always in stock for instant delivery.

88 stock sizes of Cored and Solid Bars of Bunting *Quality* Phosphor Bronze.

Investigate Bunting products and Bunting service.

THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO
Branches and Warehouses at
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO
EXPORT OFFICE: Toledo, Ohio

BUNTING
QUALITY
PHOSPHOR BRONZE
BUSHING BEARINGS
PATENTED

(Continued from Page 124)

it where he found it. Men like him made empires for men who couldn't keep them. They saw tomorrow coming, while other men were yet busy and blinded with today.

Eve thought: "It would be perfectly simple for him. I'll get him to give this one a hand."

She said, "You'll have to meet him when we get out there."

"Who?" asked Traill, not unnaturally, Eve having sat silent a good five minutes, staring out of the window.

"The man I spoke of—his name's Timberlake. He's a director for National Players."

"I've heard of him," said Traill.

He wouldn't say what he'd heard. Seemed to regret having said so much. "Oh, the usual thing. I believe he's admitted to be brilliant."

"Brilliancy isn't the usual thing," said Eve.

But Traill would go no further in the matter of what he had heard about Timberlake. "Just the Hollywood legend."

Eve wasn't sure, visualizing that strong, heavy-lipped mouth, those deep eyes smoldering under reddish brows, that Timberlake would be molded by any legend at all.

"He might be able to give you a lead somehow," she suggested hopefully.

"Thanks. It's sweet of you to think of it," said Traill. His slightly morose air implied that he would not be good at asking favors, whether of Timberlake or another.

* * * * * * *

Chicago had been grimed with smoke, raw with the breathing of a bitter east wind. As the train ground westward, a belated blizzard traveled ahead of it, and Eve looked from her window, hour after hour, upon hills virginally coifed; a clean world, if barren; where one had looked to drive straight into spring. Even on the last day before Los Angeles—the glacial gloom of snowsheds by which the train was swallowed, from which, intermittently, it was disgorged. Eve breakfasted and lunched with Traill, as she had done every day since meeting him; over his dignified protest, paying her own check. In a dusk, falling like clotted cobwebs outside the dining-car windows, she dined with him; after which, in the comparative seclusion of her section, with green curtains swaying up into place all around them, they talked—as they had been talking, hours on end, for three days.

"Funny, how fast one travels on boats and trains," said Eve.

Traill said, "So I've heard."

"So you've done!" said Eve, laughing. "Look at us! If all the talk we've made since you stopped to speak to me that first day out ——"

"I suppose you've had this same experience before," he said. She laughed again at his look of disappointment.

"Of course, not just the same—no two experiences are ever quite the same, are they?—but the same sort of thing."

He said, "Maybe you have. I haven't. I don't make friends very easily."

"That's because you don't choose to."

"Maybe, but it's a fact. I've never got to know anyone so suddenly."

Eve shook her silken head at him, a trifle tired; wishing the night were over; wishing she were settled in a clean, cool room, with a hot bath running; with her hair washed and her nails done; with a real bed to stretch out on, beside a telephone and a little lamp.

She said, "Don't be funny! You don't know me."

"I'm afraid," said Traill doggedly, "I'm being worse than funny, I'm being a fool." He broke off short, looking at Eve with an intensity to which his unintentional smile lent a curious shade of suffering. "It's absolute insanity on my part," he said. "Don't think I don't know that! I've got nothing on earth to offer a woman. I seem to have fallen into a pretty bad spin, that's all."

Eve said, "Whatever are you talking about?"—but very gently. Because, with the sixth sense of the female, abruptly she knew, and was sorry. She had supposed that he was wiser than his Virginian blood. She had forgotten that men exist who fall into love as a fruit falls out of a tree—obeying the suddenness of gravity and fate. If she had remembered, she would not have supposed Jed Traill to be one of those men. It was hard to disassociate his cynic look from complete sophistication. Being herself, however, she did not now pretend to misunderstand him.

"Please," she said, "don't say that! You have a great deal to offer a woman who cared."

"You think—you couldn't?" asked Traill, drawling even more than usual.

Eve said, striking once, and that cleanly: "I know. I'm through with that sort of caring for anyone."

"Do you mean you've been married," he said, "and the man let you down? I've got no earthly right to ask, but if that's what it is ——"

"No," said Eve, "I don't mean anything like that."

The porter went by with an armful of linen. The train rattled over a bridge.

Traill said, "I know this much of you—and I couldn't know it better if we'd been raised together—the man you could care for ——"

"The man I could and did care for is dead," said Eve. It seemed to her the simplest way of putting an end to the question. She said, "He was a flyer. He cracked up three months ago."

"I'm sorry," said Traill, after a long moment, a deeper shadow in his eyes.

"It's all right," said Eve. "How could you know? Besides, I don't mind telling you. I almost thought, from something you said just now, that you were a flyer yourself." She sat with her eyes on the darkness sliding by outside her window. She hadn't expected any man to want to make love to her so soon. She said, "He was rather a wonderful person. And three months isn't very long. I'm still in a pretty bad spin myself."

"I wouldn't, for anything in this world ——" Traill began.

"It's all right. Now, tell me about you," said Eve quickly. He did not at once answer, and, thinking he was still brooding over having hurt her, she turned and smiled at him. "I thought, from something you said that first day about swords and sabers, you might have been in the Army."

He said, "I was."

"Regular or duration of the war?"

"Regular," he said briefly.

Eve thought he didn't want to talk about himself. She liked him for it, but better about him than about her. Besides, while love seemed as dead in her as last year's rose, she was conscious of a sincere interest in Traill, almost an affection for him such as she had known in her very young girlhood for boys who took her to parties, brought her gay-ribboned boxes of candy when coming to call.

"I believe you were a flyer," she said. "There's something about you ——"

"I was," said Traill; he added with a grimace acutely nervous: "I've been out of it almost ten years, though. Can't be any of the earmarks left."

"There's something!" said Eve. She grew faintly curious. "You mean you got out of the Army after the war? Why? Didn't you like the air service? And why on earth, then, didn't you go into commercial flying? Lots of them did. Wouldn't that be better than the theater?" She lost patience with Traill a little. "You say yourself you aren't keen on show business. Aren't you keen on flying, either?" These Southerners, she thought. That incurable indifference. Having been some years away from it herself.

Suddenly Traill looked at her, bridging a gulf, dark passion in his eyes.

"Flying's the only thing in the world I give a tinker's dam for!"

"Then," said Eve, somewhat startled, "why aren't you in it? I'll bet you'd be good."

"I was," said Traill.

Howard's silly wire; it flashed across Eve's mind like a spark leaping.

"I don't mean to be mysterious about myself," said Traill grimly. His lips tightened, out of drawing, "but neither do I wish to bore with the story of my life."

Eve said, "Then, we aren't friends?"

He asked, "Are we?" with a kind of unhappy humor.

"Yes, and why not?" said Eve. She put her hand over his, tightened her fingers for a moment. Till he smiled back at her, although still from some strange morass of the soul.

"Tell me what happened," she said. "Was it a pretty bad crash?"

Traill folded his arms. She thought, from the look on his face, it might have been over an old wound.

He said reluctantly, "It's nothing to tell. I had a lot of luck, from the time I went in, up to September, 1918; then, toward the end of September, I got in a dog fight one day with a couple of boches over our own lines, and I was shot down."

He might have been telling the story of some other man, quoting any one of a hundred or so war books.

Eve made an inarticulate sound of pity, of horror. The old nightmare; the dream she knew too well. A plane falling, drunkenly twisting and dropping, death rising to meet it, flames crackling, smoke fouling the air.

"I had time to shut off the motor," said Traill, as if he read her thought, "but, at that, when I got out of the hospital, it was day before Christmas and the Armistice had been signed."

"They must have patched you up pretty well," said Eve. "You seem fit enough now."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Traill. He laughed. Eve thought she had never heard such deep self-scorn ir laughter. She said, making more talk to cover the strange nakedness of his unhappiness—one couldn't help seeing and hearing that the thing he was telling her lay on him like a blight—"I suppose you went back up again, the minute you could get your hands on a ship?"

Traill said, "It was a little too late, by then."

"What do you mean?" cried Eve. But, as when he had called himself a fool, abruptly she knew. Things Eddie had told her about men who crashed and couldn't go up again soon enough. The pattern clicked into place for her.

He was going on in his bitter drawl: "I'm rotten inside—that's what I mean. I'm afraid to get into the air. Psychologists have a name for it." He added, after a black silence: "I'm not trying to alibi myself with that, you understand. I got out of the service, of course."

Heartbreaking, his unnatural humility! He had told her the day before that his grandfather had ridden with Jeb Stuart. She had seen the Stars and Bars floating above a high dark head as he said it. Perhaps a wry mouth smiling above a gray uniform collar. Things like mouths repeat themselves in families—things like mouths and high heads born to be lowered.

All the green curtains were up now, except Eve's. Filled with an undersea twilight, the car lurched along through the night.

Eve said: "I think you're taking it the wrong way. It's not your fault. It might have happened to anyone—to an ace!" She caught a sardonic flicker in his eyes and divined the truth. "You were an ace, weren't you!"

"I told you," said Traill, "I had a lot of luck, up to that day." He went away presently, having said he wouldn't bore her with talking about himself any further. "I'm afraid I must have bored you as it is," he said.

The absurd and touching punctilio of his courtesy. He should have had a plumed hat on his head. He should have worn a scarlet sash on a gray coat. On a black horse with a white foreleg, he himself should have ridden at Jeb Stuart's bridle hand.

(Continued on Page 128)

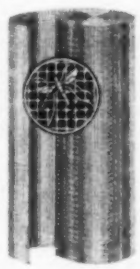
LAWN AND YARD EQUIPMENT
at our new
RETAIL STORES

"RUBY RED" HOSE OUTFIT

Molded rubber — non-kinkable. Guaranteed 3 years. Includes 50 ft. ⅝" hose, brass nozzle, couplings and washers. . . *$4.50

MOSQUITO PROOF WIRE SCREEN

16 mesh galvanized — guaranteed for 5 years to resist wear and rust. In 25-ft. rolls, widths 24 to 48-in. Sq. ft. . . *3c



BEST MADE LAWN MOWER

Has 5 self-sharpening crucible steel cutters. Extra large (11-in.) wheels, and ball bearings that keep mower always in the best condition. 16" cut . . *$11.75

ACME LAWN MOWER

Fitted with chrome alloy steel ball bearings; 9" open wheels, 4 self-sharpening cutting blades . . . *$6.95

DICKINSON'S CLUB GREEN GRASS SEED

Recleaned imported and domestic turf grasses. Makes solid velvety lawns. Withstands trampling — maintains texture and color through drought with little care.

1 lb. carton *39c

*Prices slightly higher in some states

We guarantee our merchandise to be satisfactory in every way; if it is not your money will be refunded without question.

We set new standards in blade precision to give you

A FINER CUTTING LAWN MOWER

—yet it costs you less!

"GIVE us a lawn mower that meets the most exacting tests you can devise—that cuts with perfect precision," we instructed our engineers.

So they took the best lawn mower that then existed, and to it added larger wheels, chrome alloy ball bearings, and, most important of all, a new *blade precision*.

Our engineers obtained an adjustment so keen that the mower cuts *tissue paper* fed slowly through the blades!

And because Sears, Roebuck sells these finer cutting lawn mowers in such vast quantities, they cost you *less!*

The lawn mower is just one of the thousands of products that Sears, Roebuck are working with daily to give you *better quality merchandise.*

No distance is too far to go for better raw materials . . . no effort is too great to thoroughly test, improve and perfect every Sears, Roebuck product, down to the finest detail.

Yet you can always buy these products at a saving, because of Sears, Roebuck's great buying and distributing resources that last year disposed of more than $440,000,000 worth of merchandise to over 12,000,000 customers.

This page shows just a few of the exceptional values offered you by Sears, Roebuck and Co. If you do not live near a Sears, Roebuck retail store, send direct to your nearest Sears, Roebuck mail order store for their illustrated catalog No. S-160-V, containing full descriptions of more than 46,000 products.

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.
RETAIL STORES

MAIL ORDER STORES AT
CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • BOSTON • MINNEAPOLIS • KANSAS CITY • ATLANTA • MEMPHIS • DALLAS • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE

PFLUEGER
PRONOUNCED "FLEW-GER"
FISHING TACKLE
Leaders Since 1864

—for fishermen. Send and get a *free* copy of Pflueger's *new* Pocket Catalog. This recognized authority on fresh and salt water fish tells you what and where they are—how they feed, spawn and fight—gives weights, food values, etc. A mine of useful data, sized to fit the pocket or tackle-kit.

The Pfluegers have designed and built fine fishing reels and baits for three generations. Any leading sporting goods dealer will tell you that no finer or more dependable fishing tackle is made. Everything for any kind of fresh or salt water fishing.

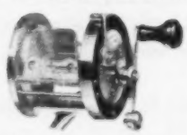
Send today for your copy—Pflueger Pocket Catalog No. 149.

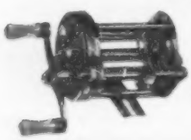
THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.
E. A. Pflueger, Pres.
Dept. SEP4 AKRON, OHIO

Tackle Backed by 66 Years Experience

Pflueger SUPREME
Level - Winding. Anti-back-lash. Lightest, strongest, greatest line capacity Reel built.
No. 1573 Price $25.00

Pflueger OCEANIC
Six sizes—for surf-casting.
Prices $7.50 to $16.50





Pflueger SUMMIT
Level - Winding. Anti-back lash.
No. 1993J, Jeweled Price $10.00

Pflueger PAL-O-MINE Minnow
Floats - Dives - Wiggles-Wobbles. 15 different finishes.
75c to $1.00

COPY SENT FREE!

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.
Dept. SEP4, Akron, Ohio
Gentlemen:—Please send me, without cost, a copy of Pflueger's New Pocket Catalog No. 149.

Name .....
Address .....

(Continued from Page 126)

Instead of which: "I'm rotten as hell. I'm afraid to get into the air."

Eve lay awake for a long time, thinking what it must be to a swell guy to know himself afraid.

x

TRAILL had said: "Where are you going to stop in Hollywood? Is anyone meeting you?" And Eve had told him she hoped not. That she preferred to go up to the Consul alone.

"I see, the Consul," said Traill, in a voice uncontrollably surprised and disappointed; so that she laughed at him and admitted she knew herself to be an extravagant fool.

She said, "Give me a ring in a day or two and we'll have tea or something." With which Traill had to be content.

He put her and her bags into a taxi at the station. He held her hand close, wishing her luck. "If there's any earthly thing I can do ——" he said. "You know that, don't you?"

Eve did, and said so. Then her taxi took her away from him and she forgot to think about him faster than the taxi took her. She had started for Hollywood at Timberlake's instigation, with Anne's Saint Theresa medal in her purse, and here she was, wherever Timberlake and Saint Theresa might be steering her. Hollywood, it seemed, was a good twenty minutes beyond the Consul, so that stage of her pilgrimage was yet to come. For the present she desired chiefly a room with a bath; a view, not necessary.

The Consul opened wide flowering driveways, displayed to her gaze dozens of shining automobiles, parked about a space of verdant turf. An Irishman at the door—are Irishmen at the doors of all the world?—uniformed, ruddy and welcoming.

Little shops all up and down the first floor of the Consul. A village under one vast proud roof. On the second floor a lobby with women in sport clothes milling aimlessly about; through doors and windows a blaze of California sunshine, yellow as California poppies.

The clerk at the desk said, "Miss Adams—is that it?"

"Quite," said Eve.

He dispensed a room key and told a boy to take her bags.

When she came to the room itself, she stood and gasped. It was all mauve and green like a field of tulips, but the first sight of a deep and gleaming tub so seduced her that she tipped the boy and sent him away hurriedly.

Green bed, pale smooth green wood, with flowers painted at the head and the foot of it. Green-painted chairs, cushioned in mauve brocade. Mauve brocade at the windows. Mauve counterpane on the bed. The dressing table was green. The rugs were mauve, edged in a deeper tone, running into violet.

She stood at the mauve-curtained window and looked out at a long swell of mountains, dark against a clear, brilliant sky. Roofs between her and the mountains. At the top of the tallest roof, a great red P, marring the mountains hideously. It would at night be an electric P, Eve was sure of it.

She glanced at her watch. Only ten. It seemed a long time since she had waked that morning in her berth and lain there wondering: "Am I on the right way? Am I coming to anything? Or will this be just another blind alley?" She had experienced the disheartening revulsion which she always experienced at the end of any journey: "What am I here for? Why didn't I stay where I was?" And she had not been able quite to tell herself what she was there for.

Voices crashed into the quiet air from somewhere beneath her window—men's voices, singing lustily, roaring on not-too-true pitches. Hearty flattings, virile irregularities in tempo:

"Moonlight and roses bring wonderful memories of thee,
My heart discloses ——"

A maid knocked; came into the room with fresh towels.

"What on earth is that," asked Eve—"that terrible racket downstairs?"

The maid said there was a sheep-raisers' convention.

Eve wondered—listening—just what frame of mind in an adult sheep-raising male led him, at ten of an April morning, to sing Moonlight and Roses at the top of his voice in company with a great many other sheep-raising voices.

The telephone rang, on the little table at the side of the green-painted bed. She went to it quickly. Traill, she thought, already. She was faintly annoyed. She didn't at the moment want to be taken care of by Traill or anyone else.

The voice was not Traill's, however. Feminine, with a brisk Western inflection: "Miss Adams?"

"Yes," said Eve.

"All right. Hold the wire, please. Mr. Timberlake would like to speak to you."

Eve waited, pulse quickening in spite of herself. He spoke abruptly. It occurred to her anew that when he spoke, people would always listen. That curt, amused note of authority.

"Well? Hope you had a pleasant trip!"

"Very nice, thanks," said Eve.

"How'd you like to come out to the studio this afternoon . . . or are you too tired?"

She wondered if he commonly considered whether people were tired or not. She said: "I'm not in the least tired. I'd like it extremely."

"Good! I'll send a car for you at 3:30," said Timberlake.

He would send a car for her. It sounded like the beginning of the Hollywood fairy tale.

"Thanks a lot," said Eve. "I'll be ready."

xi

EVE was writing to Jimmy Sutherland. As in most lonely people, the habit of letter-writing survived in her strongly. Perhaps, also, a groping desire to write something other than letters; since her letters eased a need in herself, rather than sought to answer a need in the one to whom she wrote. Sitting in a corner of the National Players' studio, wearing a black coat with an ermine collar, with a dashing little black hat drawn down to her darkened eyebrows, with her mouth painted to a luscious and emphasized fullness, with her lashes languorous with mascaro, Eve wrote absorbedly:

Do you realize, Jimmy, that I have been here not even a week and already I am working? At a very decent salary. There may be wolves in them mountains; there are also pay checks.

She stopped to settle more comfortably upon her knee the book on which she wrote, put the point of her pencil delicately between her dangerous lips and continued:

Mr. Timberlake had me cast the day after I got here in a picture he was just starting; not a very big part, but with possibilities. To be exact, I'm a child of the wicked city, in love with a good-looking but pure young man who's come up to town to peddle a play he's written. I get him an introduction to a manager and the manager takes his play. Then he guesses why the manager has taken his play—because it was none other than I who got him the introduction—if you follow me, Jimmy darling. It's a virgin idea, of course. Well, anyhow! He scorns me—the pure young man does—but the vast movie audience being also and even purer, the manager, in a stirring scene, washes me whiter than snow by telling how he has tried for years, without any luck, to make my sins as scarlet. And there you are! A safe-and-sane time is had by all. I send the pure young man back to his small-town love. I swallow my broken heart. It sounds frightfully silly, but don't most things sound silly when you write them down in cold ink? Really, it's rather a good bit, and working with Timberlake is just about the biggest piece of luck that ever happened to me. He gets things out of you, Jimmy, you didn't know you had to give. He's a better actor than anybody he directs. I never before realized what a strange combination a director must be, of dictator and artist. He is the picture. He projects himself through us. I've never imagined such driving force, such unholy intuition ——

To which, in the course of time and by air mail, Jimmy Sutherland replied:

See a book called Trilby for Exhibit A. You're in the direct line of descent.

Meantime, with a prop man messing anxiously about, barely two feet away; with carpenters, electricians, painters and spotlight men swarming like hornets; with occasional cries of "Silence! . . . This is the picture! . . . Ready, Mr. Timberlake!" . . . with intermittent blazings of light from the set; with cryptic noises varied with strangling silences, unsettling the air, Eve continued to write:

One thing that almost drives me crazy is the interminable waiting. I've been here since nine this morning, made up and ready. I've got the hang of a quite different sort of make-up very nicely already. You'd loathe it, but I can see why it's necessary. Everything about my face is just pointed up, that's all. I mean my eyes are bigger and deeper-looking, my mouth is fuller—more alluring or what have you—my eyebrows alone would put any susceptible soul on its guard—very slim and dark and supple eyebrows. It's fun, Jimmy! It's like discovering another Eve by a secret stairway in my own soul. Don't laugh, or if you must laugh, don't write till you're over the paroxysm! Another agony is doing scenes over and over; three times at least, every one of them; with playbacks in between. Timberlake says I have a natural instinct for spacing—which means timing the way you move before the camera. He says, too, that I am naturally mikewise, which means, you poor benighted Hindu—it's frightful to have to stop and explain all these simple things to you—keeping your voice at just the right tone—almost muted, without being monotonous; keeping it naturally inflected, yet dramatic; minding your S's and R's, no less than the well-known P's and Q's. Timberlake says the fundamental difference between talking pictures and the theater is—now, get this, Jimmy, it's tremendously interesting—that where the theater has always to allow for footlights between player and audience, deliberately creating an artificiality or, anyhow, an exaggeration which will cross those footlights, the talking pictures have nothing between them and the audience mind. They aim to reproduce actual life, not its arty distortion. Isn't that keen, Jimmy? To me, it's absolutely fascinating—this whole thing. Creative art in the raw. These people are tinkering with possibilities that make you gasp. Men like Timberlake, with his vision, his artistry, his sincerity, his unconquerable will —— I tell you, Jimmy, you can kid all you like, but with a man like that, and with the strides they're making in sound production from day to day, there's nothing the talking pictures can't do.

"Except talk," replied Jimmy Sutherland, by air mail, as aforesaid. He added, not without reason: "Are you press-agenting for this guy Timberlake, or merely trouping?"

Eve did not finish her letter that day on that set. In five minutes her call came.

"I want a wild shot," Timberlake told her, "of you sitting on the corner of the manager's table, listening while the manager tells the boy he's going to take his play. You look from one to the other. You're crazy about the boy. You believe in the play. You want the manager to take it. But you don't want the boy to get the notion that there's anything between you and the manager. You're in a close place, and you keep up a front, but inside you're waving flags and throwing flowers. Get me, Eve?"

"Quite," said Eve. She inspected herself in the mirror a colored maid brought and held for her. She touched her hair under the small black hat.

"Make her upper lip a little shorter," said Timberlake to the make-up man, hovering, waiting. Timberlake watched Eve's mouth while the make-up man shortened the upper lip with a deft touch. Then he turned back to the cameramen, also waiting, but before he turned he smiled into Eve's eyes.

"Tired waiting?" he asked. "We'll eat after this."

The wild shot was silent. A close-up between two spoken scenes. When it had been completed to his satisfaction, Timberlake said: "Come over to the club with me, will you?" And with Eve still in her city-girl make-up, they walked across the lot to the low vine-covered building where actors

(Continued on Page 130)

"SO GOOD IN THEMSELVES . . . SO ATTRACTIVE WHEN SERVED THIS NEW WAY . . .

"Those delightful kitchens of the past—" exclaims Josephine Gibson, Director, Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, "bright with sunshine—odorous with the fragrance of delicious foods in preparation! Do you remember the familiar baked bean crock which gave forth such a happy odor when the oven door was lowered? And when from your plate every bean sent up redoubled fragrance in little curling jets of steam, wasn't it enough to make any appetite frantic?

"Yet I don't think we need sigh for the baked beans of past days. You'll find all their goodness in those made by Heinz. Such plump, brown, mealy beans these are—just bursting with goodness! Such delicate bits of flavor—so tender, so digestible, from their *oven-baking*. And that tomato sauce, made from garden-fresh tomatoes. Where can you match its zestful piquancy! Only *oven-baking* can give this tender goodness—only the spicy tomato sauce can give such flavor!

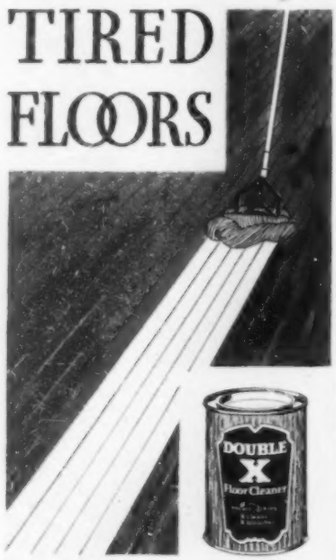
"If you like ways of serving this favorite dish that are a bit different, try this one—

"LUNCHEON PLATE, the Heinz way . . . Have the required number of patty shells. Then remove the labels from one or more cans of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans, and heat thoroughly in a pan of hot water. Turn out the contents on a platter and fill the patty shells, arranging them so that a piece of the tender young pork shows on top of each. Then pop the patties into the oven until the shells are thoroughly heated. Make dainty butter sandwiches of hot Boston Brown Bread or, lacking this, sandwiches of Heinz Sandwich Relish on whole wheat bread. Arrange patty, sandwiches, and your favorite Heinz pickles (or a small compact salad) on an attractive plate. Serve while patty is hot and crisp." • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

57

Enjoy these radio talks! . *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Josephine Gibson, Heinz Home Economics Director, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and other associated National Broadcasting Co. stations.*

Rx *Try this*
SPRING TONIC *for*
TIRED FLOORS



FLOORS that are dingy, streaked, stained or spotted merely "yawn" when you wax and polish them again and again. What they need is a *new* lease on life—the sort of peppy prescription only Dr. Double X can give them!

Double X—a chemist's discovery—takes any floor (hardwood or softwood)—and, in *one* operation, *cleans-and-bleaches* it down to the wood; brings back its "youth", its freshness, its lustre!

No more fussing with messy varnish removers, putty knives, sandpaper, foul-smelling bleaches and what-not! For Double X does it *all!*

What's more, Double X costs so little. A 75¢ can has enough double-action magic to put new life into the floor of an average room. All you need is double X, a pail of boiling water and a mop.

At leading paint and hardware stores in two sizes: pound can (75¢) and 4 oz. carton (25¢). See Special Trial Offer in coupon below.

Double X
Floor Cleaner

Special Trial Offer—*Mail coupon now!*

SCHALK CHEMICAL CO., 349 East Second St., Los Angeles
For the enclosed 10¢ (to cover cost of packing and mailing) send me a 25¢ "Get-Acquainted Package" of Double X Floor Cleaner [32]

Name .....

Address .....

Savabrush cleans paint brushes right down to the heel. No brush is too dry, hard or hopeless. A 10¢ carton will save two brushes. At leading paint and hardware stores everywhere!
SAVABRUSH

(Continued from Page 128)

and directors from the various sets were lunching. Bearded Russians in uniform, girls in yashmaks, a bride in a pink wedding gown, a boyish male star, his smooth chin rounding under yellowish make-up. Eve and Timberlake sat down at a table for two against the farther wall. Eve intercepted, as they did so, several knowing glances, but she had lunched at the club with Timberlake now more than once, and glances of one sort or another did not affect her. She knew that wherever he went, whatever he did, there would be eyes upon him.

He said, when they had ordered and he had warned the waitress curtly that his coffee was not to be dish water: "Len Thomas got in from New York yesterday. See him over there in the corner behind Ledoux?"

Eve looked, caught Thomas' eye and fancied a cynical glint in it.

"Wonder who's the bird he's got with him?" mused Timberlake. "More assistant publicity?"

The bird whom Thomas had with him, at that moment, turning in his chair, bowing to Eve and smiling one-sidedly, Eve exclaimed with more surprise than discretion in her surprise: "Why, that's the man I was talking to you about just yesterday! The Virginian who came out on the train with me. His name's Traill."

"Is that a fact?" inquired Timberlake, instantly attentive, if still on the surface disinterested. "You say he's looking around the studios. Had any experience, do you know?"

Eve said eagerly, "One or two New York productions. Stock in Providence. He hasn't had much luck."

"The ubiquitous alibi," said Timberlake. He ate bread and butter absently, watched Eve from under bent brows.

Eve said, "Oh, no, not that. I don't think so"—but a trifle nervously. She felt in herself, whenever she was with Timberlake, a very-young-girlishness outcropping. He intimidated her by a consciousness he aroused in her of his secret strength. She said: "He has a charming voice, really! You know, the sort of ardent, wistful voice that women go mad over, and that most often doesn't mean a thing."

"'A tenor is not a man but a disease,'" suggested Timberlake.

"George Eliot knew more about disease than about tenors, didn't she?" asked Eve innocently.

The waitress brought Eve's lamb chop and lettuce, Timberlake's tamale and strong coffee.

"If you could use him," Eve offered hesitantly—"even if it were only a bit ——"

"Friend of yours?" asked Timberlake, smiling, but watching her.

Eve struggled with her chop, which was rather on the tough side. "Not particularly. I've seen him only once since I've been here. But he's frightfully nice." She thought of the night Traill had told her about his crash. "I feel a little sorry for him," she explained.

He had called her several times at the Consul, but she had been able to see him but once. He had told her then he hadn't yet landed anything. He was living in a cheap little hotel in the middle of Hollywood. She thought she'd like to give him a hand, if she could.

"Do look him over!" she urged. "There they are—going out now."

But Thomas was not going out. He crossed the room, stood looking down at Eve and smiling blandly. "How's Miss Broadway? . . . How are you, Mike? . . . This is Jed Traill, a friend of mine from God's only other state."

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Adams on the train coming out," Traill said quietly. To Timberlake he said nothing at all, merely nodded.

"He'll ruin his own chances," thought Eve, helplessly annoyed.

Thomas was beginning. "How's the audible cinema?" he broke off to catch at the arm of a script girl, in sweater and skirt, with a notebook under her arm, just going by. "Jo-Jo, my darling, how are you!" He gestured to Timberlake. "See you in a minute. . . . Wait a minute, will you, Traill?" He followed the girl up the room to the table which was her objective.

"Sit down, won't you?" said Timberlake to Traill.

"Yes, do," said Eve. She had hoped they would like each other. It was impossible to decide from Timberlake's unsmiling inscrutability, Traill's courteous and customary look of skepticism, whether they did or not. Impossible at least for Eve.

"Eve tells me you're looking for a part," said Timberlake.

"Without any luck so far," said Traill.

"What have you tried?" asked Timberlake.

Traill said, "Pretty much everything."

Eve put in quickly, "I told him that with his voice he ought to be able to get something easily."

"I'm afraid you're too kind," said Traill, smiling at Eve.

"She tells me," said Timberlake, "you've got the sort of voice that women go mad over and that doesn't mean a thing." He held his cigarette case across the table to Eve with a calmly malicious grin. Traill flushed darkly without answering.

"Now, is that what I said?" cried Eve to Timberlake, disconcerted and reproachful.

Timberlake offered his case to Traill, who refused, saying: "Thanks, I'll smoke one of these, if you don't mind"—and lit one of his own from a cheap pack.

"Come around and see me," said Timberlake. "Come in tomorrow morning about nine. I may have something for you."

"Thanks," said Traill. Not another word.

Eve thought: "If he's going to behave like Philip of Spain with a director like Timberlake!"

Thomas came strolling languidly back from Jo-Jo, his darling, touched Traill on the shoulder and said to Timberlake: "Got to be running along. . . . When can I have a word with you, Mike?"

"Give me a ring at my place about seven tonight," said Timberlake.

"Wanted Jed to meet you," said Thomas, slapping Traill on the shoulder again. "He's looking for a chance to rock Jack Carman on his throne."

"Traill's coming in to see me tomorrow morning," said Timberlake, as if he said at that time the morning paper would be delivered.

"Great!" said Thomas lazily.

"It's very good of you, Mr. Timberlake," said Traill formally. He bowed to Eve without speaking.

When Traill and Thomas had gone, Eve said gratefully: "I do think it's nice of you."

Timberlake said, beckoning his waitress: "Don't make any mistake. If he isn't up to the thing I have in mind for him, he won't get it. I'm not running a dramatic dispensary."

Eve conceded that without question. "What were you thinking of?" she asked, slightly diffident.

Timberlake lit a fresh cigarette; regarded Eve pleasantly. "If his voice is as good as you say ——"

She assured him, "It is. I know you'll be interested when you hear it."

"Well, Jack Carman needs a double," said Timberlake. "There's a theme song in a picture he's getting ready to do ——"

"Jack Carman!" cried Eve, dumfounded. Smooth black hair, thin sensuous mouth, shining shallow eyes. "But Jed Traill—in a million years he doesn't look in the least like Jack Carman!"

"Don't be ridiculous, girl," said Timberlake. Across the table he leaned to pat her hand abruptly. His touch startled her, always. "Nobody'll know what Traill looks like. A double sings from the wings."

"Oh-h!" said Eve, troubled. She hadn't anticipated that. She insisted: "He'd have his name in the cast, though, wouldn't he?"

"He'd have his name on his pay check and nowhere else," said Timberlake coolly. "However, I imagine that's the main idea."

Eve thought: "A shadow in the wings, on the edge of reality. That's how Traill sees himself already. Already he thinks he's a flop. He thinks he has nothing to offer. This'll only make him worse. It'll be terribly bad for him." And she herself had put him in the way of it, trying to awaken Timberlake's interest. Like trying to open an unsleeping eye!

Once again, as how many times before, she felt the compulsion of some cosmic plan. She had procured for Traill the very thing to deepen his conviction of personal inferiority. She saw this—how clearly—yet did not dare protest, for fear of putting Timberlake off altogether. Others than ladies, she knew, must live. Traill might—she was distressingly sure he did—need money.

She made one anxious attempt to readjust the situation:

"Don't you think he has a rather charming personality? Mightn't he screen rather well?"

"With that mouth?" Timberlake laughed, his own magnificently arrogant. "My dear child, people'd take it for another Lon Chaney make-up!"

"That's unkind! I don't think so!" said Eve, obscurely stung into defending Traill's smile that was no smile. She felt a curious, swift pain about her heart. She said, "There's something very likable about him."

"I dare say a plastic surgeon could change that," said Timberlake.

When they went out of the club together a few moments later, Eve's heart was beating hard. She had opposed Timberlake, however guardedly, and he had only chuckled. If anything, his eyes showed a warmer depth, watching her, always watching her. She might have been something under glass in a hothouse—growing for his approval.

"Traill's lucky to have such an angel," he said, leaving her at the door of the studio.

"Don't be funny!" said Eve, producing her vague, sweet smile. Her fencer's smile.

Timberlake said, "I seldom am, without an ulterior motive."

He turned away on that, and watching him go, warned by a pricking in her prescient thumbs, Eve knew he spoke no more than truth.

She watched him go and watching him, reflected, somewhat against her conscious will, that the sun struck his rough red head pleasingly. It was a flame, she reminded herself, at which, if rumor did not too much malign Michael Timberlake, more than one woman had warmed her hands, not to say, burned her fingers. Still, flame is flame to a fire worshiper.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PHOTO BY LUCIEN KELLOGG
In Mount Rainier National Park, Washington

Yesterday's wringing methods are too slow for today

EASY *with its famous Damp-Dryer has found a better way than wringing*

Absolutely safe. A child could not hurt herself, because moving parts are all enclosed. Clothes damp-dried automatically without effort on your part. All you do is turn a lever. No hand-feeding into a wringer.

Two operations at one time! Washing section and Damp-Dryer operate independently of each other. Second load can be washing while first is damp-dried. Clothes equal to 12 full-size sheets at one time!

In less than 2 minutes the Damp-Dryer automatically whirls the water out of a tubful of clothes—ready for sun-drying on the line. Absolutely no strain is placed on fabrics. No friction. No squeezing.

Rinse clothes in the Dryer if you wish—without handling, until ready for line, by running water into Dryer and whirling it out. Saves back-bending rinsing in another tub and again "feeding" into wringer.

Pillows can be washed and dried to original fluffiness same day *without removing feathers.* Damp-dries blankets. Takes out more water than wringing does. In bad weather clothes can be line-dried indoors.

You save mending, because buttons don't come off. Metal fasteners don't flatten, fabrics don't tear, silk and rayon garments don't crack. Sheerest silks can be washed and damp-dried with absolute safety.

With this new, no-wringer EASY Washer you do in 90 seconds what takes from three to four minutes with an ordinary wringer-type washer.

This saving of time and labor is *repeated* from four to six times. The total saving from this *one* feature alone is from twelve to twenty minutes, depending on the size of your washing.

The no-wringer EASY damp-dries clothes scientifically—with absolute safety to both operator and clothes. This modern washer is more than a washing machine. It washes and damp-dries at the same time. The Damp-Dryer whirls the water out of a tubful of clothes in less than two minutes.

Look at these pictures. They show why the no-wringer EASY is safer, faster, easier, gentler than any wringer-type washer. Compare this modern washing method with the old-fashioned wringer way.

8 years ahead

EASY announced the centrifugal method of damp-drying nearly four years ago—after 5 years of research and experiment. Eventually, we believe all the better washing machines will be offered with some type of damp-dryer. *But it will not be* the EASY Damp-Dryer. For no other damp-dryer can incorporate all of EASY'S features.

Free trial offer

Phone your EASY dealer today. He is listed in your telephone directory. He will bring a new EASY to your home and show you a miracle in washing clothes. The no-wringer EASY can be had with either suction-type or agitator-type washing principle. Both sell at the same low price. If you decide to keep the EASY Washer, you can pay for it on easy terms. *Ask the EASY dealer to show you the 90 seconds' demonstration.*

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Now anyone can iron *the rotary way*

Choose from

3 NEW

EASY FINGERTIP CONTROL **IRONERS**

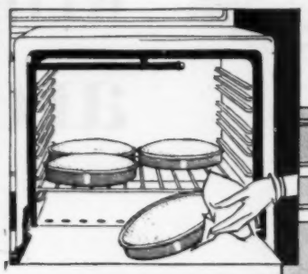
2 fingertip controls do everything

Roll-About Ironer, Portable Ironer and Wringer Post Ironer priced amazingly low

EASY WASHERS & IRONERS

Also supplied with 4-cycle gasoline motor for homes without electricity

You don't have to be told that cereal cooked in a double boiler won't scorch. But do you know that the Estate Oven is built on exactly the same principle as a double boiler? That's why everything you bake in this oven comes out uniform in shape, in color, in texture—perfect, every time. And with never so much as a peek at the baking or shifting a baking pan.



Suppose you are making a cake—you can put all four layers on one rack in the Estate Oven at one time, without fear of scorching or uneven baking. For there are no openings in the side walls, no hot zones to be avoided. The heat is uniformly distributed over every inch of the oven.

Even on the hottest summer day, keep your Estate Oven going for hours at a time, baking or canning, or preparing an all-oven dinner, and the kitchen will remain uniformly cool. For the Estate Range may now be had with a special heat-retaining oven—a blanket of rock-wool to keep the heat inside the oven, where it belongs. Of course, this feature is a great gas-saver, too.

An Oven UNIFORMLY HOT

A Kitchen UNIFORMLY COOL

COME into the kitchen where there is an Estate Gas Range, and see what modern baking means. Watch the cakes go into the oven—four layers on one rack. Peeking in—testing—pan shifting? Danger of scorching? *Never,* with an Estate!

Now watch the cakes come out—each a beautiful, golden brown. Uniform in shape. Uniform in texture. For the Estate Fresh Air Oven is built on the same principle as a double boiler—the heat is uniform in every part. Cakes baked in the Estate are perfect—never up on one side and down on the other. Pies and rolls—roasts and loaves—are always deliciously, uniformly good.

Any of the new all enameled models may be had with Heat-Retaining (insulated) Oven. The heat stays in where it belongs, while the kitchen remains comfortably cool.

As you would expect, the Estate Gas Range has many other improvements and conveniences: easy-to-clean, one-piece cooking-top; Rigidraw smokeless broiler pan; oven racks that pull out and push in like cabinet drawers; door handles that stay cool; solid enamel panel behind gas cocks, concealing all piping; vitreous enamel, inside and out; rounded corners, with not a nut, bolt, or hinge in sight; convenient utensil drawer. And, of course, the ThermEstate Oven Heat Control that enables you to cook in the modern way—by time and temperature.

Now on display—see them!

Better dealers and gas companies in almost every community are now displaying the complete line of modern Estate Gas Ranges. Visit the one nearest you. See for yourself how much one of these handsome ranges will add to the appearance of your kitchen—learn how it will lighten and lessen kitchen hours for you. In the meantime, mail the coupon for your copy of our photogravure folder on the many advantages of Estate cookery. The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 18-A, Hamilton, Ohio.

★ ***If you live beyond the gas mains...*** you may still enjoy the advantages of cooking on an Estate Gas Range. All new models may be had with burners adjusted for Delcogas, also for Skelgas and other tank gases.

Smart color motifs! Estate, creator of color in gas ranges, now offers you the smartest combinations—ivory and ebony, ivory and jade green. Also the standard finishes, in French gray and white.

----------MAIL THIS FOR YOUR FOLDER----------

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY,
Dept. 18-A, Hamilton, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please send me free copy of photogravure folder that shows how the Estate Gas Range simplifies cooking and baking.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Estate GAS RANGES

© 1930, The E. S. Co.

. . . with the double-boiler oven . . . bakes with FRESH AIR

RACE

(Continued from Page 23)

Mr. Van Eck lifted his stick and aimed it at a large lady in purple clothing.

"I'm not talkin' to you, ma'am! . . . Nick, your daughter phoned me last week she wanted to buy Caro's big yeller hoss he trained from a colt. I told her no. Yest'day she paid a hired man five dollars to fetch her out Bully onto the turnpike. Carolus was in Albany with his stepmamma, shoppin'. This little hussy tried to jum, im over the stake fence by Sid Paramore's south lot an' ——"

"Nicholas!"

"—— she spoiled the hoss an' run off an' left him," said Mr. Van Eck, "like a yeller little coward. I can have her in jail along with the drunks downtown. She's a thief and a coward. You've fathered dirt, Nick."

The tall young man in white jumped down to the drive and said, "I say, sir, I'm sure you must be misinformed! There's some mistake! I'm sure ——"

"Hold your tongue, boy! Who spoke to you?"

"But there must be some mistake, sir! You're accusing Miss Shuttleworth of something — of — of — of something one doesn't do!"

"You're right, young man," said Mr. Van Eck. "But I ain't accusin' anybody. I'm telling this feller what his daughter did. He knows I'm Carolus Van Eck. An' he knows he sent one of his grooms down early this mornin' to spy out what had happened."

Nancy Shuttleworth yelled, "Well, why wouldn't you sell me the horse, then? I asked you to! You know I asked you to!"

"Listen, Nick, an' git this in your head. Nor you, nor your wife, nor your daughter, nor any trash works for you, nor any fools," he purred, "that visit you is ever to set a foot on my land. You hear that? You're dirt. Stay on your own dirt. . . . Drive on, Lupus. I'm through here."

"Nancy, come—come here at once and apologize to Mr. Van Eck."

"Tell your little coward to go wash the paint off her mouth. I don't want words with her. . . . Drive me out of here, Lupus."

Lupus drove around the grass plot and down the drive into the roadway. Henricus yawned in his lap and went soundly to sleep as the car pulsed off under many trees into the shady town of Couveris. Mr. Van Eck rolled and lit a cigarette.

"Skip along, son. We were longer there'n I meant to be. Was that young feller English that tried to poke in?"

"Couldn't you hear he was, pop? Sure he was."

"Then he must be this Earl of Ancross that's visitin' Nick. Wasn't a bad-lookin' boy, neither."

"Who told you there's an earl there, pop?"

"You hadn't time to read the paper this mornin', son. Our social column," the sachem drawled, "in the Couveris Times has the facts. The Earl of Ancross, oldest son an' heir of the Duke of Stole, is visitin' Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Shuttleworth at Roadside Farms. Roadside Farms! . . . Hustle, Lupus. One minute to three."

Lupus shot down the pleasant street through Couveris with one hand thrown out to the left, notifying the police and the authorities that the Van Ecks were in a hurry. Friends called, "Hi, Injun!" and, "Hey, Lupus!" from the brick sidewalks and old, preserved hitching rails. He noticed Tommy Bolter down from Saratoga, and wondered if Carolus would like to see all the races this year. Then he was at the station, and the slow train from Albany was already pulling out, and there was Colonel Beausire, wiping an eyeglass on a blue silk handkerchief, with four suitcases piled at his feet.

"My dear fellow," said the thin Englishman, "don't apologize! I've just escaped from that train. Could have stayed here comfortably an hour, recuperatin'. . . . Is this your father? It was a delicious moment when your extraordinary son recognized me on the street in New York, on Tuesday, and it's most wonderful of you to let me come up here out of New York for Sunday. I should think that anything that took anyone out of New York was wonderful. May be jolly in winter. Should hate to say what I th—— Is that a baby, Van Eck? And whose baby is it? Yours? I think that's a remarkable baby. Looks like a rather healthy Raphael baby. . . . I say, is there Italian blood in your family?"

Pop spat and purred, "Iroquois Indian, colonel. The Van Ecks are old Dutch and aboriginal. We was here before the English moved into this part of the state. . . . Git in, sir."

"I think that makes you much more patrician than all those Yankees who tell you they're descended from our old county families. Can't say I like some of our old county families. I've an old family on some land of mine in Shropshire. I'm sure they've been poaching steadily since the time of Richard I. But they're a loathsomely old family, and ever so dirty."

"Trash goes on bein' trash and good stock's good stock," said the sachem, "unless it's allowed to git underbred. The Van Ecks have raised hosses since George Washin'ton."

"And what did they do before that?"

"Prob'ly raised hosses. Only the British burned some of the house down in the week before the battle at Saratoga, and there's no papers from before then."

Colonel Beausire chuckled.

"I hope it wasn't an ancestor of mine who was so rude as to spoil the family record. I'd a great-great-great-grandfather or something like that in Burgoyne's army."

"Well, my son's wife says we've been revengin' ourselves on the King's English ever since by murderin' it," Mr. Van Eck purred. "I fergit how you came to be acquainted with Lupus?"

"In a pub—you call 'em bars—near the American rest camp at Winchester, in 1918. We got to talking horse. One touch of horseflesh makes rather a lot of us kin, doesn't it? It's come to be part of the human race, hasn't it—our feeling for these dumb brutes? And we're the decentest part of the race too. . . . And then I met Van Eck again in Paris, one of those nights everybody was celebrating the Armistice. And he most efficiently took me back to the hotel and put me to bed. Didn't happen to be my hotel or my room, but he made me very comfortable. Only the American lady from—er—Texas who belonged in the room resented it when she came in. I remember sitting up in bed and telling her she shouldn't stay out 'til four in the mornin'. . . . What very good trees!"

"Lupus is the nicest feller ever lived," said pop, "but he's stupid."

"Can't say I'd noticed that. I'm dullish myself. My boys tell me so, anyhow. I'm conservative and don't like cocktails and young ladies who enliven house parties by dancin' on billiard tables in their underclothes. Spoils the cloth. . . . I say, you can roll cigarettes! That's a special talent, eh? I always get tobacco in my eyebrows when I try."

Lupus drove slowly, pleased by this chatter behind him, and took his time in getting beyond the town. The valley opened its curve for the Englishman's inspection, and Colonel Beausire was silent. Everything was blue this afternoon, in a delicate mist that meant heat to the west. The pastures and the orchard behind the red mansion, and the great spread of the woods toward Rangerville, were all faintly moving, gently transfigured.

Four colts, racing up to stare at the funeral of Bullard, seemed tall horses, a quarter mile from the car.

"What the deuce are those chaps doing out there?"

"Buryin' my big boy's horse," said Lupus, and coughed. "Had to shoot him right now."

"Tell me," asked the sachem, seeming almost asleep, "what would nice people, in England, say to a hussy that bribed a groom to fetch her a man's hoss, an' spoiled it an' left it dyin' and sneaked off home? And what'd they say to her dad if he just sent a hostler over to spy round and see what the hoss was valued at. No apologies or nothin'."

"One might directly tell the fellow to poison his daughter and take himself out of the county. Certainly," said Beausire, "that's a public matter! You can't pass that over! I know Americans seem to think women excusable for almost anything they do."

"I don't. I spoke my mind of her to her father, an' said what I thought of him. This is his house we're comin' to, here on the left. He's some scum that run off from his folks when he was a pup, an' married money. He's come back, now his father's dead, an' set himself up for a gentleman. . . . Admire the wall?"

"Not much," said the Englishman.

The pink wall of the Shuttleworth place made Lupus think of all those people who'd heard pop call Nick Shuttleworth and his daughter dirt. And then he saw the tall young English kid standing in the gateway, his sunburned arms locked on his chest, pawing the gravel with one white shoe. Maybe the boy was tired of hearing Nick and the girl tell their side of this, and perhaps he had come down to the gates for some quiet. But Lupus was sorry for him, because he seemed to flush through his freckles as he stared at the machine. . . . Yes, he surely had flushed and was looking after the car. Lupus glanced back, and then thought how pop had told the kid to hold his tongue. And then he stopped thinking about this boy at all.

A sensation came lancing through his blue shirt into his spine. He might be stupid, but he knew when someone was angry behind him. It got clear into his shoulders and crawled up his neck.

He wanted to turn his head and see, but he didn't dare.

"What was the S for, back there on those highly elaborated gates of that Venetian palace?" asked Beausire.

"This feller's named Shuttleworth, colonel—Nicholas Shuttleworth. His granddaddy was a weaver from a town named Manchester in your country. His dad was a common drunk. Nick Shuttleworth an' his woman an' their daughter—this horse-killin' chit—have been swellin' round in Yurrup lately. The s'ciety reporter of the Couveris Times tells us how they had a house in London last season. When I git time, some day, I'll study out what's meant by a house in London for a season."

"Very simple," said Beausire. "You leave a jolly place in the country and transfer the servants to a house in London, and stop there ten weeks, giving free food to your less open enemies and receiving the same kindness from them. You wonder why you do it, but you do it. At the end of July you gratefully retire into the country once more, thanking God it's over."

But he was angry at something. The light, lazy voice was the voice of a man who wanted to curl a whip around something. This something was intangible to the mind of Lupus. But he placed it near Nick Shuttleworth's gates. If it wasn't the tall boy in white, it was something he suggested or that those gates suggested. Lupus turned in at his father's gates of plain white wood, a little scared by his guest.

"How nice your red brick is! How nice all red brick is," said Beausire, lounging up the steps to shake hands with Mary. "And what a nice baby you have there, Mrs. Van Eck. His composure's extraordinary. He should be an archbishop when he grows up."

(Continued on Page 137)

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

A UNIVERSAL
Motor-Driven-Brush
Vacuum Cleaner
For only $39.50

NO ordinary cleaner is this—you can spend nearly twice as much for others and still not own a more efficient or more serviceable cleaner than the UNIVERSAL. Its design is ultra-modern, incorporating the safest, fastest and most effective home vacuum cleaning methods so far perfected.

—A triple vibrating-whisking-sucking action, resulting from a scientifically designed rotary brush working in unison with an extra powerful suction, swoops up every particle of dirt from surface to backing—instantly, without harming your rug.

—It restores the original sheen to the nap, making a clean rug look its part.

—Oilless, ball-bearing movement throughout eliminates danger of grease spots and insures quiet operation after years of service.

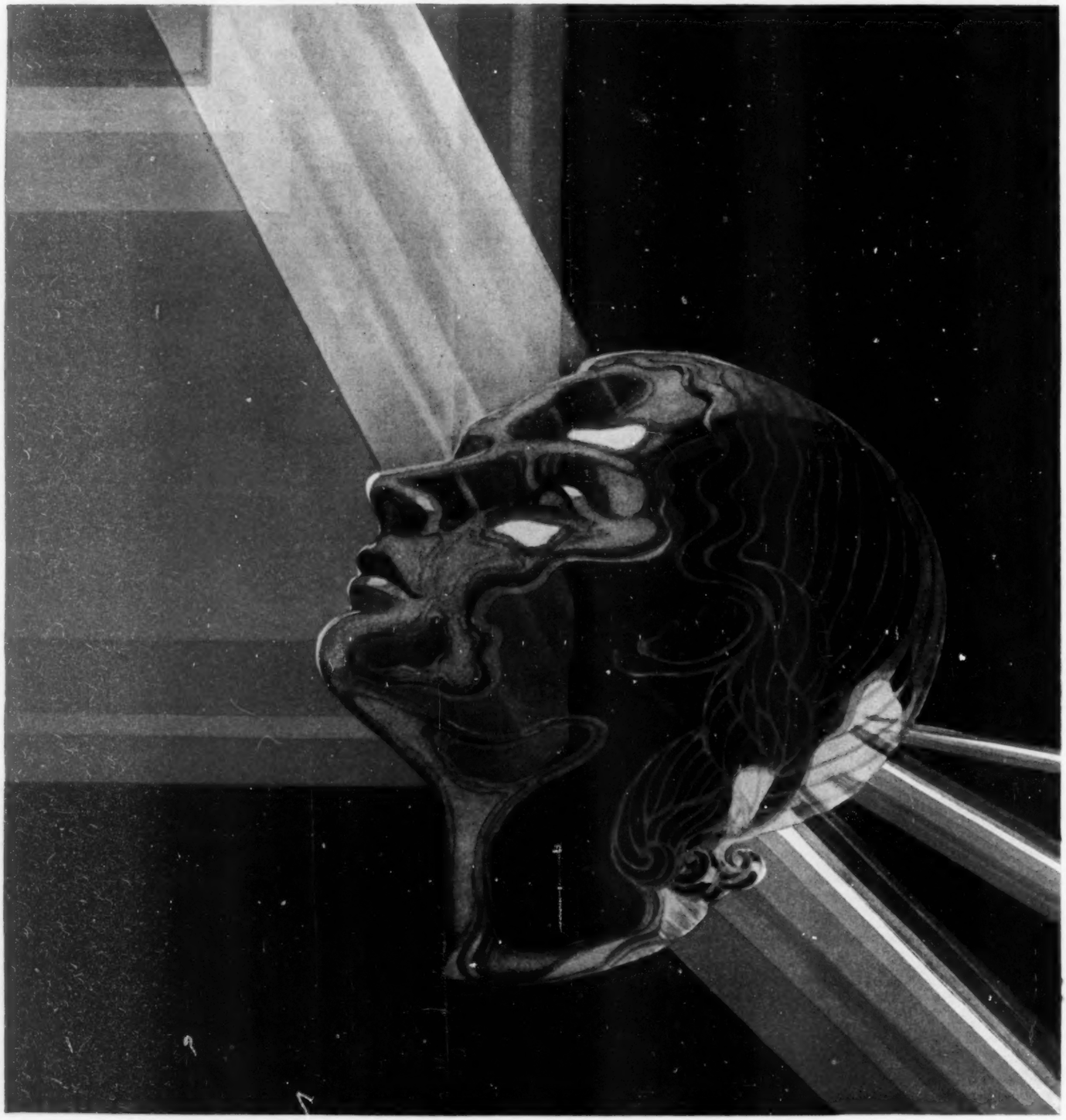
—It is unconditionally guaranteed, like all UNIVERSAL Household Appliances, to give you perfect satisfaction.

Permit your nearest UNIVERSAL Cleaner Dealer to show you this extraordinary cleaner and explain in detail the many other ways it will give you superior cleaning service—at a price you can well afford, with easy payments. For the names of UNIVERSAL Cleaner Dealers in your community, write Dept. P4.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
New Britain, Conn.

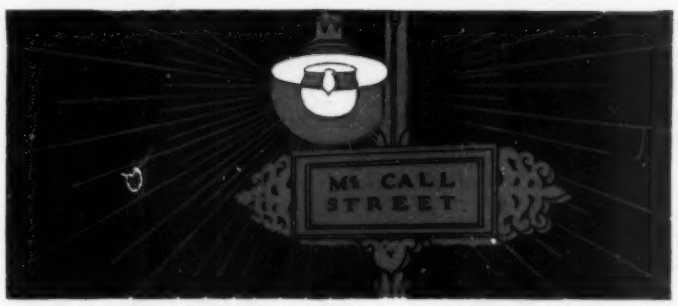
In the *Kalevala,* the Finnish epic, the divine smith—Ilmarinen—forged a bride of gold and silver for Wainamoinen, who was pleased at first to have so rich a wife, but soon found her intolerably cold—his house comfortless . . .

of warmth—and comfort—and cheer . . .



for in spite of furs and fires she froze everything that touched her, chilled everything surrounding her. : : : The old saga thus points, of course, in its forceful—if indirect—way, to the *flesh-and-blood* woman as the bestower of warmth, of comfort, in the household. And indeed, of the many-sided nature of woman, this ability to create from any background an atmosphere of warmth and comfort and cheer and peace, is the most remarkable. : : : To work with such materials as fall to her hands —in such an abode as falls to her lot—to pass on to other women those particular little ideas of her own that she has found best—to accept from them ideas she may like . . . to *blend* all these and other things into that saving atmosphere we call Home, is the prerogative solely of woman. And it is as near to a divine achievement as can be attained on this earth.

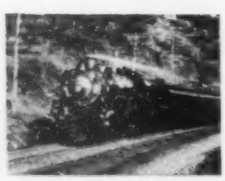
Perhaps one good reason why McCall's is now read in 2,450,000 homes is because it is edited to pass on to women those ideas of others that help to make for warmth, and comfort, and cheer in the home



McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

You are very IMPORTANT to our Railroad



Special-feature trains East and West

THE CAPITOL LIMITED
THE NATIONAL LIMITED

Real home atmosphere in the Observation and Club cars; dinner in the specially designed Colonial Diner; a competent maid at the service of women traveling with children. Ride and dine with us.

One sentence occurs again and again in the letters that come to our offices every year:

"I was led to make my trip over your railroad at the suggestion of a friend."

This is not an accident. It is the result of a definite plan which was started several years ago.

At that time we said to ourselves, "What can we offer people as an inducement to travel with us?"

And we answered, "We can honestly try to give people a little more than they've paid for.

"Their ticket calls for a ride on our railroad. We are required to provide a locomotive, an engineer, conductors, porters, various pieces of railroad equipment, and dining-car service. That's what every railroad must provide. But let *us* try to give them an enjoyable trip; an engineer who is doing his very best to start and stop his train without jolt, and a locomotive that will help him do it. Let us have tracks that are smooth, equipment that is modern and clean. Let us try to have conductors and porters who take pride in their work and who have a feeling of sympathy, kindliness, and thoughtfulness toward travelers. And let us provide our passengers with meals that are *really* good."

People like to talk about railroads, and when they found out what we were trying to do they began talking to their friends. That's one of the reasons our business has grown.

So it's you, after all, who have helped make our railroad more and more successful. You on your front porch, and in your club and church, and wherever you meet your friends.

We appreciate it. When you ride with us, we'll endeavor to show you that we do.

The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO

(Continued from Page 133)

"Not in the Van Eck traditions. They've a racial tendency to horses. No Van Eck ever gets fat, or loses a tooth, or has a white hair, or stays far from a horse. They vary the monotony of breaking in horses by taming savage bulls. . . . Did you feed Henricus any ice cream downtown, Lupus, or did Sitting Bull buy him a cigar?"

"We didn't stop anywhere, Red. Pop wanted to speak to Nick Shuttleworth. We just had time to get to the train, honey."

"So you've spoken to the Shuttleworths, Rain in the Face?" Mary asked. "And will there be an action for libel? . . . What did he call Shuttleworth, Lupus?"

"Nothin' much, honey. He just told him he was dirt an' the father of dirt, an' some more like that. The folks on the terrace place must ha' been kinda excited. But guess what that girl said back, Red! She said, 'Well, why wouldn't you sell me the horse, then?'"

"We're in mourning," Mary said to the stranger, "for my stepson's beautiful horse. He was murdered by a young lady with a mouth like a—a lopsided raspberry."

"That's a perfect descriptory touch," Beausire nodded. "And may I go change?"

Mary led the gray man into the living room, and the impressed negro houseman came for the suitcases. Mr. Van Eck sat immovable in the car and looked at Lupus, who scoured an ear violently and looked back at his father's long face.

"What was it, pop?"

"Meanin' what made him so mad? You ain't so dumb, boy! I thought," the sachem drawled, "he'd sizzle his clothes. But he kep' his face. . . . He knows that English pup at Shuttleworth's. When he saw the kid kickin' gravel there, he near went crazy. An' the kid got red."

"I saw 'at. But why?"

"'Cause he knows the Shuttleworths, or knows about 'em," pop purred, after spitting twice, "and—I dunno. But he held it all in. He's mad as . . . . Lupus boy, this is a good kind of feller. He's well-bred. . . . Run me down to the yard."

A calf had somehow intruded on the dignity of the stable yard. It gaped at the motor and then fled in a rocking gallop through the arched gate to the dairy's vulgar territory. Lupus drove the car into the garage, so that pop could descend unseen, and then came out to examine the yard swiftly. One of the boys was sluicing water over the great truck which had been Bullard's hearse, but nothing else was inappropriate. The horse of the gilded weather vane on the biggest stable was looking fresh and chipper. Deaf old Potter, the head groom, was hissing as he polished Starlight's black colt.

"Potter!"

"Sir?"

"We're showin' Starlight an' Colony 3rd an' Bohunkus an' Caramel to an Englishman right away quick. Get 'em cleaned up some."

"For who, sir?"

"He's a Colonel Beausire," Lupus bawled. "He's English, like you!"

"Beausire, sir?"

"Yeh!"

The ancient groom stood up and stared at Lupus.

"Lord Portheby's brother or one of the duke's grandsons, sir?" Then he shook his head and seemed to explain to himself: "No, the old duke's gone. It'd be one of the Portheby lot."

Lupus grinned and left him. He walked up toward the house, and then he stopped, punishing his ear. An idea opened in his head. If that English boy at Shuttleworth's was the Duke of Stole's son, this name Beausire might be his private name. Even kings, when you got past all their titles, Carolus said, had names like anybody else. He spun and went back to Potter.

"Hey, is the Duke of Stole named Beausire?"

"Yes, Mr. Lupus. The old duke was named John Michael Edward Beausire. He's gone now. Died in 1918."

"You worked for him?"

"No, sir. Just was dog boy at his sister's, Lady Angela Compton's. But there's three or four Beausires in the House of Lords, Mr. Lupus. The family extends, like. There's Lord Portheby and the Marquis of Borehaven that owned Insurgent and Whitsun Girl and Calumny. Lord Portheby, he's peculiar and don't race."

Lupus walked away again. Colonel Beausire was some kind of cousin to the Earl of Ancross and hadn't liked seeing the kid in Nick Shuttleworth's gates. That was probably right. Mary would be fiendishly amused to hear all about that. He went silently through the house, glanced up the staircase past paintings and photographs of horses, and turned into a little room where Mary kept the farm's accounts and Carolus indulged his harmless habit of reading books. Carolus lifted his eyes from an album filled with snapshots, and laid the flat record aside quickly. There were certainly ten views of Bullard in that book.

"How you feelin,' boy?"

"All right, dad."

"You feel like hell," said Lupus, lighting a cigarette. "You was up all night. You go to bed, Carolus. I'll excuse you to Beausire."

"Can I, dad?"

"I want you to, boy. G'night."

Carolus drifted upstairs. Mary left a finger on a page in a volume of the encyclopedia and smiled at Lupus, remarking, "You're good and handsome and stupid, and occasionally the most tactful of men. I forgive you for taking Henricus downtown without his pants. . . . You can kiss me. Once!"

Lupus rubbed his cheek in her hair and settled her in his arms, looking down over her shoulder at the printed page. He then forgot about her and read, where her finger rested:

Beausire: The name of a celebrated English family identified with the cities of Stole and Stolehaven. Michael Beausire, reputed a son of Simon de Montfort, founded the cathedral in Stole. John Beausire was made Earl of Ancross in 1369 by Edward III. James Beausire, Bishop of Stole, was a patron of Caxton. Several soldiers of note appear in the genealogy, representing various branches of the family. General George Beausire was created Marquis of Borehaven under Queen Anne. Colonel Marmaduke Beausire was made Baron Portheby for his services in the Indian Mutiny. Sir Edward Beausire, the banker, has established the Beausire Memorial Library in London in memory of his brother, John Beausire, who fell at Gallipoli in the late war. The present Duke of Stole and Stolehaven presented his father's enormous collections of Italian and German art to the nation in 1920. See also, Stole, Tory Party and Windmill.

Lupus wondered, "What they got to do with windmills?"

"They probably patronized the man who invented windmills. I'm sorry about poor Marmaduke, Lupus. He only got to be a dirty little baron. I bet the Duke of Stole and Stolehaven is pious and makes the family have prayers twice on Sunday! Do ask your friend, with an air of innocence, if he's related to the Duke of St—— Steady!"

Spurs tinkled on a high step of the staircase. Mary smoothed her hair and floated out to meet the guest. Her hair took fire in the light from the door at this end of the hallway. As she smiled upward, Lupus loved her so extremely he wanted to yell.

"Ought I to inform you that the little chap's licking my other pair of boots? They're patent leather and won't come off on his tongue."

"Oh, Henricus is indestructible, colonel. He does like shaving soap, though, if you value yours."

"It's in my dressing case. I'm feelin' slightly homesick. My eldest girl's got twins, you know. They're only three months old, but ever so amusin'. . . . Is a big lad who went past my door just then the sufferer by Miss Nancy Shuttleworth's performance? . . . He did look droopy! . . . That's one of the nastiest things I've heard in some time."

Lupus went out into the hall. The gray man stood on the stairs fidgeting with his waistcoat. His clothes and his boots were not even fairly new, but it would be a shame to throw away things that fitted so well. He smiled and yet he was still angry, in this quiet, locked fashion. He continued to be angry as they walked down to the stables, without Mary, who would be rescuing Henricus from the patent leather about now.

"I say, Van Eck?"

"Yeh?"

"Does your big lad give you trouble about girls?"

"Naw! He's steady in his head. We was some scared about a little half Dago in a bookstore downtown last winter. But Red asked her out to a meal an'—— You know—that contrast thing. An' the girl didn't know a horse from a cow, neither. He can't stand ignorance."

Colonel Beausire struck his crop against a boot and looked up at the golden horse of the weather vane. He now scowled openly, but he said lightly, "There you are! Contrast! But the danger is when it's some girl who's shrewd enough to—to know a good deal what people should do. It's providential I came up here, Van Eck. Notice a big cub in white down there in Shuttleworth's gates?"

"Yeh."

"He's Johnny—my first-born and peculiarly dearest son. Moira and I've chased him across all this ghastly ocean which people insist so on admiring. He's old enough to get his own passport and to—to be a fool about that poisonous little brute. . . . How exquisitely your wife's noticed her mouth, by the way! A lopsided raspberry! . . . And now I don't know what to do in the least, Van Eck. Nothing your father told me about the Shuttleworths surprised me. Moira's been phoning and writing everyone she knows in the States askin' where the Shuttleworths lived. But of course nobody'd ever heard of them. Portheby—one of my cousins—had this girl at his house last autumn, and she danced on the billiard table for the delectation of the younger generation. She might dance on the dome of Saint Paul's, for all I care, if she was—was well-meaning and courteous. But she's after Johnny for extraneous reasons. We're—this sounds very badly—but we're ——"

"Yeh," said Lupus, "you're an old fam'ly. Know how you feel, colonel."

"Quite so. Knew you'd know how I feel, Van Eck. And now, what can I do? Johnny's of age. I can't ride down to that galumphing plaster palace and drag him away by an ear. That's just what I'd like to do, Van Eck! I'm fearfully angry at him. But he's a quiet, rather scholarly sort of lad—like his grandfather. Dad went in for knowin' all about paintin', and so on. It's perhaps not his fault he—what do Yankees say?—he fell so hard. Mike and Eddie don't know what a book is, except that one sees them on shelves. But Johnny's a bit of recluse. . . . Just what should I do?"

Lupus scrubbed both ears with his fists and then said, "Let pop handle it, colonel. He's the wisest fella I know of. He had to bring me up, an' I'm dumber 'n dog biscuit. But I bet the kid's through down there."

"Think so?"

"Aw, sure! He heard pop lay Shuttleworth and the girl out!"

"Ah!" said Beausire. "That's worth hearing!"

He walked slowly on. Lupus admired him, for some reason he couldn't work out, much more than he had admired anybody in recent times except pop and Mary and Carolus. The man was in awful trouble, but he managed not to be glum about it. He strolled into the yard and paused to pat Starlight's colt as it came trotting to see a stranger. Then he stood away and looked at this American product with his head to one side. Mr. Van Eck's stare came past the Englishman to Lupus, and he spat twice.

"No question about this one, is there?"

"None I know of, colonel," said Mr. Van Eck tranquilly. "Lupus boy, tell 'em to fetch Caramel."

Caramel happened to be in a good temper, for a prize stallion, and allowed Beausire some liberties with his mouth before

(Continued on Page 140)

STOP THIS HOLE IN THE WALL

Clearance cracks around the windows and doors of an average home are equal to a hole the size of 22 bricks. Think of the draughts and dirt that come in.

YOUR BEST PROTECTION IS—
Chamberlin Weather Strips

Windows and doors must have clearance cracks to permit opening and closing. But is it common sense to leave these cracks unsealed? Would you deliberately live in a home that has a hole in the wall equal to the size of 22 bricks (see story under picture)? You have only yourself to blame if dirt and rain leak into such a home to ruin walls and depreciate furniture and drapes. Yours is the fault if such a home is uncomfortable and draughty—if it's costly to heat and hard to keep heated in winter time. You can have a draught-proof, weather-tight home so easily with Chamberlin Weather Strips. And you will save enough fuel in 2 to 5 years to pay for the weather stripping job. Nothing is too good for the home you live in. So of course you need the best protection—and that's Chamberlin protection. Chamberlin service is a factory-direct-to-consumer service—the result of nearly forty years of experience. Chamberlin mechanics do the work of installation and Chamberlin stands behind every job permanently. Write for facts and cost today.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP COMPANY, Inc., Detroit, Michigan
Weather Strip—Caulking—Screens
Over 100 Factory Sales-Installation Branches

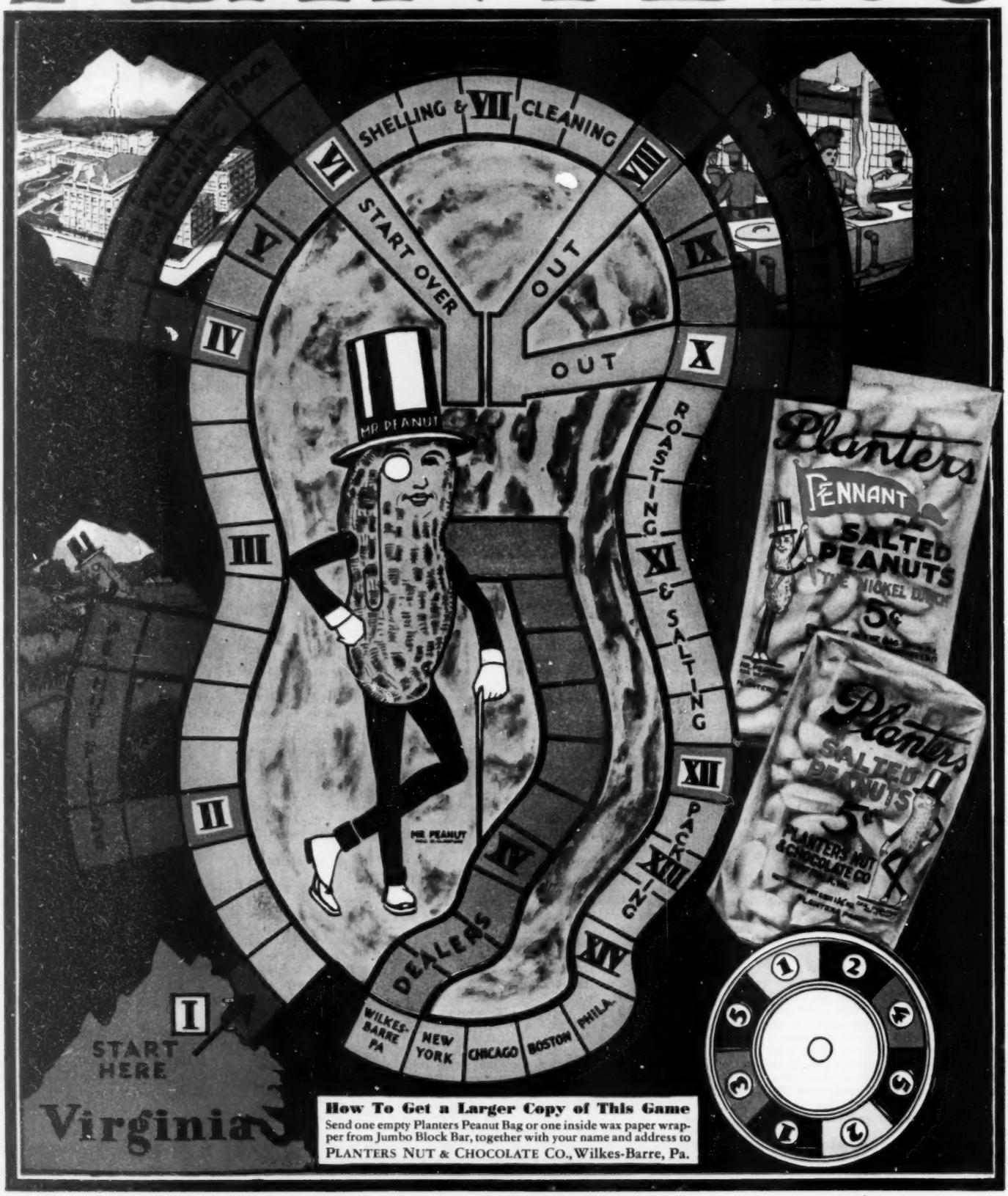
CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS
SINCE 1893 THE STANDARD

Give me some idea how much it will cost to Chamberlin Weather Strip
_____ windows, _____ doors.

Name _____

Address _____ PC 360

PLANTERS



How To Get a Larger Copy of This Game

Send one empty Planters Peanut Bag or one inside wax paper wrapper from Jumbo Block Bar, together with your name and address to PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

PEANUTS

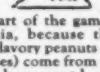
DIRECTIONS.

Two, three, or four persons may play, each player using three counters of the same color, red, blue, yellow or green. (Each counter represents a lot of peanuts.)

After a counter is entered, as later described, it is moved forward on the path around the Peanut, the number of spaces indicated by the count which is secured by spinning the arrow on the counter. Only one counter may occupy any one space at any time, with the exception of the entering place, the State of Virginia.

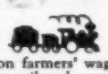
A counter may be captured by a player who received a count which takes him to a space on which an opponent's man is located. Captured counter must start over again. Player making the capture can count ten spaces forward with any of his counters.

If the space to which a player counts in safety zones is occupied by another counter, he may either take the space directly behind that space or lose his turn, as he may choose.



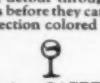
I. The start of the game is from Virginia, because the finest and most flavory peanuts (the kind Planters uses) come from there. To start, the player must have a FIVE because the Roman symbol for FIVE is V, which also stands for Virginia. Virginia Peanuts are the only ones that may become Planters Salted Peanuts. V-five is also the price of Planters Bag of Peanuts.

II. FIELD INSPECTOR. If the player passes the inspector's space it means that the peanuts are well grown and may be gathered and sent on to the Factories. If the player stops on the inspector's space he must detour through the Path marked Peanut Fields, meaning that they cannot be gathered and shipped to Planters until they are fully matured.



III. Upon farmers' wagons and upon railroad cars, the matured peanuts travel to Planters factories at SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA, Charleston, South Carolina, and San Francisco, California.

IV. RECEIVING INSPECTOR. If the player passes the inspector at the Receiving Department of the Factories they go straight on into the receiving rooms, if the player stops on the inspector's space it means that the raw peanuts were not properly cleaned and bagged. They must detour through a cleaning process before they can enter the factory, (Section colored blue).



V. This is a SAFETY ZONE called PLANTERS. You can easily remember this by saying to yourself: "When I get to Planters Peanuts I am safe." Any counter which is in this section cannot be captured.

VI. RAW PEANUT INSPECTOR. If a player passes this inspector he can proceed straight into the Manufacturing Department. If he can stop at the Inspector's Space, it means that the peanuts are not of the right quality for Planters Products. The counter drops down the Chute and is OUT. However, he may start over again by getting a five.

VII. The players are going through the FACTORIES where the wonderful machinery shells and skins the roasted peanuts.

VIII. ROASTED PEANUT INSPECTOR. If the player passes this inspector, it means that he can go straight on to the next process. If the player stops on the Inspector's space, it means that some imperfection has been discovered that could not be seen when the peanut was in the shell. Out the player goes with that counter and IT CANNOT RETURN TO THE GAME, for no imperfect peanuts can be used for Planters Salted Peanuts.

If a player moving from Process VII gets a 2, it means that it must go to the Candy Department and in continuing will not go out if gets a number 1, but will remain on VII and with the next number will move the counter into the Candy Department. In order to go out, must land on VIII without stopping at the blank space before VIII.

IX. This is a SAFETY ZONE like V. Remember, when you get to PLANTERS you are safe.

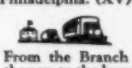
X. CANDY INSPECTOR. This Inspection applies only to pieces that have gone to the Candy Department. If these players pass the Inspector's space it means that they are perfect and can go down to the wrapping and shipping Processes. If they stop on the Inspector's space it means that something has been found wrong and OUT THEY GO. They cannot return to the game, as no imperfect candies are allowed to reach the Customer.

XI. This process represents roasting and salting for the Big Peanuts. This is an important process and accounts for much of the wonderful flavor and crispness of Planters Salted Peanuts. For the Candy Peanuts this section represents many processes such as Chocolate Coating, Peanut Bar Making, etc.

XII. FINAL INSPECTOR. It's hard luck to go this far and be thrown out for good, but that's what happens to all Planters Products that can't pass the Final Inspector. If the players pass this space they can go to the packing and wrapping processes.

XIII. Here Planters Salted Peanuts are packed in the familiar glass jars from which they are sold in the even more familiar Glassine Bags. Here, too, Planters Peanut Candies are wrapped in wax paper and sealed to keep them fresh.

XIV. From the Factories Planters Products are shipped to the big branch offices at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia. (XV)



XV. From the Branch Offices they go to the hundreds of thousands of dealers all over this great country.

HERE let us present to you MR. PEANUT, who greets you with a smile. We are sure you will enjoy knowing him and will like him for his good qualities. The Player who has two counters first reaching Goal wins the game.

Play the NEW GAME

Thousands everywhere are enjoying it!

PLANTERS PEANUT PARTY

LAY cardboard underneath the page on the left, read the directions on this page, and the note at the bottom of this page—if you want a larger copy of the game, send one empty Planters Peanut bag or one inside wrapper from Jumbo Block Bar to Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

PLANTERS rule as a favorite everywhere, because they are the choice of the world's finest peanut crops. Big, luscious golden nuggets selected from the finest *Virginia* plantations. Salted and roasted by the one and only PLANTERS process in the giant plants at Suffolk, Virginia, the heart of the peanut country. Look for Mr. Peanut on the glassine bag, and you are sure of getting the genuine nickel lunch of supremely fine PLANTERS PEANUTS.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.

SUFFOLK, VA. WILKES-BARRE, PA.
SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CAN.

ABOUT ½ ACTUAL SIZE

A filling meal of superfine selected peanuts and sweet wholesome candy. Sold everywhere.

NOTE CAREFULLY—Paste the arrow and little colored squares containing pictures of Mr. Peanut, on light cardboard. Cut out the black arrow, stick pin through center of arrow, passing pin through center of colored circle so arrow will spin as an indicator. Use the little colored squares as movable pieces, or men, in playing the game.

HANDS THAT WRITE

This is the hand of Melvin Jones, *Secretary-General of the International Association of Lions Clubs.—Signer of the charters of 2100 Lions Clubs*

USE

DUR-O-LITE

From school days to adult age hands that write delight in a pencil that makes the function of putting down ideas, orders, figures, plans or the like, a matter of perfect mechanical ease.

More than a million hands that write today use Dur-O-Lite. Into this pencil is built the skill and knowledge of more than a decade of practical experience. You have only to see and use a Dur-O-Lite once to want to write with it forever. Try one and see.

Busy men and women find Dur-O-Lite—for instance, the Royal-Jack, black and pearl, shown here—a pencil that meets every need in association work, for personal use, for general office work and in establishing goodwill where a good pencil is an ever-present salesman.

Dur-O-Lite pencils are mechanically correct and are available in a wide range of colors. Workmanship is guaranteed. Prices range from fifty cents up, every pencil reflecting the craftsmanship that has made the name known to every particular pencil user.

For Sale At All Leading Dealers

DUR-O-LITE
PENCIL COMPANY
4541 Ravenswood Avenue,
CHICAGO

Eastern Sales Office—26 Cortlandt Street, New York City
Western States Representatives—Bert M. Morris Company, 415 Transportation Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

$3.50
Black and Pearl

(Continued from Page 137)

two grooms took him away. Pop walked off and sat down on a bench at the door of the garage, close to the gates into the highroad, and watched the guest examining Colony from that distance. Lupus went to join him, and saw old Potter leading Bohunkus down the gravel. That reminded him of something.

"Guess this is the Duke of Stole, daddy."

"Think so, Lupus?"

"'Cause he says 'at kid down at Shuttleworth's is his son, pop."

"Well, Lupus boy," the sachem yawned, "you're gettin' intell'gent, now you're forty. He might very well be the duke, if that's his kid. He —— Go see what he's sayin' to Potter about Bohunkus."

Lupus paced twenty yards and heard Potter saying in a funny, shaken voice, . . . "and it gave me a turn when my sister wrote me Lady Angela was gone, My Lord—Your Grace. She wasn't such a very old lady, at that."

"Seventy-five!" Beausire shouted amiably. "I say, Van Eck, what's this chap's name? . . . She was seventy-five, Potter."

"She should ha' lasted longer, Your Grace. . . . Might I fetch Starlight, Mr. Lupus? His Grace would enjoy her, I'm sure."

"Bring her along, Potter. . . . Like to try this one, colonel? . . . Hi, Bill, saddle Bohunk up, will you?"

The black colt had stationed himself alongside Beausire, not sure that a person who wore a coat in summer was correct, but much interested in the Englishman. Beausire kept a hand on the youngster's neck as he said, "Don't suppose this chap's for sale, eh?"

"Well, no, sir. I'm kinda intendin' to get Carolus interested in him. The kid's got to have a good horse, y' see? He'll get over this about Bully, in a week, an' want a ride."

"To be sure. And I shouldn't squander a sovereign, as a matter of sad fact. Been puttin' new leads on the house in town. . . . I must get your father's advice about Johnny presently. . . . And is this Starlight?"

The great mare came dancing up for inspection, glittering all along her creamy flanks. Beausire took the glass from his eye and clasped his hands behind his back. Lupus grinned and retreated. All the hired men from the dairy were edging through into the yard, neglecting cows, and the sun increased on Starlight's head, with the white star above her eyes. Potter led her to and fro before her newest admirer, and the colt respectfully backed away from his mother's dignity.

"Let him find somethin' like that in Kentucky or anywheres," said pop, and spat.

"He can't, dad."

"I know he can't," the sachem purred.

A pair of dusty white shoes stumbled through the gates from the highway and approached pop's cane, slanted on the gravel from his knee. The tall boy was sweating and soiled by his tramp down the slope. His thin shirt showed pink on his chest and shoulders. He was very unhappy. Lupus flinched from looking at him.

"Good day," said Mr. Van Eck, lazily poking the gravel.

"I—I owe you an apology, sir, for—for interrupting you just now. It was most horribly rude. B-but I thought you'd made a mistake, sir. I'm very sorry indeed."

Mr. Van Eck wrote an S on the gravel with his cane. His face was an amber carving and he permitted a fly to walk on the arch of his Indian nose, undisturbed, as he looked at the wretched kid.

"You owe me nothin', son. You was mistaken. But you owe your folks an apology for runnin' with trash. A boy like you," said the sachem, "has no business tradin' with dirt, no matter how the dirt's dressed up. How old are you?"

"Twenty-two, sir."

"Then you're old enough to know better."

"Aw, pop!"

"Lupus son, shut up."

"Yes, sir."

"But I do know that I owe you an apology, sir," said the perspiring kid. "I—I'd no business to doubt what you said. It was h-horribly rude."

"You never seen me before, son. The Van Ecks don't tell lies, but you ain't acquainted 'round here. I accept your apology. Go an' tell your dad your troubles. You got plenty."

This was what the boy wanted to do, but Beausire, out on the gravel, was impregnable, surrounded by a wall as he knelt studying Starlight's ankles. He knew that his son was there, but this wall existed around him. He had locked himself up in air, just as dad froze a hired man away from him by not seeing him. Lord Ancross pawed gravel with one white shoe and rubbed his nose with a sunburned wrist. The black colt came to see what he was made of. When the gray man followed the colt, Lupus felt his feet chilling inside his boots.

"H-how are you, sir?"

"Enjoyin' yourself in the States, Johnny?"

"No, sir."

Beausire rested a palm on the colt's back and stared across at his son. His face was pink rock and the eyeglass flared so that Lupus had to sneeze as he watched it.

"H-how's mother?"

"Very warm, I dare say. She's gone to some friends at a place called Easthampton for Sunday," said Beausire. "Well, Mr. Van Eck, I hear I can't have this colt."

"Not if Carolus likes him, colonel. Caro's got to have the best hoss on the place to make up for losin' Bully," pop purred.

"Quite right too. . . . You see, Johnny," the Englishman drawled, stretching his words as a thong is stretched between a man's hands, "some worthless young woman bribed a groom to bring her Mr. Carolus Van Eck's horse. Then she staked it and left it dying. Extraordinary, isn't it? Quite extraordinary."

This drawl slashed the boy's face and reddened it. He rocked on his big feet and his mouth worked, while he stared at the eyeglass in his father's face. Mr. Van Eck poked the gravel and spat three times. Then Lord Ancross stumbled past the cane and sat down on the bench, lifting his hands and looking at them, loose on his knees. He was shaking as though he were very cold.

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

The Pup: "Some Way or Other I Can't Work Up Any Enthusiasm for the Stuff You Horses Eat"

Beausire strolled away with the colt and went back to talk in amiable shouts to old Potter while Starlight sedately nosed her son. Lupus heard names of race horses and people in this remote conversation, but he had to keep watching the boy's shoulders flatten in the white shirt as he stooped lower and lower. Then he walked off and listened to Potter recounting the adventure of a horse named Spots at Lady Angela's place in Devon. It appeared that this animal got loose in a bed of strawberries and afterward swallowed a gallon of cream and was extraordinarily ill, although tended by a bishop in its pain. Meanwhile the colt strayed and looked at Mr. Van Eck, upright on the white bench beside the motionless boy. The weather-vane's arrow turned above the golden horse on the roof, there, and cows lumbered into the dairy's yard to be milked. All the noises of horses and cattle and their smells mingled familiarly in his nostrils, but Lupus was most unhappy.

So was Beausire. It was plain in his face, because his face showed nothing, and in his voice, because his voice was blandly courteous, answering old Potter's anecdotes. He might be as unhappy as the lad yonder on the bench, ashamed of himself and his blown-up love affair, and sure that he would never be forgiven. The only happy person was Potter, touching his forehead when the gray man answered him and stroking Starlight when she stirred. Lupus wanted to yell when the colt came nosing for attentions. It couldn't go on! It must stop or the boy would come sobbing over the gravel. He was flattened down so that his chest lay on his knees. One red hand turned a straw or a thread he had picked up. At any minute he would bawl. Lupus scrubbed an ear and swallowed twice.

"Aw, colonel!"

"It's a very thin skin, Van Eck," said Beausire, touching Starlight's flank.

"Yeh, but you cut clean through, then. It's —— He's a colt."

"There's some traditional saying, isn't there, about this hurting me much worse than it hurts him? . . . I say, Potter, you'll remember Sir Edgar Meadham? My oldest girl married his son last year. They're livin' at Stolehaven Lodge."

It went on. Lupus wondered if the hired men knew that something was going on. Then he thought of the one time he had thrashed Carolus, and hastily lit a cigarette so as to forget about that. He began to hate Beausire, and then was sorry for him. The colt found an old baseball and lipped it, investigating the taste.

"Hey, Beausire!" the sachem shouted.

"There's Mr. Van Eck calling me, Potter."

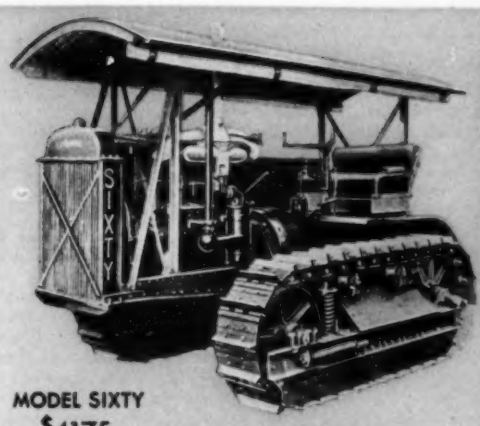
He walked toward the sachem, and the colt came along. Mr. Van Eck was rolling a cigarette slowly in his dark fingers as the Englishman got to him. He just said, "Enough's enough, colonel," and licked the tobacco into its shell of brown paper.

"I'm sure you're right, sir."

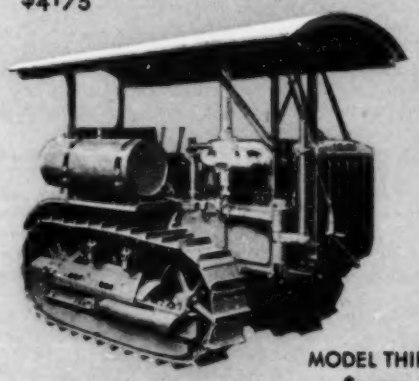
Lord Ancross was wiping a straw on one dusty instep. His father took the glass out of his face and stood considering the boy's shoulders. After a time he dropped a palm on the wet white shirt and moved it over the flat muscles of his son's back.

"You should wear something under that, Johnny, or you'll get most frightfully sunburned in this heat. Come over here and speak to this old chap. He was one of your Great-Aunt Angela's grooms. He'll be so proud," said Beausire, "to see you a man grown. Come along."

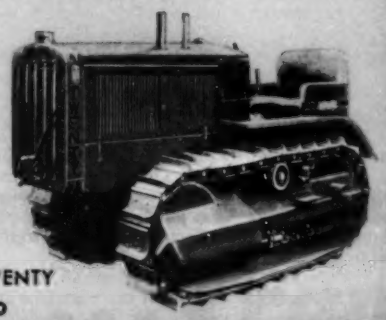
Mr. Van Eck lit his cigarette and seemed not to watch the two pairs of legs retiring up the sunny gravel. He tapped his cane on his peg three times and nodded tranquilly. "That's good stock, Lupus," he said. "And there's another boy grown up a gentleman."



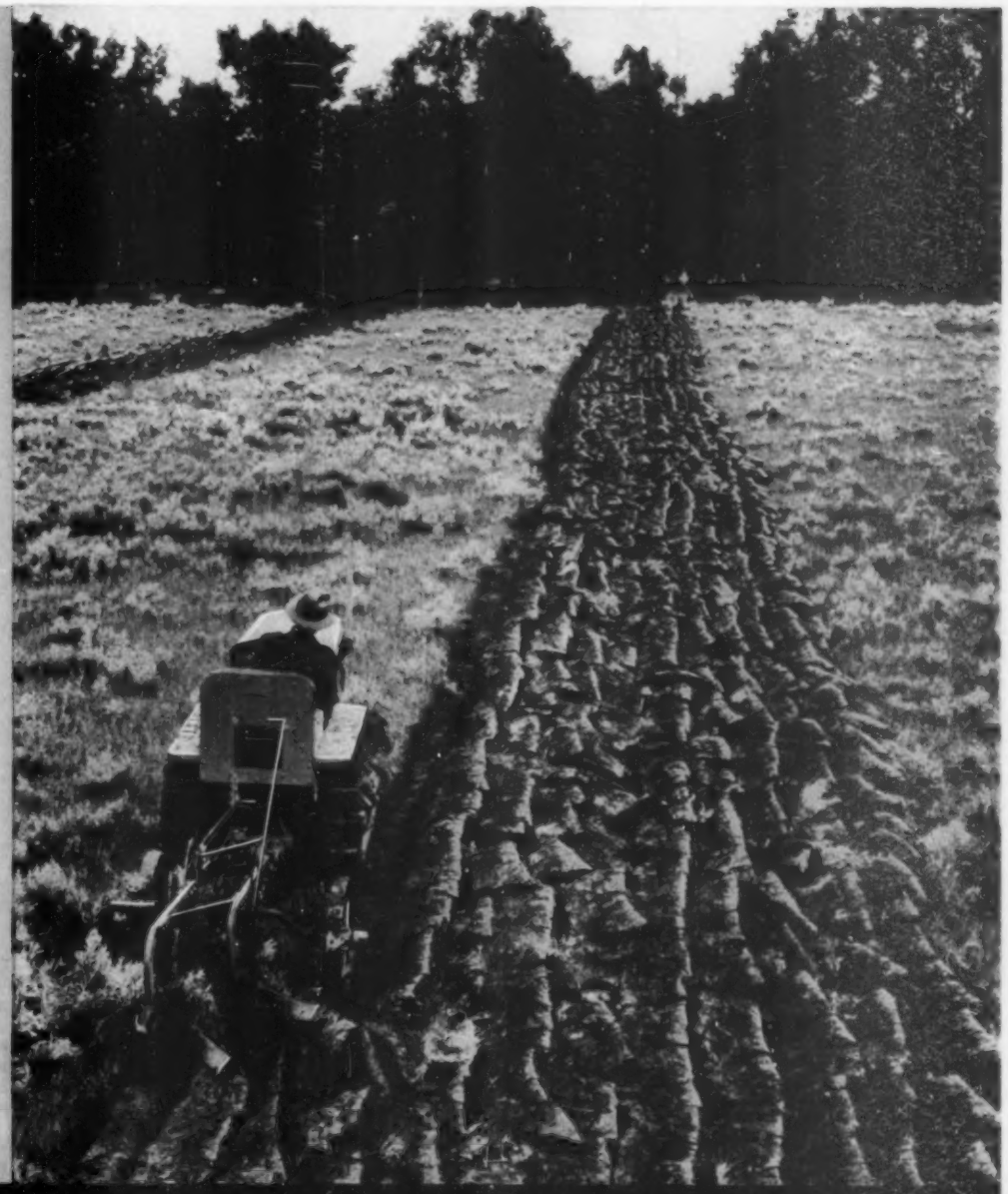
MODEL SIXTY
$4175



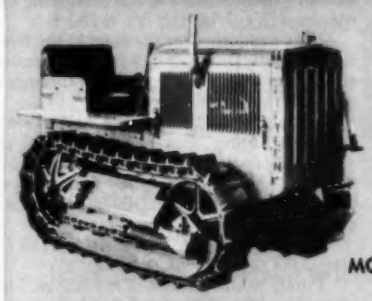
MODEL THIRTY
$2375



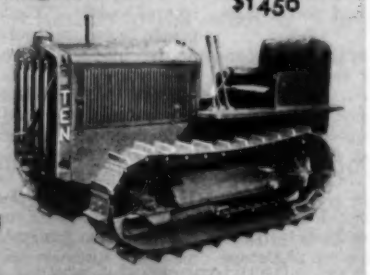
MODEL TWENTY
$1900



"CATERPILLARS" LICK THE TOUGH JOBS



MODEL FIFTEEN
$1450



MODEL TEN
$1100

ALL PRICES F.O.B. PEORIA, ILLINOIS

A size for every use — a hundred uses for every size! "Caterpillar" track-type Tractors break virgin sod (as in the picture) or ride a soft seed bed where tracks must neither slip nor pack. Ample power and sure traction suit "Caterpillars" for the outdoor tasks of farming, road-building, logging, earth-moving or industrial hauling.

Caterpillar Tractor Co.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS, *and* SAN LEANDRO, CALIF., U. S. A.
Track-type Tractors · Combines · Road Machinery
(There's a "Caterpillar" Dealer Near You)

CATERPILLAR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TRACTOR

BUSINESS as usual

THE WHEELS of industry keep turning, rain or shine. And outdoor workers who wear Fish Brand waterproof clothing are dry and comfortable, regardless of weather.

Reflex Slickers and Work Suits (jacket and pants), with waterproof hats to match, are made for heavy duty. Sturdy, roomy, comfortable, they wear for years.

Fish Brand Slickers range from the rugged "Reflex," through the "Varsity"—most popular slicker made—to the "Kitcoat," a smart featherweight that folds away to a handful. There is a wide variety of models and colors for men, women and children. Sold everywhere. Look for the Fish Brand label.

A descriptive booklet will be mailed, free of charge, upon request. A. J. Tower Company, 4 Simmons Street, Boston, Mass.; Tower Canadian, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

TOLL BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 13)

"Gosh!" exclaims Uncle Joe. "How one ages around here! I'd better beat it before I discover she's the late Miss Streeter."

III

IN OUR next bridge we have Brice to dinner. He's been raring for a game and, it being O.K. with Luke and his sister, we invite the old singleton to pick 'em up and lay 'em down with us.

"Have you turned all your negotiables into cash?" I inquires. "We don't take slow notes around here."

"A sound policy," says Uncle Joe, "but it may interest you to know that I don't expect to lose. In fact, my agenda call for my departure along about midnight staggering under the weight of unearned increment."

"After all," I shrugs, "why not? Everybody else does. To darken my door is to lighten my bank roll."

"It may further interest you to know," he goes on, "that I've been taking postgraduate work in contract since I saw you last."

"Who from?" I asks.

"A regular teacher," returns Brice, "with a studio, an air of decayed gentility and everything."

"What," I demands, "did she show you that I didn't?"

"Not a great deal," he comes back, "outside of a picture of the old family manse at Roanoke and a plate that General Beauregard ate off of, but I've got a lot of confidence in my game now."

"That's fine," says I, "but you'd be surprised at the number of times a cowardly ace takes a confident king in this pastime. Here comes the James boy and girl now," I adds as the bell rings. "Better let me put your watch and chain in the safe."

Sadie, as usual, is dressed as if she were going to a Beaux Arts ball, instead of around the corner for a penny game in a walk-up. She's a tall, curvy blonde with eyes big enough to bathe in and a smile you could pasture bees in. Uncle Joe lets his lamps range wide and free.

"Huh!" he grunts. "I thought that dame was going to be pushed in here in a wheel chair. Where does 'Livy get that forty?"

"Snappy clothes I'm buying you these days," I remarks to Sadie, after the introductions.

"Like 'em?" she flashes. "I ordered a fur today on the strength of tonight's winnings."

"Better cancel it, girlie," I advises. "We've got new blood in the game. Haven't you ever read Brice on Contract?"

"No, I haven't," says Miss Streeter. "I know it's a book I should read, but I've barely time to keep up with the ones I shouldn't."

"Come on," barks Luke. "You're taking the bread out of my mouth with all that palaver."

"Will you take fifty and go home?" I asks.

"I will not," he declared indignantly. "That's you coupon clippers—always grinding down us wage earners. Didn't you see where Hoover's asked the country to keep the pay rolls up?"

"Yeh," says I, "but my appearance in the soup line isn't likely to spur the economic recovery to any marked extent."

Just for being greedy, Streeter's cut out of the first rubber. I draws Olivia, and Brice seems pleased to hold hands with Sadie. Luke stations himself behind her for some back-seat driving.

"Now, remember," says I to the missis. "When I lead an ace, it means I have it."

"That," she remarks, "is probably the most valuable bit of information I'll get from you tonight."

Sadie deals and bids a couple of hearts. I've got five spades to the king-jack and the ace-king of diamonds—not such a holiday holding—but figuring to frighten Uncle Joe out of a raise, I calls two spades. Brice refuses to frighten and announces the third heart. Olivia does what the barber gets for letting the East Lynne company put billing in his window and Miss Streeter offers four hearts. The fat's in the fire.

"Pass," says I.

"Five," says Brice.

"And the sixth," declares Sadie.

"Double!" I yelps, and then, following the old Sicilian custom, I looks to see what I've doubled on.

It assays a cinch. I have a sure trick in diamonds, maybe two, one in spades, and a chance of Olivia coming through with a taking ticket.

"Redouble!" says La Belle Streeter.

"On what?" I demands.

"The thirteenth of March," she replies. "Play."

I leads the ace of diamonds and then retire entirely from the leading business. My sure trick's trumped, the ace-queen of spades lay with Uncle Joe, and Olivia's about as helpful as a rainstorm at a picnic. Seven runs, seven hits, no errors.

"Pardon me for bringing up religion," says the frau, "but what did you have for a two-spade make?"

"Sundry and divers things," I replies. "Could I tell by the shape of Uncle Joe's ears that he held the ace-queen?"

"Perhaps not," she admits. "What did that brilliant coup of Pete's cost us, Sadie?"

"Seven hundred and twenty below the line," says Miss Streeter. "Five hundred for the little slam, two hundred for the extra trick, one hundred for making the contract and a hundred and fifty for five honors. Total, sixteen hundred and seventy."

"Good grief!" wails Olivia. "And he promised to cherish me!"

"I think," observes Sadie to Brice, "that we should have gone to a grand slam."

"I guess you're right," says he. "Sorry, but we'll do better when you and I get used to each other."

"I should love it," beams the wench, meaning, of course, that she should love to do better. "As a matter of fact, it was my fault. I should have jumped to seven after the double."

"No," insists Uncle Joe. "It was my place to do it. With the ace in two suits——"

"Turn on the radio," I shouts over to Luke, "and see if you can tune in on Hearts and Flowers."

I do myself rather well on the next deal and bid three no-trump. I make it, too, but it would have been a sad story for me if Brice hadn't muffed the message behind one of Sadie's discards.

"Too bad, partner," said Uncle Joe. "I certainly threw you for a loss that time."

"You're not a bit to blame," declares Miss Streeter. "I should have thrown off a higher card. Luke would have understood my seven, but——"

"I'll understand it, too," cuts in Brice, "when I've seen more of you—of your play, I mean."

Olivia and I are twenty-five bucks in the red when the rubber comes to an end, but things perk up some after that. I'm out, and the missis, playing with Brice, manages to recover eighteen hundred points from the bills payable.

My next crack's successful, too—a particularly adroit maneuver cutting my liabilities in half.

"How do you like my game now?" I asks the wife, not without a suggestion of pride.

"I guess your game's all right," she replies, "but, personally, I prefer contract. How much are we out?"

"Only eighteen smackers," I tells her.

"That's a killing," says Olivia. "Let's declare a dividend or take a run to Europe on it or something."

We're still eighteen minus when we sits down to the last rubber—Olivia and me vs. Brice and the blonde. On a fox pass by Uncle Joe that Sadie tries hard to hang on herself, we grabs off the first frame, and the chances of us getting even look pretty good.

While the next hand's being dealt the phone rings and I goes to answer it. The call's for a gal named Laura, who's not even in our set, and I rejoins the bridgers.

"What's happened?" I asks.

"Everybody's passed but you," says Luke. "Take a look and let 'em have a goulash."

Never have I seen such cards—eleven spades with all five honors, the ace of hearts and the ace of clubs. I'm about to go slumming with a slam when I catches a quizzical look in Brice's eyes. Sometime I'm going to find out what a quizzical look is.

"Pass," says I, flipping down the hand face up. "Who do you think you're kidding?"

"Kidding!" gasps Olivia.

"Who fixed it up?" I asks. "Sadie?"

"Nobody fixed it up," comes back Miss Streeter, and I can tell from her tone that I've outsmarted myself.

"Very well," says I, reaching for the cards. "In that case I'll bid seven——"

"No, you won't," interposes Uncle Joe. "You've passed."

I'm washed up. I've neither the spirit nor the cards to carry on, and the final rubber goes against us for eight hundred points. Sadie and Luke are the evening's winners, Brice coming out even. After a bit he departs with the Streeters and I'm left alone with Nemesis.

"Well!" says she. "Do you realize what that wise wheeze of yours cost us? About thirty dollars. Instead of being a winner for the first time in months, we lost twenty-six dollars."

"Tough break," I mumbles, "but the hand seemed just too good to be honest. Not to change the subject, did it strike you that Sadie Streeter wasn't exactly an acute anathema to your Uncle Joe?"

"Uncle Joe," returns Olivia, "was just being a courteous gentleman. You must try it some day. By the way, who was it that phoned?"

"Somebody wanted a girl named Laura," I tells her.

"I'm not at all surprised," says the missis. "I can't imagine anybody wanting you."

IV

BRICE goes so cuckoo over contract we have games twice a week, either at our place or over at the Streeters'. Our luck gets no better, but our losses are shaved down considerably through the cut-in process and a habit Uncle Joe has of slipping his winnings to Olivia.

About a month after the start of the five-handed game I'm passing by The Ritzmore one afternoon when I pipes Brice through a window.

He's having tea with Sadie, and there's not enough room between 'em to drive an oxcart, either. The old boy appears a bit flustered when he catches my uplifted eyebrow, but Miss Streeter smiles with calm amiability.

"So you're playing twosomes now, eh?" I remarks to him that evening.

"Purely in the interest of my bridge," he returns hastily. "You've got to know your people to put up a good game."

"Doubtless," I agrees, "but don't you see enough of her twice a week?"

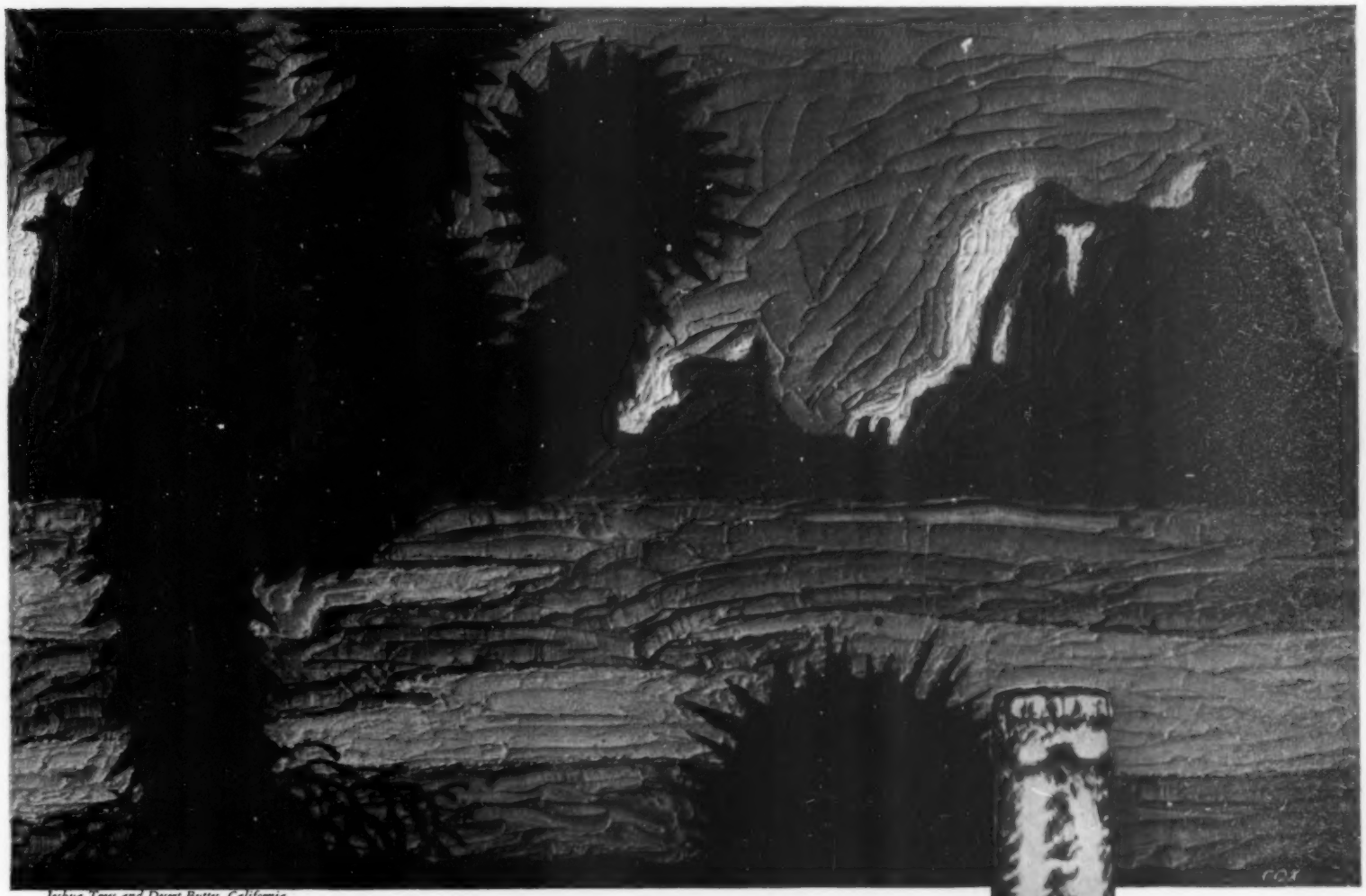
"Yes," says Uncle Joe, "but always in the confusion of a card game. To the student, quiet and peaceful surroundings are essential. You've never heard of scientists renting space in boiler factories, have you?"

"I don't know," I comes back. "I'm not acquainted with many boiler factories. When are you going to begin your study of me—at a Ritzmore tea?"

"No close study of you is necessary," he returns. "You are quite an obvious person. Sadie—Miss Streeter——"

"Call her Sadie," I suggests recklessly, "and see if I care."

(Continued on Page 144)



Joshua Trees and Desert Buttes, California

Your Morning Nip ...*Transformed*

GOOD News for devotees of the breakfast glass of orange or grapefruit juice! Here is pure California fruit juice in bottles ...with the stimulating sparkle of sweetened lemon juice and carbonated water added to whet morning appetites...Now, children will take to their daily health drink with a zest...eager for the bubbly glass with its tempting new taste . . . America's modern table beverage is none other than your old party favorite, MISSION DRY, *the beverage of the century.* This delicious flavor which captured the country overnight is as welcome in the morning as at midnight...and the sparkling purity of MISSION DRY permits generous serving to children as well as grownups... Insist on MISSION DRY, the original orange dry... look for the distinctive black bottle. In two juices . . . orange or grapefruit . . . wherever the choicest bottled beverages are dispensed or sold.

MISSION DRY *Sparkling*

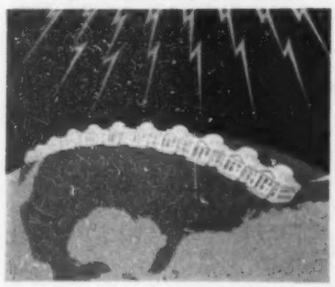
Bottled only at the groves by
CALIFORNIA CRUSHED FRUIT CORPORATION
CHICAGO *LOS ANGELES* NEW YORK

The original orange dry ...the original beverage in black bottles

ORANGE
LEMON
or
GRAPEFRUIT

BANKERS TO INDUSTRY EVERYWHERE

A MESSAGE TO BANKERS



WHICH CONCERNS MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

Success today—in many lines of business — depends on a sound policy toward sales made on credit, particularly long term credit.

For twenty-two years C. I. T. has specialized in a Financing Service which extends from the beginning to the end of a credit sale's transaction. With the unequalled facilities afforded by our 135 Offices in the United States and Canada, C.I.T. Service meets all the requirements of the national manufacturer, the regional distributor and the local merchant.

Last year the C. I. T. group of financing companies cooperated in the credit sale of half a billion dollars' worth of widely diversified products.

In increasing number, firms become our clients on the advice of their bankers who want them also to have the aid of C. I. T.'s experience and specialized facilities in developing their credit business on a profitable basis.

COMMERCIAL INVESTMENT TRUST CORPORATION

Executive Offices
One Park Avenue, New York

Subsidiary and Affiliated Operating Companies with Head Offices in New York...Chicago...San Francisco...Toronto...London...Berlin...Paris...Brussels...Copenhagen...Havana...San Juan, P. R....Buenos Aires...Sao Paulo...Sydney, Australia. Offices in more than 150 cities.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER $100,000,000

(Continued from Page 142)

"Miss Streeter, on the other hand," goes on Brice, "is a most interesting and complex character. She's not easily fathomed. There are hidden, devious depths ——"

"I see," I interrupts, "and until you plumb 'em you won't know for sure whether a finesse'll go through her or not."

"Roughly speaking, yes," says he. "It's very vital in contract to know whether your fellow players are bold or overcautious. Whether they're impulsive or hard-headed, and where can one best determine that than in social intercourse when the bars of restraint are let down?"

"I hope," I remarks, "you're not letting down any bars of restraint. Sadie's an attractive woman, and even if she is around forty-five ——"

"Miss Streeter," declares Uncle Joe, somewhat stiffly, "will be thirty-two on her next birthday."

"I suppose," says I, sarcastic, "you found that out in your pursuit of inside bridge. Would it make much difference in a jack lead whether the gal was twenty-five or forty-three?"

"Age might be an element to be considered," asserts Brice.

"All right," I shrugs, "but don't lead your jack to Sadie. Remember, Olivia and I've been training faithfully to become your residuary legatees."

"Don't be silly," advises the missis when I tells her about Brice. "Uncle Joe's had scores of women out to tea and elsewhere. There's no more danger of him falling for Sadie than there is of him marrying his widow. He probably is studying her for bridge purposes."

"O. K.," says I, "as long as he spells bridge with a *g*."

Whatever Brice has on foot, his brand of contract gets to be bang-up, but rather embarrassing to me. He's so darn courteous and sweet under pressure he makes me feel like a barrel-house bum every time I open my mouth in protest. Even Sadie, who used to break one off in Luke occasionally, takes the veil and lets butter melt on her tongue.

Olivia and I go away on a trip for a couple of weeks in May, and when we return, the Streeters are about ready to trek away for the summer, so we decides to call it a season with a two-cent game on the fifteenth. It's been a disastrous season for us, my books showing me to be about five hundred berries down the coal chute, most of it dropped in the pre-Brice days.

We all have dinner at our place on getaway night and gather about the cards and spades immediately thereafter. I'm all set to play 'em close to my vest for a clean-up, and at the start it looks as though I were in for a profitable session.

I get a bid of four spades, and with a little assistance from the opposition—Brice and Sadie—Olivia and I chalk up our contract and three tricks over. There's also a matter of a hundred and fifty in honors.

"I think," remarks Miss Streeter, "we'd have saved game if you'd played your queen of clubs."

"Perhaps," says Uncle Joe mildly, "but I figured you for the king. You discarded a ten ——"

"That-a-boy!" I chimes in. "Tell her where she heads in." However, nothing further's said and the game goes on its amiable way. At the end of about an hour's play I'm around fifty fish to the merry and Olivia's a fair winner as well. Sadie's holding the bag.

Toward ten o'clock the frau and I again hook up with Miss Streeter and Brice. We're standing at a frame apiece when Uncle Joe, unassisted, goes to five diamonds over my four-heart make. Olivia doubles and Brice takes it on the button for fourteen hundred points. Clouds rise in Sadie's big blues and her lips tighten.

"A foolish bid," she bites off, "when we're vulnerable."

"I did go a little strong," admits Uncle Joe, "but I wanted to save the game. They'd have made their hearts."

"Suppose they had," snaps Miss Streeter. "How childish—taking a big set to save five hundred points!"

"That's a matter of opinion," he returns, "and I regard my opinion in contract as, at least, as valuable as yours."

"Oh, you do, do you?" flares up Sadie. "Why, you poor fish, you only learned the game a couple of months ago. You haven't got out of the kindergarten yet."

"It must have burned down the day you entered," retorts Brice. "What about that revoke you made? What about ——"

"Say, listen," I cuts in; "are you two, by any chance, married?"

Uncle Joe looks at me peculiarly. "Yes, we are," says he. "We had intended to keep it secret a bit longer, but," he adds dryly, "it had to come out. It's in the cards."

"Swell game, this contract," I remarks to Olivia later. "You not only lose your money, but your prospects of money as well."

being what they are"; "under the circumstances," and so on.

ANSWER: These phrases are used to replace commas.

VI. QUESTION: Translate: "Some people think that the price of Garbel's Moon-Glo Spaghetti—Every Inch a Caress—is too high. It costs more than bulk spaghetti, but this is due to its better quality."

ANSWER: "The impression is not infrequently encountered that Garbel's Moon-Glo Spaghetti—Every Inch a Caress—is merchandised at a price superior to what its intrinsic worth and the prevailing indices of the Bureau of Spaghetti Research would seem to warrant. While, on the one hand, it is readily recognized that the price curve of Garbel's Moon-Glo Spaghetti is superior to the price curve of the loose, unpackaged, untrade-marked, run-of-the-bin spaghetti which the consumer obtains in bulk out of an unsealed receptacle without having the advantage of obtaining the product inclosed in an airproof, mothproof and germproof container, as is Garbel's Moon-Glo Spaghetti—see our literature on The Clutching Specter of Osetungulosis—on the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that as a correlation must be preserved between the manufacturing expenditures and the final consumer cost of the product, the differential between Moon-Glo prices and those of the common article is not to be interpreted as an arbitrary addition to the organization's profits, but rather as a proper and essential allocation of the producer's production charges upon the ultimate beneficiary. This phenomenon, necessarily somewhat difficult of comprehension, may be clarified by an alternative phraseology ——"

EXAMINER: "It is sufficiently clarified."

—MORRIS BISHOP.

Intuition

A LOGIC-LOVING man will grapple
In vain to learn a woman's lore;
For though 'twas Adam ate the apple,
'Twas surely Eve who ate the core.

—Joseph Anthony.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 32)

Her Hard Luck

SINCE worlds were wrought of star dust,
Since ever time began,
The doom of every woman
Is that she gets her man.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Rimed Reviews

The Modern Biography

THEY call him great and free of blame!
We've traced the facts with fine acumen
And no intent to blot his fame,
But just to show him up as human.

They tell his deeds in verse and prose,
They laud his life in hall and chapel,
And look! The startling record shows
That, when a boy, he stole an apple!

An awkward lout he seems upon
The pedestal which Time has built him,
For twenty ladies, here and yon,
Have vowed that they were forced to jilt him.

He served his land without reward
For motives plainly meretricious,
Since letters, not to be ignored,
Report him sadly avaricious.

He labored on without surcease
If skies were dark or clear or hazy.
He toiled in war, he slaved in peace,
But, on the whole, we find him lazy.

And though his maxims, falsely prized,
Encumber countless printed pages,
We prove them mostly plagiarized
From abler statesmen, purer sages.

Besides, the dull, deluded men
Who deem it sacrilege to doubt him
Should learn what time and time again
The Opposition said about him!

A True Biography we trace;
Our method's honest, plain and simple:
Let others paint the noble face!
We concentrate upon the pimple.

—Arthur Guiterman.

How About It, Dad?

"EXCUSE me, Dad, but . . ."

"What is it, Junior?"

"Are you . . . I mean, is that piece in the paper you're reading . . . is it something funny? You know . . . does it make you feel good-natured and . . ."

"Not exactly, Junior. It makes me think, though. I'm reading about some convicts who rioted in a prison."

"Oh, those ol' convicts!"

"Now, Junior, the manner in which you say that indicates that you already are developing a biased, mistaken opinion in the matters of criminology and penology."

"Sir?"

"I mean, Junior, that you should not grow up with the idea that society should seek revenge on a man whose infraction of the law may have been purely unintentional."

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly, Junior. Punishment is not the cure for crime. It would be far better if prisons were more pleasant. The man who has offended society really deserves consideration, kindness, good food, recreation, entertainment! Things to take his mind away from brooding over what he has done. If we are harsh and brutal the offender sours on society. But if we are generous and forgiving he will not repeat his offense when he is liberated. Understand what I'm getting at, Junior?"

"Yes, sir; I think so. You mean like if a fellow does something he shouldn't have done, then he should be treated pretty swell and get to see shows and things instead of being bawled out and maybe walloped?"

"Precisely that, Junior. 'The quality of mercy . . .'"

"Well, Dad, can I have fifty cents to go to the movies and buy an ice-cream soda and some candy afterward?"

"Weren't you to a movie yesterday?"

"Yes, sir. But I've got another one coming to me."

"Why?"

"I just broke that new golf club of yours that you told me not to be hitting rocks with!"

—CHET JOHNSON.

Something has happened . . . .

A LAWLESS SPEED, a mistaken turn, a sudden halt or a forgotten signal—and something has happened. Most dreaded of the accidents, and, as hospital and insurance records show, most numerous of major accidents in motoring, are those injuries inflicted by flying glass.

Glass, that should serve as a shield of safety, too often is the source of gravest peril. Breaking and scattering, each sharp-pointed wedge of it becomes a vicious missile, swift to disfigure, maim, or kill.

Libbey-Owens, after years of unremitting efforts to produce a glass that not only removes a hazard but provides a positive protection to the motorist, now offers to the motor car industry and to the public, that modern advancement—Libbey-Owens Laminated Non-scattering Safety Glass.

Under the shock of collision, or the impact of flying objects, *this glass will not break and scatter.* Laminated, built up layer on layer, *it will not splinter and fly.* Where ordinary glass is brittle, easily smashed and driven broadcast through the air, Libbey-Owens *Laminated Glass is tough and tenacious. It holds. It is safe and it saves.*

This vital safety is associated with clearness of vision, so that in the car equipped with Libbey-Owens Laminated Glass you travel securely and serenely behind a clear shield of safety.

The foremost automotive manufacturers are alert to the indispensable values of this stronger, non-scatterable glass. Their mechanical and artistic leadership secured, they are now devoting the same thoughtful energies to what is absolutely safe and humane. The distinct trend in windshield, window and all glassed-in construction in motor transportation today is to laminated glass.

Libbey-Owens Laminated Safety Glass is produced for all who think enough of life to have in their cars, and to insist upon having, in any new car they buy, this final factor for security.

You can get Libbey-Owens Laminated Safety Glass in your next car. Ask your car dealer about it. Libbey-Owens Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

Write for our interesting new booklet on Libbey-Owens Laminated Safety Glass.

LIBBEY-OWENS
LAMINATED
NON-SCATTERING
SAFETY GLASS

LOOK FOR THE
ORANGE BAND

You can identify the newest
Hoover by the orange band
which encircles the motor

Announcing A New HOOVER

The Cleaner already first in dirt removal now becomes 25% more efficient

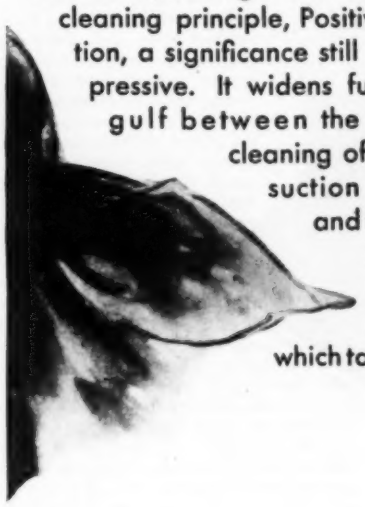
THERE is a new Hoover. It so far outranks anything previously offered that it can truthfully be said to be the finest portable electric cleaning machine ever made.

Its extraordinary efficiency can only be shown by a comparison with all electric cleaners which have gone before it.

Of these cleaners, the one offering the swiftest, easiest, most thorough cleaning, the one ranking first in efficiency by its ability to remove the most *dirt per minute*, is the recent Hoover.

The new and greater Hoover exceeds *that* Hoover in dirt-removing efficiency by 25%! And it does this with the expenditure of less human energy than is required by any competing device.

The new Hoover gives to the famous cleaning principle, Positive Agitation, a significance still more impressive. It widens further the gulf between the surface cleaning of ordinary suction cleaners and the deep, swift and thorough cleaning which takes place when Positive Agitation vibrates the rug to the very depths and dislodges from the deep pockets and tuft-ends the packed-in grit.



The new Hoover makes still more wasteful the efforts of women who attempt to do their cleaning without a Hoover, still more unnecessary their sacrifice of time, energy and strength. It gives still less excuse for rug wear that comes from embedded and unremoved grit, or for failure to protect rug beauty through the ability of The Hoover not only to remove deep-lying dirt but also to gather up all the surface dust and thread and lint, lift and straighten crushed-down nap and brighten the rug colors.

In addition to its unparalleled value in offering scientific care of floor coverings, the new Hoover offers these new refinements: a new type cloth dust bag with an opening at the top which permits simplified removal of the dirt; a more powerful, smooth-running, ball-bearing motor; an improved fan; an automatic friction-stop handle control, which allows the handle to be placed in position without special adjustment and keeps it in this position; non-rusting, polished Nitralloy beater bars. It is also newly beautiful in line and in details of finish.

Telephone your Hoover dealer or your local Hoover office and ask for a free trial or home demonstration of this new Hoover, Model 725. There is also a greatly improved new popular-priced Hoover. Only $6.25 down, including dusting tools; the balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

An Extraordinary Feature of the New Hoovers is the Hygienisac —a new Sanitary Dust Bag

Combining the filtering qualities of cloth with the reasonable cost of paper, the new Hygienisac, optional equipment on the new Hoover models, gives Hoover users extra convenience, extra sanitation, along with a dirt filtering ability equal to that of other Hoover dust bags. Made of pulp-felt, treated and strengthened by a patented process, the Hygienisac is so stout that it will last for many cleanings—until the bag is worn or soiled. Then you detach and burn it with the dust.

MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

©1930, The Hoover Company

"Save the surface and you save all the trouble"
LEONARD
PRATT & LAMBERT
"61"
QUICK DRYING VARNISH
dries in 4 hours
Drawn by R. L. Leonard. Copyright 1930, P & L

TROUBLE-FREE FLOORS that are beautiful too! Floors that stand dancing, tramping, water and the boisterous play of thoughtless children. Floors that free you of work and worry. Such are floors finished with "61" Quick Drying Varnish .... dry in 4 hours! Durable and long lasting. A dry mop or soap and water, when they need cleaning .... no polishing or frequent renewal. On furniture and woodwork "61" QDV gives even greater service. It makes linoleum wear longer and brightens the pattern. "61" Quick Drying Varnish is sold by paint and hardware dealers, in Clear Gloss, Dull Finish and 4 woodstain colors. Color card free.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH
PRODUCTS

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH ROOSEVELT

(Continued from Page 19)

the White House merely mellowed him in the end. Through no desire of his own, he was summoned to sit in a seat that did not fit him, and was fairly pushed into it, willingly in the end, because others wished it. When he was again living in his native element, perhaps he was able to count that time as a part of that average of the rough and the smooth which no life ever dodges. We who knew and loved the White House concert of familiars, and saw the discord which followed it, still bear, I think, the scars of our distress.

Long years after it was all over, and Roosevelt was dead, I wrote Chief Justice Taft for leave to tell an anecdote for which he was authority, and for his correction, if I had it wrong. Part of his answer runs:

> What Doctor Thayer of Baltimore has said to you is quite true. You are a friend of Mr. Roosevelt, I know, and therefore would use the story in a way that would not bring any criticism . . . for I would not wish to circulate it and have any such result.

Does not this draw a spirit that one would like to resemble?

Henry Adams should have been painted by El Greco. This will immediately suggest his appearance to those who have seen the portraits by that strange master assembled in what is called his house in Toledo. He seems to me hardly ever to have painted a face without giving it the quality of the aristocratic and the element of the inscrutable. Henry Adams often looked at you in a way that made you feel not only that you did not know what he was thinking but that he was probably not going to tell you. He had the disdainful intellect of his family, and it was brilliant with rich experience of people and of books. Two of his own will certainly have to be read by anyone who wishes to ascend to the highest level of American literature, where the pages of Emerson and Poe and Whitman and Hawthorne are to be found with Huckleberry Finn.

In his youth he had seen the great world of London during our Civil War, and has described that time and society for us with the hand of a master. As secretary to his father, our minister to the Court of St. James's, he was serving his country during those terrific years, while the future Judge Holmes was serving it in battles at the front. Both men were molded by that fiercest crisis we have known—none of the other familiars had come to sufficient maturity then—and this experience, taken with their straight New England tradition, classed them together in a way, and in a way set them apart from the others. The others knew the Civil War well enough through their books, but they had been too young to learn it by living it. Beyond this, and their intellectual approach to the Cosmos, these two Bostonians had little in common. Neither man was easy to please, but I think of Holmes as mostly keeping the doors of his sympathy open, and of Adams as mostly keeping them shut.

"If the country had put him on a pedestal," said Holmes to me once, "I think Henry Adams, with his gifts, could have rendered distinguished public service."

"What was the matter with Henry Adams?" I asked.

"He wanted it handed to him on a silver plate," said Holmes.

Now Holmes had gone after "it" tooth and nail; and hence began as a student of law and ended as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; while Adams ended sitting bitter and hostile in his beautiful house in Lafayette Square, having written a long and wonderful book to explain himself to posterity.

This is not all of him, it is the worst of him. His talk was informed and pointed; he knew an extraordinary number of things very well—better than almost anybody you were likely to see in America; to be with him, dine with him, was a luxury and an excitement. He fascinated not only beautiful and particular ladies but clever and aspiring young men as well. For some of these his influence was not quite wholesome; not only your patriotism but your faith in life had to be pretty well grown up to withstand the doses of distilled and vitriolic mockery which Henry Adams could administer. There was but one antidote—to recognize that they were not the whole truth. He was known as "Uncle Henry" to his circle of worshipers, and their affection for him is the touchstone of his secret—affection dwelt somewhere deep inside him, hard to reach, shielded beneath irony, perversity and cynicism, but constant and true, once you got to it.

That last day, when the Roosevelts, husband and wife, were going out of the White House and all was ended, he came over. They had drawn this difficult man to them, had made him one of the familiars by what they were; nobody was to take their place for him. He could easily have quoted—perhaps in his heart he was quoting—Sir Bedivere to Arthur:

But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world . . .
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.

Henry Adams spoke to them simply: "I shall miss you very much."

He shook their hands and went away. The sound of his voice in those six words was never forgotten by Mrs. Roosevelt.

Henry Adams was slender in frame, delicate and distinguished in countenance; he wore a beard, and his eye had a permanent and piercing alertness. For his own diversion it was his way at times to say what he partly meant, but to say it in excess of his meaning, and then watch for what you were going to do about it. At a dinner with the Winthrop Chanlers, where both he and John La Farge were, and the company was small enough for general talk forth and back across the table, something had brought in a reference to Gœthe. At once Henry Adams opened an attack upon him. Gœthe was overrated. The Germans had imposed him upon an uncritical world. Voltaire was a keener and higher intellect. To be sure, Gœthe had written some good lyric verse. But a mind of the first rank didn't keep on trying so many literary experiments. Gœthe was a constant imitator—now of the Greeks, now of the Orientals. The first part of Wilhelm Meister was a hodgepodge, the second part was unreadable.

Every now and then Mrs. Chanler would break in upon this with exclamations and protests. These were what Henry Adams wanted, and they made him worse. The truth was, Gœthe was merely an amateur.

At this point I spoke: "But don't you think there are traces of cleverness in Faust?"

Henry Adams looked at me.

"That's the way to stop him!" said John La Farge. These two friends had sailed the Pacific together, met Stevenson on his island, knew each other well.

One day Adams put into my hand a copy of that first edition of The Education of Henry Adams, which he had printed privately—privately because the public was not worthy of it—and requested me to take it home and call his attention to any faults which I might observe. That was a fine trap to lay for one—and also a piece of his pose. Beside him, I was an utter ignoramus. So I was just mischievous enough to write in regard to his simile of a wrinkled Tannhäuser returning to a wrinkled Venus at the Wartburg, that I had always understood that Elizabeth had lived in the Wartburg and Venus in another establishment with quite another name. Also, that when he spoke of the old familiar custom, when society in Washington had been small, of seeing one's friends off to New York at the Pennsylvania Station, wasn't it at that period the Baltimore and Potomac Station? He answered very good-humoredly. He had liked a small book I had written about George Washington, and had written me out of the clear sky about it, begging me to go on in that line.

"Well, how are you and what are you doing?" he asked when I went to see him one day in 1912.

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft at the White House Just Before Leaving for the Capitol

"I'm damaged goods," I told him. Since I had last seen him, I had passed six months in bed and two years in getting about again.

"Oh, I'm damaged goods too!" he laughed. "But that shouldn't stop you."

"It's not going to. I gave out, but I didn't give in."

"And what do you think of the state of things in this country?" The Republican convention had been held some months before, and that campaign, which no one who knew and cared for the Golden Age will ever get over, was growing more and more venomous each day.

I shook my head and said nothing.

"Our old friend over there," continued Henry Adams, with a wave toward the White House, where we had spent such unforgettable hours in the days of the Roosevelts, "did his best. But whose best could save us?"

"Oh, well, I don't feel as black as all that about it!"

(Continued on Page 151)

» SOLO
...a daily event

AT AMERICA'S FINEST AVIATION SCHOOL . . . . . .

SOLO FLYING is a daily event at the Spartan School of Aeronautics. For Spartan students—having the advantage of superior instruction, modern equipment and advanced methods—progress rapidly to the point where they fly with confidence . . . . alone.

» For those who are determined to succeed in aviation, who cannot waste time or money, who want the thrill of success as well as the thrill of flight . . . for those Spartan training is made to order.

» No other American school of aviation offers as many advantages as Spartan:

COMPLETE COURSES: Advanced Tri-motor Transport, Transport, Limited Commercial, Private, Mechanics, Welding, and Business Administration. Flight courses include night, cross-country and acrobatic flying.

EQUIPMENT: Spartan biplanes, cabin monoplanes and all-metal tri-motor Fords.

GOVERNMENT APPROVAL: The Spartan School is approved by the U. S. Dept. of Commerce as transport ground and flying school. All courses are approved; instructors and planes are licensed by the Government.

FACILITIES: Spartan offers excellent living conditions—modern barracks, classrooms, lounge rooms, library and restaurant. Spartan students have access to the Spartan Aircraft factory, while the Tulsa Municipal Airport—operations base of the Southwest Air Fast Express Lines—affords them an opportunity to study every phase of commercial aviation.

LOWER TUITION: Spartan tuition fees are lower than those of other large recognized schools. Liberal extended tuition payment plans are available for all courses. Free employment service is maintained to aid students in making sound business connections in aviation.

FREE TRANSPORTATION: Free air transportation to Tulsa is provided in Ford tri-motor planes from all division points of the Safeway Lines.

» And, finally, Spartan is one of the most soundly financed aviation schools in the country, possessing both the purpose and the resources to remain "America's finest aviation school."

SPARTAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

« SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET TODAY

SPARTAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Gentlemen: Please send me your 32-page illustrated booklet and tell me about the possibilities in aviation.

Name_____ Age____

Address_____

TO PROTECT THE MOUTH OF YOUTH

...a dentist tells how every tube of FORHAN'S *must be made*

YOU probably know that Forhan's occupies a place distinctive among dentifrices, and for very good reasons.

A dentist first devised it. A dentist's critical standards have ever since watched over its preparation. With the scrupulous care he would use in safeguarding the teeth of his patients, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., developed the formula of this dentifrice which bears his name.

He made it mild. He made it safe. He chose only those ingredients for cleansing the teeth which the most critical member of his profession would approve. He demanded continual vigilance in every step of manufacturing—watchfulness over the purity of every tube bearing his name. It was indeed a "dentists' dentifrice."

More than this, he added something found in no other dentifrice—the benefit of a preparation he had developed in his practice—an aid for the gums, based upon a preparation widely known and used by dentists in the care of pyorrhea.

The result was a dentifrice remarkable for the mouth of youth, and for those who wish to keep the mouth young. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, Forhan's not only cleans the teeth, but helps to give healthy gums the tingling stimulation which they need.

We, who make this finer dentifrice, know of no other toothpaste made with such exacting care and patient precision. The high standards of purity prescribed for each ingredient are constantly and watchfully checked.

As a matter of precaution, anyone who values firm, gleaming teeth and healthy gums will want to adopt Forhan's as his dentifrice, or hers.

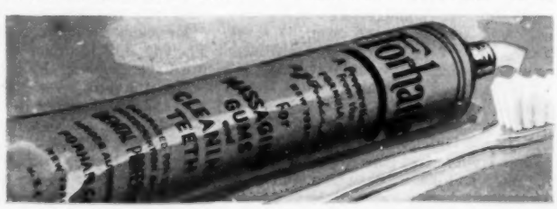
Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York.

Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

4 *out of* 5

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



(Continued from Page 149)

"You don't? With that saturnalia going on up there?" And he waved in the direction of the Capitol.

Again I shook my head.

He continued to look at me with his most gimletlike expression. Then, suddenly, his countenance softened. His eyes grew warm, he got out of his chair, came over and laid his hand on my arm, and in a voice quite changed said:

"Keep the faith."

I am not sure what he meant, but he had wholly dropped his pose and was for the moment a different Henry Adams, perhaps the real Henry Adams, the one who said good-by to those two Roosevelts so briefly and with such suppressed feeling.

The next—and the last—sight I had of him was at Tyringham in the Berkshires, when the days were darker than the darkest in 1912 and the Great War was on. He was ill, but indefatigably using his intelligence. His researches for his book about Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres had roused his curiosity about some ancient melodies—the music sung in *langue d'oc* and *langue d'oïl* by the troubadours and trouvères. He had procured the notes, and a lady played them for us while Henry Adams sat listening and observing with his watchful eyes, and now and then commenting or explaining. A strange, tragic man; a remarkable and illuminating intellect; not easily pleased; a true and steadfast friend.

Copley, and only Copley, is the right man to have painted Henry Cabot Lodge. Many of Lodge's kin and townsfolk did sit for him in their departed day, but this is not the reason; Copley would not be at all the right man for Holmes or Adams, whose kin and townsfolk he also painted. In those old portraits hanging in Harvard and Beacon Street, sire or dame, young or ripe, godly or ungodly, it is unmitigated Boston that you see recorded; the eye of a robust, stiff-necked race of dissenters, with its plain living, high thinking, dauntless intolerance, bleak bad manners, suppression of feeling, tenacity in its stern beliefs, and its cantankerousness, stares down at you with cold disapprobation. No Italian or Flemish master outdid Copley in catching the inner meaning of his contemporaries and setting it down. Boston in its fullest measure had produced both Holmes and Adams; but so much other than this got into them as they grew, that the Copley type is marked in neither; while Cabot Lodge remained unmitigated Boston to the end. Nothing outside of it ever really got into him deep. In his memoirs his affection clings to it; indeed, they exclude what's outside it too much, show that despite all he had seen, read, thought, lived, achieved in an epoch teeming with a world of things Copley's people never dreamed of, all this had merely orchestrated him more brilliantly, so to speak, without changing his weave.

When my town celebrated Benjamin Franklin's two-hundredth anniversary two unmitigated Boston words were spoken by illustrious guests from there. President Eliot was at pains to remind us in his address that Franklin's life had not been, in every particular, edifying. And Cabot Lodge told us plainly that Franklin was born in Boston. It brought a smile from Dr. Weir Mitchell, who said that for a scholar of such historic erudition as Senator Lodge, this statement was a surprise; it was generally known that Benjamin Franklin had been born in Philadelphia at the age of seventeen.

The cartoonists have not been fair to Cabot Lodge. They reduced to its lowest terms their formula for Roosevelt—teeth, glasses and sombrero—but it was generally good-natured; their formula for Lodge was generally malignant, suggesting him by a forehead and a beard about to close the rest of his face in, as a valise shuts up its contents. His politics had often made them angry, but so had Roosevelt's. They could be savage about Roosevelt; they were mean about Lodge. It was his Bostonism that gave them their line—and his mastery of the sneer. Neither could be gainsaid; both put him in wrong with many who knew only this much about him, never knew the warm and generous side of him, cared nothing for his public value as a seasoned, educated intelligence—very uncommon among our senators—could merely comprehend and resent his continuously narrow views and his too frequently sharp and sarcastic tongue. From Lodge's political views Roosevelt not seldom differed without this touching their warm personal relations. The friendship between them had begun soon after Roosevelt left Harvard, and among his familiars Lodge was the earliest by many years, and on a footing quite apart.

It is too true that he brought upon himself, by his dangerous gift of sarcasm, the bitter blame of those who thought that our "war to end war" had ended it, that we had made "the world safe for democracy," and that our keeping out of the League of Nations had broken that pretty toy. You will hear it still, and it's possible that history may perpetuate this falsehood, as it has perpetuated many another. They say that nothing but Lodge's personal hatred of Woodrow Wilson kept us out of the League.

I never squander my time arguing with either deserving Democrats, as Bryan called them, or deserving Republicans—both are equally impervious—but in writing of Cabot Lodge, I am vindicating him by recording the exact and demonstrable truth about that business. It was no feeling against Wilson; it was to prevent the United States from registering a promise to take on foreign quarrels that Lodge with his followers insisted upon certain reservations in the Covenant; and the American people as a whole were behind him, as the years have proved since. Wilson had brought the Covenant home from Paris and ordered the Senate to sign it as it stood, as if they were a set of Princeton freshmen. Lodge was willing to sign, once his protecting reservations were accepted. Wilson would not hear of opposition, would not brook the slightest change in his handiwork. When both England and France, speaking through Lord Grey and André Tardieu, readily accepted every one of the changes, the temper this threw Wilson into reveals what the matter was. With our Allies perfectly content with the Lodge reservations, what and who stood in the way? When it comes to a showdown, it is the isolated figure of Woodrow Wilson that blocks the road between us and the League of Nations.

On that April day in 1917 when Woodrow Wilson went to the Capitol and asked Congress to declare war on Germany, the very instant he had finished, Cabot Lodge jumped up and exclaimed that the Republican Party would stand solid behind the President. This is awkward for deserving Democrats. More awkward still is what followed later in the month, when the President brought in his Conscription Bill, and Congress debated and voted upon it. For the reader who would follow the details of this debate and vote, momentous for the United States, and even more momentous for Europe, the Congressional Record, Volume 55, Parts 1, 2 and 3, tells the story at length. Cabot Lodge stood faithful to his pledge. What did the Democrats do?

On April twenty-fifth—Part 2, Page 1120, Volume 55 of the Congressional Record—Champ Clark, of Missouri, said:

> I protest with all my heart and mind and soul against having the slur of being a conscript placed upon the men of Missouri. In the estimation of Missourians, *there is precious little difference between a conscript and a convict.* [Italics mine.]

On May sixteenth, the House voted upon the bill, technically known as the Selective Draft Measure. Against it were 140 Democrats and 37 Republicans; for it were 149 Republicans and 42 Democrats.

In the Senate, which voted the next day, the showing is not so clear on its face and must be analyzed from the ratio between the two parties there—54 Democrats to 42 Republicans—yeas, Democrats 34, Republicans 31; nays, Democrats 5, Republicans 3. Thus nearly five-sixths of the Republican senators and not quite two-thirds of the Democrats supported the measure; while against it were two more Democrats than Republicans. Cabot Lodge voted for it, true to his pledge and to his patriotism.

It was necessary to go somewhat explicitly into this in order to give a valid reply to the slander that private antagonism to Wilson was what controlled Lodge's public acts. He did a number which I thought unworthy of the best that was in him, but of this he was incapable; and so far, his own caste in Boston, like the cartoonists in the country at large, have dwelt upon his shortcomings only. Among his other enlightened deeds, authors owe him their present protection. Before he brought about the copyright bill, pirated foreign works could, and did, undersell the books written by Americans, and foreign authors got nothing for their books pirated and printed here. Lodge brought home to our Congress that whether it's a book or a horse, stealing is stealing.

Cabot Lodge, either in public or in private, was not much like what the cartoonist made of him. On the platform, before an audience, he was dignified, striking, and authority was in his voice. Grace, and the flavor of digested knowledge, and wide contact with the civilized world, made what he had to say very well said, without in the least weakening its force. Sitting at home, among his countless books, with a cigar, after dinner, he could be perfectly delightful. Like Holmes, like Adams, he lived much in the intellect. What had happened to mankind in the way of far-off things and battles long ago, and all the consequences to the great peoples of the world, to their faiths, their feuds and their enthusiasms, was something he never ceased to think on; nor did he stop at history. Much poetry was at his service for quoting. There was enough of the artist in him to be moved by beauty to the verge of tears. He read me that page in Homer one night where Odysseus returns from Troy and his wanderings to his home in Ithaca, and no one there knows who he is, except his old dog Argus. At the end he half flung the book down upon his knee and exclaimed:

"The whole thing is the most beautiful story in the world!"

I think of him as sitting in his office at the Senate, books of reference and official papers around him, breaking off in his dictation to his secretary, rising with a cordial smile of welcome to a friend who has looked in at the door, not an intimation in his manner or his words that he is busy and must not be interrupted. I think of him, too, in his great quiet room at home in Massachusetts Avenue, in the hours that grow serene toward midnight, seated with one long leg crossed over the other and slightly swinging as he talks or reads from the diary where he records what he is witnessing of curious or important events, or else from some favorite book he has pulled down from the crowded shelves which make his background. Whether at the Senate, or on his horse, or in his easy-chair after dinner, always in the careful dress of the occasion.

And so Cabot Lodge came and passed, a rare, memorable figure, always more sharply censured and always less heartily praised than he deserved; and he would have told you that better than the best part of him was his wife. When he lost that radiant companion, counselor and guide, he went on as well as he could alone; he did not virtually cease, as Henry Adams did when he was left in the same way, but he was never the same man afterward.

What guesses about this next familiar would a stranger make? Here is a head proper for John Sargent, a study that would call forth Sargent's very best. Evidently someone who has carried through in spite of obstacles many enterprises of importance. By what means chiefly? Plainly not in the way Roosevelt's countenance suggests how he did the same thing—by kicking the obstacles over without too much attention to

(Continued on Page 153)

FREE Enough Hires Extract to make **8 BOTTLES** of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

FOR GROWING CHILDREN

Hires Root Beer is highly praised

THE increasing popularity of Hires Root Beer is Nation-wide. In hundreds of schools, teachers are urging children to drink Hires Root Beer and to avoid questionable beverages. Doctors, too, recommend Hires Root Beer as healthful and safe.

Careful mothers everywhere are urging their children to drink Hires Root Beer because it is delicious *plus* invigorating *plus* nourishing...and utterly pure—utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Now, to win added friends, we offer a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer. (35c in Canada.)

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa. [10-4-3]
Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Please print name and address plainly

Is this AMERICA'S TALISMAN OF SUCCESS?

WASHINGTON placed a horseshoe over his doorway at Mt. Vernon. Disraeli always carried a picture of his wife. Napoleon placed his faith in a ring. Dickens had to have several bronze figures on his desk when he wrote . . . For years, great men have had their private talismans which they half-seriously viewed as symbols of good fortune, of success.

But do you know that successful business men now carry a talisman in their left vest pocket that apparently *is* definitely connected with their success?

A recent investigation among bank executives in New York City proved that 69 out of 75 carried watches that were either exactly correct or within a scant half-minute of correct time.

Out of 84 industrial leaders we interviewed aboard the "Century" 74 had watches just as close to *exact* time. Evidently, men high up in business simply can't tolerate a timepiece that robs them of minutes—even seconds—which may mean money.

That's why so many of them carry Hamiltons. We don't mean to imply that carrying an accurate watch—or even a Hamilton—is the simple answer to a man's success.

But we *do* insist that successful men are accuracy-minded and that a surprisingly large number carry Hamiltons.

HAMILTON

The Watch *of* Railroad Accuracy

Let us send you a copy of "The Timekeeper," an inviting little booklet, beautifully illustrated, showing a complete line of Hamiltons—dainty wrist watches, dignified pocket models and smart masculine strap watches—some of them created by designers of international prominence. Address Hamilton Watch Co., American manufacturers of high-grade watches for men and women, 850 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Above—The Monticello—With secometer dial—in 14k filled yellow or white gold, $55. *Center—The Briarcliffe*—In 14k white gold, $75. Raised gold numerals, $10 extra. *Left—The Raleigh*—In 14k filled gold, yellow, green or white, plain $55; engraved (as shown) $57. *Right—The Cambridge*—A new strap watch in 14k yellow or white gold, $125. *Below—The Brunswick*—In 14k green or white gold, engraved, with dial shown, $105 to $160. Other models, $48 to $685.

(Continued from Page 151)

what else might topple in the process. Not that way, in spite of the power and the determination in this face. This man would keep force to the very last, when everything else had failed. Knowledge of men, especially of their weaknesses, seems indicated. A dreamer? Decidedly not. Nor a soldier. Nor a man of letters; too much action is stamped all over this countenance. Not so much a great intellect as a great intelligence. Immense resourcefulness and acuteness in that almost fiery look. Something—is it humor or caution or the spirit which denies?—something qualifies the fieriness. A person of solitude and the woods? Never. A city face; somebody constantly dealing with men and circumstances rather than with ideas, guided by externals more than from within. Very striking. Not easily forgotten. Are those eyes watching a star or an opportunity?

Elihu Root will undoubtedly bring up in heaven, but not, I fancy, until after a decent stay in purgatory. Anyone who has read Roosevelt's published letters is aware of the enthusiastic admiration for Root's powers as a statesman which Roosevelt held; and anyone who knows what Root accomplished as a statesman will be as sure as Roosevelt was that he would have made an illustrious President, as faithful to this duty and as capable to perform it as he had been in every position of responsibility he had undertaken.

When it was necessary he could be quick and formidable in action. Perhaps fearlessness is at the bottom of every instant decision a man makes. The Republican convention of 1912 had a temporary chairman, a sort of fluttering moth of a man, about as up to ruling those roaring waves as a cork would have been. His hammering for order brought it no more than the ticking of a watch. When Root, duly elected chairman, took the seat of the moth, the stroke he gave the desk instantly silenced the din—except in the case of one noisy delegate from Pennsylvania. This man continued to be disorderly. Root looked at him, rose, left the platform, walked along the aisle to where he sat and told him that if he did not stop his noise he would have him put out. It settled him.

Some men become venerable, and some men do not, no matter what age they attain. Dr. Weir Mitchell became venerable, even majestic, without at all becoming feeble. Some of Elihu Root's predecessors as leaders of the New York bar grew to be venerable—Evarts did, and James Carter; in Root, something boylike and engaging that I often saw sparkle in his eye and hover on his lips as if he were about to laugh or to utter some pithy whimsicality will prevent him ever seeming venerable to me. Once, when the President was busy, Mrs. Roosevelt took Root and me to see DeWolf Hopper in some comic opera. Much of it was horseplay, and all of it was fantastic nonsense—and Root, Secretary of State—perhaps our greatest—might have been fifteen and home for the Christmas holidays, the way he laughed all through the piece.

He was often like that at the White House—serious and penetrating, yet with the hint of humor in ambush; listening closely and rather dangerously to what you were saying—if it was a statement or a generalization; ready to pick precisely the right hole in it, while his luminous eye was fixed upon you and that quaint rumple of hair strayed a little down over his forehead.

There is a line in Tennyson about men rising on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things. To set forth in one's eighties across the Atlantic, vigorous still in brain, but in body needing constant watching and constant rest, in the cause of international understanding and good will—what word for such an enterprise is there but to call it very noble? If I had any say in the matter, Elihu Root should certainly, in due course, reach heaven.

This next head could never be mistaken for an American. Race is not always so sharply defined. Erich Remarque, who has written the most famous novel about the Great War, suggests neither literature nor that he is a German of French descent; he could easily pass for a baseball star or an alert and vigorous cashier from Nebraska; and in Sicily, a blue-eyed, blond, crisp, cynical young chauffeur drove me from Palermo to Segesta, and, to look at him from twenty yards off, you would have accepted the word of anybody who told you he had been born a farm boy in Vermont. The wires quite often get mysteriously crossed in national types, but this member of the Roosevelt familiars has an appearance true to form in every respect. Shaped by centuries of European civilization; a face modeled by lucid, exact traditions, animate with keen and constant observation, critical and focused. He wears a beard; in his shrewd and very kindly glance there is something at once quizzical and analytic. A face of much training. Possibly a scholar of some sort. Certainly a person of rapid tact, and accustomed to clear thinking; a man of both intellectual and worldly experience.

It is Jules Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States during twenty-odd years, and Meissonier should have painted him. The delicate complexities of his features all betoken that French quality which is so indigenous to France and so scarce anywhere else that all the other nations have had to borrow the French word for it—*esprit*, as well as the adjective *spirituel;* no equivalent words exist in any other language. This quality, and the gayety that goes with it, has sometimes misled that particular stamp of English and German that takes none but the dull seriously to suppose that Frenchmen cannot be serious. This delusion has probably been dispelled by the Great War.

Jusserand came to the White House very often because he was a member of the Tennis Cabinet. He illustrated excellently what Roosevelt said of his country in his lecture delivered at the Sorbonne on April 23, 1910, after his return from Africa:

> France has taught many lessons to other nations; surely one of the most important is . . . that a high artistic and literary development is compatible with notable leadership in arms and statecraft.

This French Ambassador made a long and distinguished career in diplomacy compatible with high literary development. Anyone who has read his interesting and most agreeably written history of Shakspere in France knows that he can write in our language so well as seldom to betray by a turn of phrase that it is not his own.

But Jules Jusserand, though so perfectly at home in our alien grammar and our ill-regulated spelling, never got the better of our utterly lawless pronunciation. Few of us Americans, I imagine, ever reach the point where we can converse in French and pass for French with a Frenchman, but many of us, I am sure, come nearer to the right accent without knowing the tricks of the language half so well. Between the Ambassador's control of our words and his utterance of their sounds a gulf was fixed; his enunciation was as "succlent" as he had comically and justly described Roosevelt's French to be. When I reminded him of that description in after years, he repeated it, and added how often he had seen Roosevelt stop in the middle of a French sentence and search and grope and stretch for the exact word he wanted, and finally catch it as you seize at length a slippery piece of soap that has escaped you in the bath; only, Jusserand's vowels and consonants never were captured firmly. His unexpected version of a word saved the Tennis Cabinet at their last meeting, the dinner where they assembled in March, 1909, to bid one another, and their President, and those years of delightful exercise and fellowship farewell. The table was decked with emblems—symbols from the years they had played their lively sets on the court behind the White House; Teddy bears were arranged at each place; Roosevelt had already, earlier in the day, presented each member of the cabinet with his memento—a diploma of appointment, formally phrased and engrossed and signed, in imitation of a state document. The company was not far from tears. It drew still closer to them when the French Ambassador rose and began an address to Roosevelt. The cabinet had united in a token, and asked Jusserand to speak for them; and he spoke, as always, from the heart, simply and beautifully. Just at the close, as he held out the token, he said: ". . . And I have the honor to beg your acceptance of this silver bowl"—pronouncing it to rime with howl.

They all did immediately howl, and so their sadness did not overcome them.

The vivacity which pervaded the mind of Jules Jusserand animated his body as well, and his muscles were as nimble as his wit. On the tennis court he could judge a ball as accurately as a footnote in a book of reference; he seemed always to know where the ball was going and to be there first. I remember my astonishment at his activity one afternoon when Stewart Edward White had arrived for a visit and was playing as gracefully as a panther would, if a panther could. Garfield was in the game, and Robert Bacon, and the President, of course, whose game about matched Jusserand's. Others cut in from time to time when a set was ended. That Tennis Cabinet seems to me as remarkable in American annals as the Roosevelt salon.

When Jusserand arrived in our country as successor to Jules Cambon, it was my fortune to make his acquaintance almost at once. This must have been in 1902; and from then on to the very last days of his stay with us, when the Great War had come and gone, and the Peace Conference had come and gone, and the world was never going to be the same again for any of us, I saw him often and in many different circumstances—holding up his witty end among the familiars at dinner, holding forth in Saunders Theater, at Harvard, as Phi Beta Kappa orator, speaking at meetings of the Alliance Française in New York, and in Philadelphia during my presidency of our group there, and then most pleasantly and familiarly at the French Embassy and in other houses.

I remember that the last talk I had with him before he departed from our shores was at the celebration of our twenty-fifth anniversary of the Alliance Française in Philadelphia. I told him how sorry I was to see him go, how much I should miss him and Madame Jusserand.

"But," I added, "it's too much to expect that you would never have enough of us."

"Not at all!" he exclaimed with animation. "It's not we who wish to go away. We should like to keep on very much."

"Oh!" I said, comprehending that he was being taken from us by the political hand in Paris. He gave a short nod.

He was the dean of the ambassadors by then. He was short in stature, had a way of tilting his head a little to one side, which somehow seemed to add point to his observations; his beard between 1914 and 1918 had grown very gray, but his eye had remained unquenchably bright.

The Flemish poet, Maeterlinck, has written some strangely imaginative pages, entitled Les Prévenus. In certain faces he perceives a look of foreknowledge; they sense their approaching destiny, their eyes almost see it, they are watching for it to appear. None of the other faces—Holmes, Lodge, Adams—none suggests being set apart from their fellows by this prescience; perhaps I read it into this face because I know of the darkness that fell around the path of the man. The same grain of austerity of which the face of Holmes is made is here, and the same nobility, but none of the latent mischief or the domination of intellect. Resolve, conviction, command—these are present. Not a mind given to subtle formulations, not a reflective, rather a performing nature, fairly simple. John Sargent was the painter for this man, and did paint him.

(Continued on Page 157)

© A. S. R. C., 1930

The Singing Shave high "C" in Comfort

You can't keep music from your lips when the Ever-Ready coasts down your cheeks. The keen blade takes off the whiskers so quickly, so comfortably, so smoothly that you feel happy all day ... And say, when you see how many *more* shaves each blade gives, you'll want to dance as well as sing. Be a Singing Shaver—buy Ever-Ready Blades.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.

Ever-Ready BLADES

Do TALONS launder?

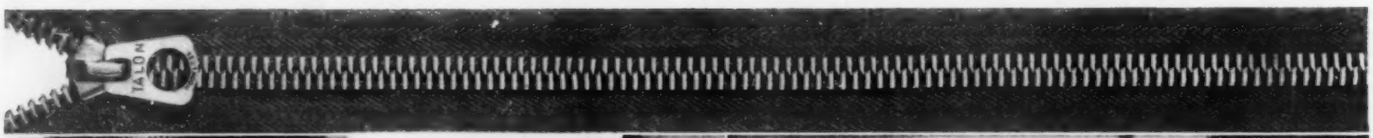
Yes! And they work even more easily after each washing!

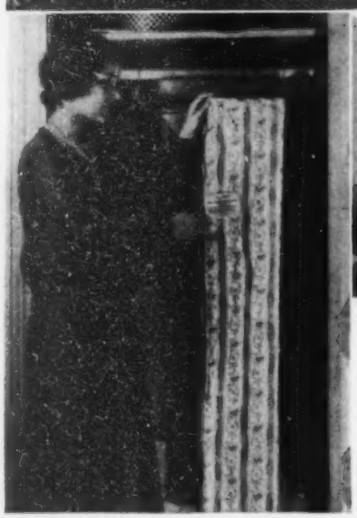
WILL Talon Slide Fasteners really stand laundering? Can they go through a wringer without being mashed out of shape? *Yes*—believe it or not—it's true.

Laundry experts were skeptical until they tested Talons. They found these ingenious fasteners actually worked more smoothly after each trip through the laundry!

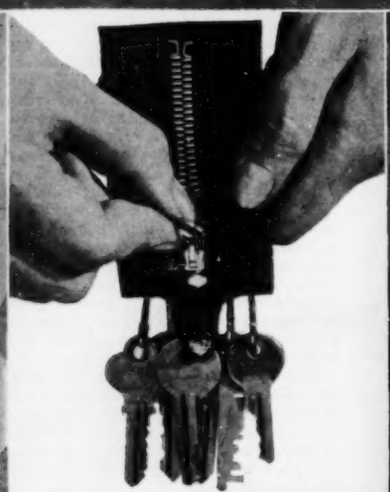
And TALONS never rust. They are made of a metal which is unaffected by fresh or salt water.

When you buy your next "zippered" article—make sure that it will *always* zip smoothly by looking for the name TALON or Hookless on the slide-pull.





KEEPS DRESSES FRESH and dustless. Here's a modish garment bag that fastens securely, quickly, with one zip on the Talon. At last—a smart modern way of outwitting hungry moths.



WHISK IT OPEN! One simple little pull on the Talon tab and your keys are out ready for work. Another whisk . . . they're back in the case—safe, snug, orderly, flat.

FASTEN OUT THE RAIN! With one quick pull the Talon Fastener on this waterproofed gabardine raincoat locks bad weather out. No matter how much wetting they get, Talons will not rust. They'll even work better after a few showers.

A1 FOR CHILDREN is a playsuit fitted with a Talon. Talons are made to stand the gaff of hard play. They save mother's time and temper—with no buttons to come out by the roots—and no buttonholes to snag!

SKIRTS OF SMART TAILORED SUITS must have snug hiplines. Talons have a light flexibility and a tailored precision of finish that make them particularly desirable for closings on chic tailored ensembles. This suit has two on the yoke of the skirt.

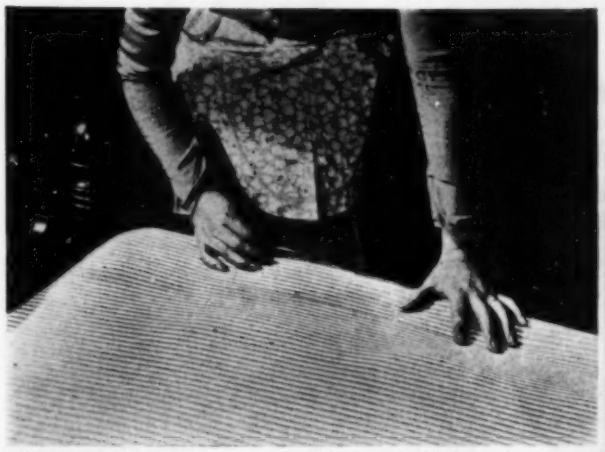
ON AND OFF lightning quick! Some help when you've got some work to do in a hurry! No fumbling with buttons. One swish . . . and you're IN safe from grease and stains. And a trip to the laundry will actually make the Talon slide *smoother!* See that your next work suit has a Talon fastener.

FOR SOILED LINEN here's a handy door bag. The Talon Slide Fastener leaves no yawning edges for laundry to peek out. And happily the bag itself launders beautifully—Talon and all!

NO SNUBBED NOSES with these little smart pull-overs! The Talon Slide Fastener makes such a handy opening in front! Even childish fingers can slip them on and off with the utmost ease!

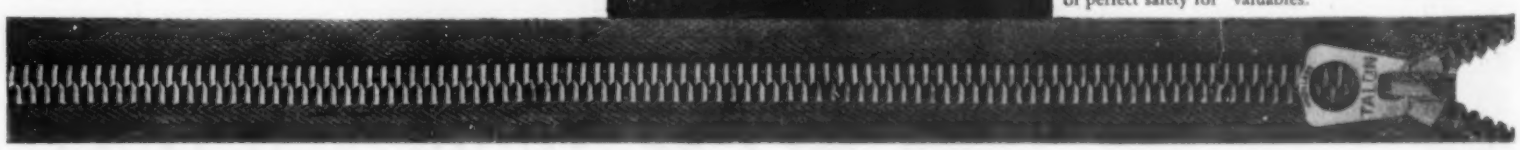
IMAGINE THE PERFECT JOY of washable slip-covers! Removed in one second flat — laundered - - put back on in a jiffy! Hospitals and hotels appreciate the sanitary convenience of these Talon-fastened covers.

TALONS FOR HOME SEWING at notion counters—in different lengths and colors. Free yourself from fastenings that always need mending. Talons stitch on in a minute and are there for keeps.



NO DUST NOW can settle in spring coils covered with this Talon-fastened spring cover. The Talon is so firmly meshed not even the tiniest speck can creep through! And (what a blessing, too!) the covers launder time after time perfectly—without harm to the Talon!

BAGS THAT MIRROR the latest fashion are fitted with Talon Slide Fasteners. Many of the newest ones have a concealed, Talon fastened safety pocket on the inside of the bag. Talons on any bag give a comfortable assurance of perfect safety for "valuables."



TALON

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE ORIGINAL

SLIDE FASTENER

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

If you live in the United States, we will send you for 25c. a 32-page catalog, profusely illustrating hundreds of Talon-fastened articles, and a 9-inch Talon Slide Fastener on white tape.

TO MANUFACTURERS: Talon Slide Fasteners can restyle your merchandise, increase your sales and profits. Write for samples and complete details.

Look for Talon or Hookless on the pull

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO.,
640 Arch Street, Meadville, Penna.

Enclosed is 25c for your 32-page fully illustrated Talon catalog and a 9-inch Talon Slide Fastener on white tape.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(This offer can apply only to residents of the United States)

DYNAMIC NEW

ERSKINE

BIG in size, power and value ··· $895

to $1125, at the factory

Uncrowded comfort ... smart lowness ... impressive size and style — these qualities are mated and matched, in The Dynamic New Erskine. Seventy horsepower is released to its maximum efficiency by a new full-power muffler, pioneered by Studebaker. In this truly dynamic motor car, Studebaker —Builder of Champions—presents one of the high achievements of 78 years of manufacturing leadership. Drive it a mile and its performance will win you.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

A. R. Erskine, President

(Continued from Page 153)

Leonard Wood was inclined to be silent, inclined to be grave; I never saw him throw his head back and roar with laughter, as Roosevelt and most of the others did on occasion, but he looked the very thing that President Eliot finely entitled him at Harvard Commencement when he gave him his honorary degree—Restorer of a Province. In a way, I think there was some sort of latent splendor about him, something massive and capable and impressive, that brought such words as "Rome" and "proconsul" to mind. I even think that if a stranger had come in and seen all those familiars, distinguished and interesting, sitting at the table, his glance might have stopped at Leonard Wood, and his first inquiry might have been: Who is that?

Roosevelt was apt to ask if there was any particular person I should like invited to luncheon. It was so that I first met Leonard Wood on the day following the diplomatic reception which I have described. He asked me to take a walk with him after luncheon, and if I minded stopping at his tailor's, where he had an appointment to try on a new suit. So I had a view of him in shirt sleeves, and of his superb chest, and he seemed more impressive than ever.

Not long after that dangerous accident near Pittsfield, which cost one life, and nearly cost Roosevelt's, I went for a walk with him and Wood in Rock Creek Park. It was a scrambling walk, up and down steep slippery places; and the watchful care that Wood took of Roosevelt, whose leg had but lately healed of the wound he received in the Pittsfield crash, and the caution which he now and then reminded the President he ought to be taking—and was not—illustrated more than one side of Wood's character.

When Leonard Wood addressed an audience his direct sentences, not long, and very simple, carried all the weight and conviction of which his strong character was so full. No one who heard him at the Harvard Club in New York City, where he came to organize that camp at Plattsburg for training Americans to serve as officers in the war, into which he knew we were bound some day to be drawn, will ever forget that meeting; the quiet, eloquent fervor of Francis R. Appleton, president of the club, in introducing him; and Wood's own words, as he told that hushed and serious crowd of men how utterly unready we were for a day that was surely coming, and how in that day our country would need instantly all the military knowledge and all the devotion they could give her; her present number of commissioned officers was scarce a drop in the bucket to meet the approaching crisis. And none that was there is likely to forget how from that day in 1915 until the day we entered the war in 1917, the Administration took no opportunity to encourage Leonard Wood in his patriotic work, and lost no opportunity to discourage and humiliate him. When April, 1917, came it was glad enough thanklessly to avail itself of the results which his zeal and foresight had accomplished. And so, as Roosevelt said, we drifted stern foremost into the war, but thanks to Leonard Wood and his training camp for officers we had the makings of a crew to man the Ship of State.

The soldiers that he then trained in the Middle West adored him; he was not permitted to go overseas. In my life I have known nobody, except Roosevelt, who served his country in the grand manner more nobly and effectively than Leonard Wood, whether as Restorer of a Province abroad, or as forger of sword and shield at home. His brief candidacy for the White House was a blunder of friends; no more than General Grant was he the stuff of which Presidents should be made, and in being saved from this ordeal he was more fortunate than Grant. In the performance of his last national service—which killed him—he merely added to the luster of a life already shining with honor.

I hope that the story of Leonard Wood may be written right, and in full, in American schoolbooks, and taught with zest and pride to American souls in the bud. It is spirits such as his that should people the minds of our youth and point them the true road to noble living. Our past has dropped some of this gold into our national treasury of inspiration; let us hoard every precious piece we can find. A captain of industry may set a good example, but no such example as this captain set. Let it be summed up.

He was just a Yankee boy of the true blood. He came from New Hampshire to his schooling in Massachusetts, graduated at twenty-four from the Harvard Medical School, got his appointment the next year as assistant surgeon in the United States Army and reported for duty in the distant Southwest, at Huachuca, below Tucson. Within twelve months his conduct while serving in an Apache outbreak brought his qualities and character immediate recognition from those who knew of it, and twelve years after the event, Congress bestowed upon him its Medal of Honor. A greater opportunity came his way upon our going to war with Spain. He took it, was equal to it, and was seen to be equal to more than colonelcy of the Rough Riders in Cuba. To that island he was sent back as its military governor. At Harvard Commencement, President Eliot had addressed him as Restorer of a Province; at Havana today, a statue of him stands in memory of his cleansing the city and bringing order out of forlorn and long-established confusion. This task ended in 1902, when Cuba under his rule was deemed by the United States ready to rule herself. After that he met his successive responsibilities step by step, now in our Pacific-island domain, next as a department commander at home, again on a mission to South America; and so, one post after another, until the Great War.

The Plattsburg Camp, instituted in 1915, stands as his own creation, his school of training for officers against the day that he saw was to come. Without this school we had a few hundred trained officers to count on. We should need several thousand. The day came. How we should have fared then, but for Leonard Wood, it is not worth while to guess. He next poured his energy into organizing divisions, regiments and battalions which fought in France. The Great War over, because he had been right, the Administration punished Leonard Wood by giving him all the obscurity and ingratitude at its command. In time the tide of politics turned, but not soon enough to head off Congress from a typical piece of mischief.

Under Roosevelt we had set up and carried on a management of the Philippines, naturally without the ripe experience of such colonizers as the Dutch; yet, new as we were at this game, in the strong and able hands of Gov. William Cameron Forbes matters got along. But he was a Republican. Under the Democratic Administration he was removed in a manner—and with manners—that would make a good burlesque. The burlesque was made perfect by the Jones Act in 1916. Mr. Jones felt that Democrats should always undo what Republicans had done, but he felt more than this. He carried Jefferson's idea a long way beyond Jefferson—not merely are all men created equal, they are created identical. Therefore he gave the Filipinos what Washington gave us—a white system for brown men—a congress, a court, an executive; a machinery of government devised by an English speaking and thinking and feeling race for a tropical race. Now bodies that have worn since the beginning a breechclout, or feathers, or leaves, or paint, and practiced head hunting, can put on the white man's pants any minute they wish, but it takes their minds longer than that to learn to think in the white man's way. This does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Jones. A deserving Democrat was sent to govern the islands. Upon returning, it was his happy boast that he had reduced them to such chaos that the United States would hasten to cut them loose and drop them into space. This was the state of things offered Leonard Wood in 1921, when he was sent there as governor. Almost as well put Pershing in command at St.-Mihiel with the Army free to go or come as it preferred. Even so, Leonard Wood managed to accomplish something until that point came when the will of the spirit could no longer surmount the body's exhaustion. On his way home to die, the pictures taken of this great and romantic figure were, to those who knew him in the splendor of his grave strength, something to wring the heart. He went to a hospital in Boston. That was the end.

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

During the latest years of the eighteenth century a Frenchman, in whom his first master, Boucher, had found no enthusiasm for his own style and art, developed much for the new classic style, in which modern people were painted to look like Brutus. Confirmed in this by a sojourn in Rome, he Romanized Paris with his brush, beginning as painter to the king, going over to the Revolution, voting to behead the king; and in his portraits of that violent and idealistic generation all this is reflected. Louis David is the very man to have painted the next familiar.

This is the youngest face among them, and one of marked and particular beauty, in which enthusiasm and asceticism seem to mingle about equally. Give it the classic treatment, and it would serve as a model for Leonidas bidding welcome to his destiny. There is a suggestion of zeal in excess of restraint, the possibility of following some idea too far. Neither history nor letters qualify this countenance, nor the temper of a judge. The eyes do not look as if they read books but as if they gazed upon a cause.

Gifford Pinchot was obliged to read books since he graduated from Yale, but a cause did enlist and absorb him very early; it led him to do a priceless and permanent service to his country. For this he deserves all the greater credit because he was rich and had no need to work. There are mystic tales of statues, effigies, talismans, which you had but to touch, and you received virtue from them. If such miracles could be, I would have set up at Yale an image of Gifford Pinchot for all boys dowered with the gift of wealth to touch and be inspired to serve their country discerningly for the sheer love of serving.

It was this quality in Pinchot—this dedication of himself to a cause, and an unpopular cause at that—which brought him and Roosevelt so close together in those years. Before they had found each other's quality out—the enthusiasm which was in Pinchot an ardent blaze, and in Roosevelt a fiery furnace—Pinchot had gone of his own accord to Germany that he might study and master the science and the art of forestry. Of this, Americans knew nothing, and did not know there was anything to know. The free town of Frankfurt-am-Main, for instance, having been paid for its loan in the fourteenth century to a powerful lord by a forest he owned near by, has used that forest for its lumber from that time to the present day without using it up; while Americans had already used up some of their forests in less than one century, and were using them up faster and faster all the time. Resolving to stop this if he could, Pinchot equipped himself and came home.

I was forced to try a dozen pieces of doubtful and difficult work . . . irrigation and forestry work, and so on. In each case, partly by hard and intelligent work and partly by good fortune, we won out. . . .

This is Roosevelt, writing to me in a letter which I shall presently quote. Most of it appears in Bishop's book about Roosevelt; yet in that excellent work in two volumes, the name of Pinchot is not to be found in the index, where the names of friends not nearly so close to Roosevelt, and not half such benefactors to the United States, do appear. This may have been an oversight, but possibly it was intentional on account of Pinchot's subsequent career.

The "hard and intelligent work" Roosevelt owed to Pinchot; without such an able

WHEN driving at night, dependable illumination is essential to safety. That is why the careful owner selects Tung-Sols. These bulbs are made by a great organization which specializes in miniature types.

Filaments are accurately placed. Each bulb individually tested and inspected, which means that every Tung-Sol provides dependable illumination, increasing confidence at night. For better road illumination—use Tung-Sol bulbs.

THE TUNG-SOL FAMILY

Use Tung-Sols throughout for head-lamps, stop signal, parking and tail lamps. Also Tung-Sol panel lamps for radio cabinets.

Licensed under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

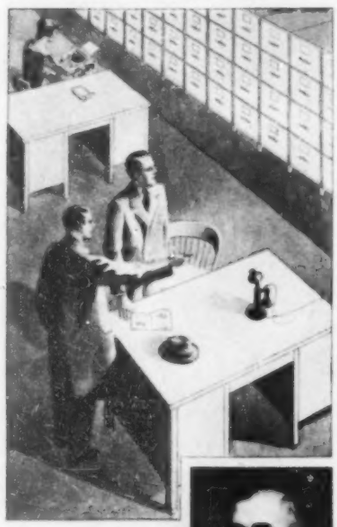
TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
95 Eighth Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Also Manufacturers of
Tung-Sol Radio Tubes
Made Under R. C. A. Patents

FILING TROUBLE?

Send an S. O. S. for your

"Y *and* E" MAN



Jim McConnell knows a lot about office systems and equipment, but he brings you more than his own knowledge.

"SOMETHING's gone wrong with our filing systems. Get Jim McConnell on the phone" . . an often repeated conversation in Los Angeles . . where James McConnell is one of a group of trained "Y and E" Men.

Fifty Years of Experience behind him

There's a similar group of trained "Y and E" Men in your city . . one of whom has been assigned to your office, and he is waiting now for a call from you.

Fifty years of constructive experience are the substantial background of every "Y and E" Man. For this year we are celebrating our fiftieth anniversary!

By the way . . when you see your "Y and E" Man ask him about the new "Y and E" Steel Desks. Why not get him on the wire now?

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.

412 JAY STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

Export Dept. 168 Broadway, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

"Foremost For Fifty Years"

1880 "Y and E" 1930

OFFICE EQUIPMENT

STEEL AND WOOD FILING CABINETS . . STEEL DESKS. STEEL SHELVING . SAFES . . OFFICE SYSTEMS AND SUPPLIES . . BANK AND LIBRARY EQUIPMENT

lieutenant could not possibly have put his project through, any more than the lieutenant could have carried his point without the backing of Roosevelt. He became the head of the National Conservation Organization. He was thoroughly hated by free-born American citizens who didn't see why they "hadn't the right" to cut down just as many trees as they wanted. In a way they cannot be blamed for this notion, inherited straight from the backwoodsman who hewed his way westward through the unfooted wilderness. But Robinson Crusoe can do in a desert island all sorts of things that he would not be allowed to do in Central Park. And this is an idea not easy to bring home to a hundred million people—that there is no such thing as a natural right, that a natural right is merely something a man will fight for. If he doesn't win, his natural right is a mere ghost of the imagination.

The natural right in this case was just Roosevelt's farseeing perception that trees and rivers were more important to all the people than their destruction was to some of the people—and, thanks to Pinchot, he won.

"The people will take the sticks," I remember a sulky senator from the West saying while the fight was on.

Today "the sticks" are what is left of that part of our capital which we were stopped from eating up—the stuff our homes are made of, our beams, our chairs, our floors; the shelter where rivers are born to flow through the fields of grain that would die but for the forests; the sticks which Germany has known enough to use for seven hundred years without using up.

Gifford Pinchot was tall and spare and very active on the tennis court; and his early great service to the country did not prepare one for his later public career. As I cannot speak well of this, I will not speak of it at all.

More familiar in a way than any of the familiars was Winthrop Chanler. He held no office, he was a private friend, no book about him will ever be written; yet Roosevelt's familiar letters not only to me but to members of his family as well constantly mention him. If the Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt is going from Washington to New York for a night, and wants an agreeable dinner and a pleasant evening made ready for him, he writes his sister, Mrs. Cowles, to get it up for him, and be sure to ask Chanler. When Roosevelt, editor of the Boone and Crockett Club's volume, writes me of the best articles for it that he has been promised, Chanler is to contribute one of these; and when Chanler, in 1902, asks him to come to Newport on the special errand of standing godfather to his boy, the President goes.

A book should be written about Winthrop Chanler; and had he written such a book himself, as Trelawny did, telling of the distinguished people he had known everywhere in the world and of his adventures upon land and sea, that book would be one to read, reread and to own. He once told me that he wished his epitaph to be: "Here lies one who laughed in many lands."

He was not at Harvard with Roosevelt; he graduated five years later. When I was a senior, I met him as a freshman; and when he had become a junior, and I a bank clerk, we fell into the friendship that lasted all his life. Roosevelt could hardly have seen much of him until the Civil Service days in Washington. In college he had adventures enough, and was worshiped, for instance, by the Irish proprietor of a saloon in Essex Street, who hung upon every word he said, rejoiced in every act he did, would have gone to the world's end for him, and instantly accepted me because I was his friend. Out of Harvard, his larger adventures were merely the unbroken continuation of his smaller ones in Cambridge and Boston.

Wedlock did not fundamentally change him; and his wife, brought up in Rome, a niece of Julia Ward Howe, as he was her great-nephew—the two were second cousins—was far too wise to wish him changed as much as that. She had not chosen a sparkling belated Elizabethan in order to iron him into a flat American husband capable of giving her no picturesque surprises.

If, after Winthrop Chanler had grown his rich brown mustache and his pointed Vandyke beard, you had put a ruff round his neck and clothed him throughout according to the ruff, he could easily have sat for a portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh. And had he lived in the age to which so much of him belonged he would have sailed with Raleigh or Drake any day at a moment's notice; and during his intervals in London he would have sat in the taverns hobnobbing with Shakspere and have attended every first night of that dramatist's productions. Chanler could have sat for his Mercutio. He would have appealed to Elizabeth to a certainty, and for precisely the same reasons that he appealed to Theodore Roosevelt.

"I expected Winty to be here," I said upon arriving one day to stay at the Chanler house on the Hudson.

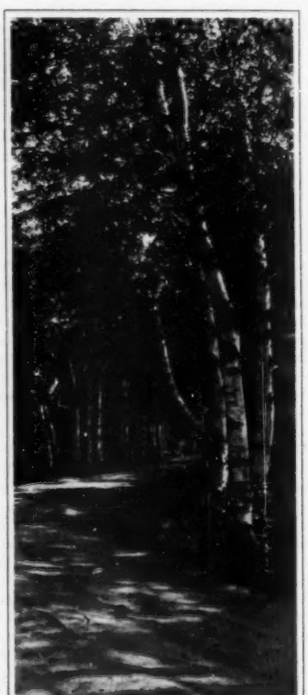
"He'll be here tomorrow," said one of his sisters. "At least, if he hasn't gone to Pawtucket or Portland or Fitchburg to see some Punch and Judy show."

"Whatever Winty does," added another sister, "his conscience sits looking on, beating happy applause."

I was at my law work one day in Francis Rawle's office in Philadelphia when a vague, well-dressed, pleasant youth entered, inquired for me in a European voice and handed me a note. It was from Chanler, and it said:

Dear Dan: This is my brother-in-law. . . . Do what you can for him for my sake, for his sake, and God's sake.

His various expeditions after elk in the Rockies, mouflon in Corsica, were followed at length by an undertaking much more formidable, from which some of his intimate friends in vain did their best to restrain him. Quite in vain. He was far from strong, undermined by a truly terrific illness, when his life hung on a thread for weeks, and out of which he came with one kidney to get on with thereafter—he wrote me a letter saying that he had christened this good kidney after me—but when we entered the Great War, nothing could keep his indomitable spirit out of it. He got an appointment on Pershing's staff on the strength of his fluency in French. I have a photograph of him in his uniform, standing on the stairs in the headquarters; smiling, it is true, dauntless, alert, but a pale, gaunt ghost of that once ambrosial Elizabethan; cheeks sunk, body gone elderly that the years had caught up with at last, and no longer that sparkle of the irresponsible sprite in his eye; in its place, the somber reflection of what he was seeing on the Western Front; and yet a spirit still undaunted. He waved off the particulars of how he won his decoration, he made light of it when we met again, and assured me that he hadn't known he was doing anything, and couldn't locate the exact moment when his behavior rose to the dimensions of the heroic—he merely discovered that he had been heroic when they informed him so.



PHOTO, FROM THE SHOREY STUDIO

At the Turn of the Road, Shelburne, New Hampshire

No warnings kept him back from any effort he had made up his mind to make. And so, being absolutely unfit for it; being told, in fact, that he ought to go to bed and take care of himself, he decided to go to Crete, and he went. In Crete there was but little food or lodging for one in his feeble state, but his spirit carried him through his climbings and expeditions; these accomplished, he came back to Paris, indeed at the end of his tether. He knew it, too, as was evident from some words about himself that he dropped to one of his family.

From Paris he reached New York, ill almost to extinction, but quite determined to go right on to the Harvard Commencement—a sustained series of functions academic and convivial, covering several days, and apt to fatigue numbers of even the fairly robust not in their first youth. Amos French was actually able, by employing every protest short of physical force, to deter him from this madness and induce him to go to bed and keep quiet. He remained quiet at the Knickerbocker Club for a day or two, and then left for his home at Geneseo, where he had been master of hounds since the death of Austin Wadsworth. But Crete had finished him; he was done, though he did not accept the fact. He fretted to be on horseback, and to ride a particular horse—an animal that required a vigorous hand. At length, in the face of remonstrance, he carried his point, mounted, and rode out with his wife. The effort to hold the horse in was visibly a tax upon his last drop of determination.

After they had ridden a short while he said: "Let's have a little canter."

It was the last conscious word that he ever spoke. Almost at once he fell to the ground. Whether from exhaustion or from a stroke is uncertain and of little consequence; a stroke certainly followed. His magnificently vital heart continued to beat for a few days, and then ceased.

"Let's have a little canter." The last words of few men have been so fitting; his life had generally been a canter when it was not a gallop. He lived more lives at once than any other man I have known.

About those ladies who came to the Roosevelt salon I wish that I might speak at length—of Winty Chanler's wife, her music, her many-sided cultivation; of Mrs. Wendell Holmes, her quaint and wholly individual raciness, her beautiful embroidery, like none other; of Emily Tuckerman, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Lodge, Mrs. Grant La Farge, Mrs. Cowles, Mrs. Robinson—each an accomplished woman of the world, her native wits seasoned by experience with many people and familiarity with many books; and every one well able to hold up her end in the talk.

Never in our history, let me repeat, at any other time has such a company as these familiars gathered in the White House. To the society of the present day they seem to bear the same relation that Gobelin tapestry bears to linoleum.

After all, good society is the best invention of mankind.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Wister. The fourth will appear next week.

FAMOUS WRONG GUESSES IN HISTORY

"They're not worth the paper they're printed on!"

"DON'T be fools. Take what you can get for your Certificates and be thankful. They're worthless, I tell you, *worthless*. Congress can't even pay interest on them, let alone *redeem* them."

Like a horde of hungry locusts, unscrupulous speculators were swarming over the countryside. Right and left they were buying up for a song the Certificates of Indebtedness issued by the Continental Congress a few years earlier.

Duped by lying tales, thousands of ex-soldiers, poor farmers, small merchants—men who had freely given their services and their money to their country in the darkest hours of the American Revolution—parted with their Certificates for almost nothing. Little did they realize that Congress at that very moment was taking steps to redeem these obligations *in full!*

* * *

If these misguided patriots had only known the *facts!* But in 1790 facts were hard to get. Population was scattered. Means of communication slow. It took weeks—months—for authentic news to reach the outlying districts.

How different from 1930! Today facts are just as important—just as vital. But now they are quickly and readily available to all. And no shrewd investor will make a single commitment without first *getting the facts.*

To invest safely—profitably—you must have the facts

Tips, hunches, rumors of a pool forming, "inside information" that big interests are accumulating on a certain stock—all these are will-o'-the-wisps that have led many a one to disaster. When you invest in securities you must *know* whether the stock or bond you are about to buy is selling at a price justified by present earnings and future prospects. You must *know* the financial strength of the company, the personnel of its directorate.

These are but a few of the pertinent facts offered you in Standard Services. This is the kind of information Standard Statistics Company is furnishing to bankers responsible for their clients' investments—to the officers of the country's greatest corporations—to individual investors both large and small.

Standard takes the "guess" out of investing

Established twenty-four years ago, Standard Statistics Company is today the largest statistical and advisory organization in the world. With a staff of nearly 1000 people comprising trained statisticians, security experts and business analysts—it is equipped to furnish accurate, unbiased, *vital* information on the finances and progress of every important enterprise.

You, too, will find Standard Services a safe guide in your investment activities—a way to larger profits with greater safety. Let us tell you more about these services and the help they can be to you. Write us today on your business letterhead. No obligation whatever. Address, *Standard Statistics Co., Inc., Dept. P-40, 200 Varick Street, New York City.*

STANDARD STATISTICS COMPANY, INC.

200 VARICK ST. NEW YORK

Organized 24 years ago to distribute business and investment information to reinforce the efforts of business concerns, investment houses and investors by a conscientious endeavor to furnish statistics, literature and reports on every business and financial subject of general interest.

THE LARGEST STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

"You hold my life in your hands" says

SERGEANT FRANK HART

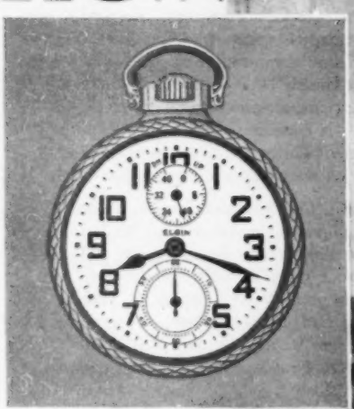
"I've felt that way toward my ELGIN many a time," declares this crack railroad man, eminent member of the American Legion, wearer of the Distinguished Service Cross.

He fought in France. Came home with the Distinguished Service Cross. And the Victory Medal with three bars. *He* knows the part that time played in war-time.

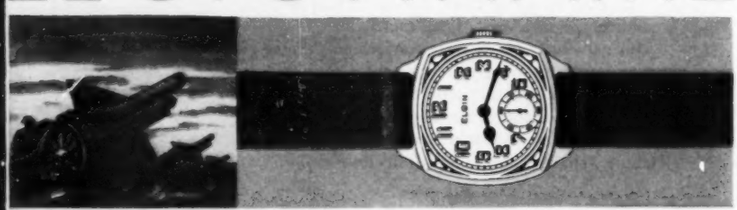
Now an ELGIN still times his exciting hours. For he's a star locomotive engineer on the Santa Fe. Took a train from Chicago to Fort Madison, Iowa . . . and beat all *passenger train records!* And again an ELGIN ticked the triumphant minutes as he won his peace-time honors on the rails.

You may never stand tense in a trench waiting for "zero hour." Never wheel a thundering locomotive on a record run. But every minute of every day your character and punctuality are on trial. Every minute you need a fine, true, accurate watch. An ELGIN! Ask any reliable jeweler.

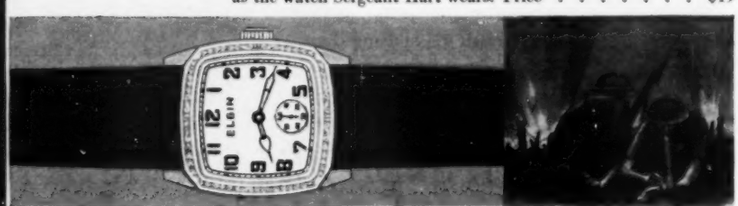
ELGIN LEGIONNAIRE



When Hart is in the cab, this ELGIN serves him . . . the B. W. Raymond model, 21 jewels, 8 adjustments, winding indicator. A sturdy, true ELGIN . . . the chronometer of Engine No. 3408, Hart's "ship of the rails" . . . $70



Another smart model in the ELGIN LEGIONNAIRE series . . . it brings you the same jeweled movement . . . the same ELGIN accuracy as the watch Sergeant Hart wears. Price $19



And when he's all dressed up on his way to a Legion dinner, for example, this famous Legionnaire wears his ELGIN LEGIONNAIRE . . . the peace-time strap watch of war-time strength. Price $26

© Elgin, 1930

ON THE CRIMINAL SIDE

(Continued from Page 25)

the job; if he were the second, he would not be a magistrate. Even if he is free from money corruption, he is, at least in many places, anything but free from politics. Usually he owes his job to politics.

Suppose, now, that a robbery case comes up on preliminary hearing. Suppose that some of the main witnesses have been silenced by threats or blackmail. Suppose there is a pathetic story told of the prisoner who wants to go straight. Suppose the record of the criminal is suppressed or is in another jurisdiction; suppose the dockets of the higher court are crowded and there is general reluctance to put new burdens on the criminal calendars. Suppose the magistrate knows that the prosecutor will let the man go anyhow, on the next step of the mill's grind; suppose the magistrate is tired, and suppose Bill and Joe and Mack—old political friends—with smiles of expectancy or scowls of menace, tell him to "let the guy go."

The fact—certainly in urban centers—is that the preliminary hearing is where about half, and sometimes more than half, of our accused and captured felons find their free exit from the toils and majesty of the law.

Slipping Out the Back Door

As to the atmosphere of such courts, magistrate or municipal as they may be called, the Illinois Crime Commission report is quite clear and fairly descriptive of many city courts in other jurisdictions:

> It seems to be customary for certain lawyers to assume a proprietary attitude toward defense cases. These privileged characters come to the court daily, deposit their coats and hats, and participate in the activities exactly as if they were paid attendants. They solicit business very largely through the assistance of clerks, bailiffs, assistant prosecutors and occasionally through the judges themselves. They mingle freely among those who are haled before the court and get business first hand. . . . Such lawyers have been known to divide the profits from their activities with the kindly officers who throw business to them. In fact, it is stated on good authority that such a privileged position is paid for by the lawyer.

It goes on to say that some of these lawyers make their exclusive headquarters in police stations and courts. "In a certain instance a proposition was made by certain officials in the city to a young lawyer, and assurance was given that the cases in which he was interested would not be vigorously prosecuted."

The respectable members of the bar association never appear in this picture.

These lower-criminal-court judges often reduce bail, discuss cases, and otherwise assist in the shortest cut to disrespect for law. They give a 50 per cent leakage, and probably much more, to any prisoners so unfortunate as to belong to organized crime, and in spite of that fact, have been caught and arrested and have come to such an embarrassing moment as that of being in court at all.

The remaining half of all the prisoners that are held either enter pleas of guilty to lesser offenses or go up, after delays and bail, to the grand jury.

The grand jury is not grand. It is a secret jury. Before it the prosecutor may often bully witnesses as he likes, and usually dictates what the grand jury's action shall be.

In some urban centers about 30 per cent or more of all cases are eliminated. This process is called "no billing."

An analysis by the Illinois Crime Commission in Chicago disclosed that 338 charges of murder were filed in Chicago in 1926, and fifty-five convictions were obtained for that offense. In twenty-eight cases convictions were obtained for lesser offenses—manslaughter in twenty-seven cases; sometimes for assault with a deadly weapon; in one, murder was punished as a misdemeanor. Two defendants were found insane. Eleven cases were pending. 242 cases were discharged without any punishment.

There were 2696 cases of robbery in Chicago in 1926: "The felonious and violent taking of money, goods or other valuable things from a person by force or intimidation." There were 151 convictions. Reduced to misdemeanor and convictions obtained in the following instances: Petty larceny, 191; assault with deadly weapon, 5; plain assault, 9. Original charge reduced and conviction obtained for less serious felony offense in 262 cases; grand larceny, 244; larceny from person, 9. One found insane. Thirty-seven cases pending. 1788 discharged.

There were 1433 charges of burglary in the same period. Convictions on original charge in 94 cases. From burglary to misdemeanor: Petty larceny, 292; attempt at larceny, 7; driving auto without owner's consent, 2; malicious mischief, 2; attempt to commit a crime, 12, and so on. 912 cases discharged.

How large a part is played by intimidation of witnesses in most urban and some rural districts is shown in a case described by investigators as follows:

The defendant was on the list of dangerous criminals prepared by the police department. His criminal record extends back to 1921. In most of the cases where he is involved witnesses fail to appear against him. In 1926 nine robbery charges were filed against him, and in 1927 two charges of assault to rob, and in none of these cases was any conviction obtained. One was nol-prossed, five were stricken off with leave to reinstate, two were "no billed" by the grand jury, two discharged in the court of preliminary hearing, and one resulted in acquittal after jury trial.

In one of the robbery cases listed above, the defendant was identified by four victims of a holdup in which he participated. The holdup occurred at 9:25 A.M. in a well-lighted room; the defendant was wearing no mask; the witnesses had him under observation for eight minutes, but later they failed to appear against him.

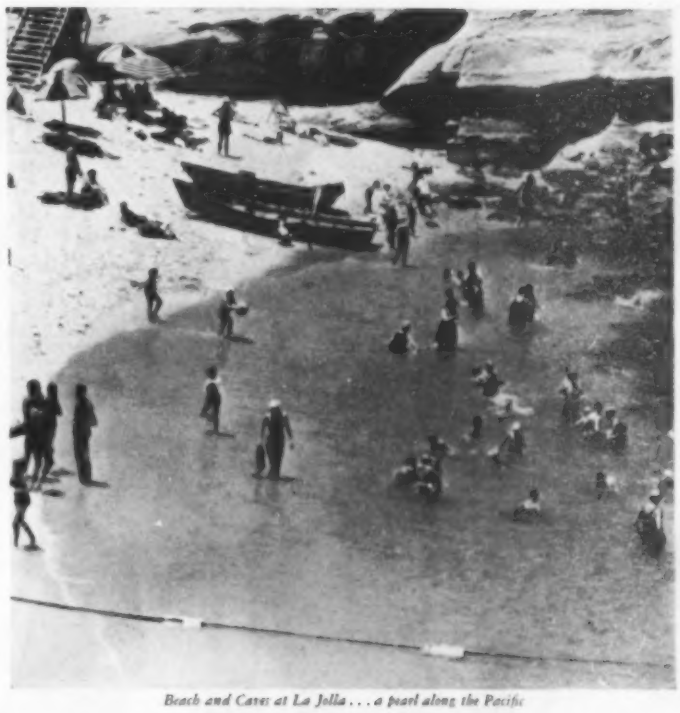
Another instance from the practical rather than the theoretical crime survey: Three indictments were voted against a prisoner in September, 1919. Two were for robbery and one for assault to murder. He was acquitted after a jury trial on one robbery charge on April 19, 1920. The other robbery charge was nol-prossed. The charge of assault to murder was stricken off with leave to reinstate. He again appears in the court records of May 18, 1926, when a charge of larceny was nol-prossed in the preliminary hearing. In the robbery charges noted above, a bank messenger was held up and about $37,000 taken by two robbers. When the case went to trial, the witnesses, who had positively identified the defendants in the preliminary hearing, testified they were mistaken in their identifications.

Witnesses Who Disappear

The record of this person extends back to 1916. He was pardoned from the Reformatory on July twenty-fourth of that year. In September, 1926, he was indicted for murder, and in April, 1927, this case was stricken off with leave to reinstate. The defendant, with two others, was charged with having entered a cigar store at 3:15 A.M. and attempting a holdup, during the course of which the proprietor of the store was shot three times, from the effects of which he died three days later. One of the chief witnesses for the prosecution—a cab driver—was murdered before the case came up for trial. Other witnesses for the state seem to have disappeared.

On July 13, 1921, another defendant was indicted for attempted larceny, and was acquitted in October, 1921. The facts of the case are as follows:

The defendant and another person unlocked and entered a lumberyard at 1:30 A.M., and were caught in the act by the night watchman, who testified at the trial.



Beach and Caves at La Jolla . . . a pearl along the Pacific

Plan this unforgettable vacation . . .

ELEVEN DAYS IN CALIFORNIA

Summer Snow in the High Sierra

$70 will pay your expenses, including sightseeing, while in Southern California this summer for . . . eleven unforgettable days . . . a trip now entirely possible even if you have but two vacation weeks . . . from most sections back east. If you have additional time . . . so much the better. Enjoy yourself and see outstanding points of interest . . . for $6.35 each day . . . normal expense need not exceed this amount . . . think of it . . . $70 for the eleven days you are actually in Southern California . . . the experience of a lifetime!

You may have immediately an authentic ILLUSTRATED ITINERARY together with an outline of expenses . . . and know exactly what you can see and do in these eleven days . . . how the costs are figured. Mail the coupon at once. Start planning now to come to Southern California this summer . . . come . . . in two vacation weeks. Bring light wraps . . . you'll need them . . . Southern California is kept cool by breezes sweeping in from 6000 miles of Pacific Ocean! But leave your umbrella at home!

Your trip out and eleven vacation days in Southern California will not only prove fascinating but a wonderfully broadening influence . . . a liberal education. See and do things entirely new and refreshing . . . then you can talk familiarly with traveled people. Know your Hollywood! The orange groves, Old Spanish Missions, "Symphonies under the Stars," nearby mile-high mountains, ocean fishing barges, "voyages" to sea islands . . . all will make every hour here a delight. Novelty and enjoyment night and day from daily swims in the Pacific to the glaciers of the High Sierra!

We have published a beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 camera studies by the best men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy for postage cost. EXECUTIVES and INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

Southern California

All-Year Club of Southern California, Soc. W-4, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired) ☐ Please send me *free* Illustrated Itinerary for a 2-weeks vacation trip to Southern California—and what it will cost.

(Check if desired) ☐ Four cents in stamps enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura ☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name _____ *Street* _____

(Please Print Your Name and Address)

City _____ *State* _____

now·the "danger months"

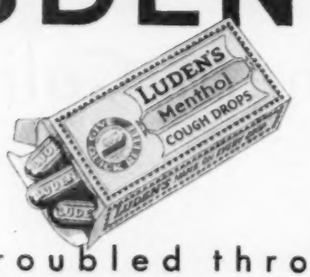
MARCH APRIL MAY JUNE

for common colds*

Although Winter is out of the way, throat and nose discomforts remain during Spring and early Summer. Medical science shows that few of us escape. » » Yet . . . there is always this consolation. » » LUDEN'S give quick relief. » » The minute you put a Luden's in your mouth, the irritation is relieved; your head begins to clear and you breathe in comfort again. » » It's the exclusive Menthol Action in Luden's that does the relief work. And you'll find it *only* in Luden's. » » So . . . when tender throats become troubled throats—no matter if it's the weather or cigarette smoking that causes the discomfort—count on Luden's for quick relief. » » Everywhere in the familiar yellow package—5c.

*Chart based on study of thousands of cases, showing prevalence of common colds during Spring and early Summer.

LUDEN'S



for troubled throats

The defendant set up the defense that permission had been obtained from the owner to use his truck for a moonlight picnic. . . . Proving that even gangsters have a sense of humor! . . . Two police officers who went to the owner's home were told that the accused had been given no such permission. The owner of the lumberyard, although subpœnaed, failed to appear at the trial. No attempt was made to require his presence in response to process. On the facts as presented, the court found the defendants not guilty, saying, "Defendants say they had permission. The owner is not here to say they did not." A charge of burglary was filed against this defendant in December, 1926. The case went to trial in the criminal court, March 4, 1927, at which time the felony charge was waived and the defendant pleaded guilty to petty larceny and was put on probation.

Restitution But No Reform

The comment upon this intimidation of witnesses is plainly indicated. The point in question here is not the fact of intimidation, which, of course, everyone will join in condemning, but condemnation of the casual manner in which the state's attorneys permit cases in which they ought to know that there is a taint of intimidation to be terminated without heroic and complete efforts to bring reluctant witnesses to the bar of justice.

As for restitution to prosecuting witnesses, wholly aside from the legal aspects of restitution, it is very evident that in cases where a dangerous criminal is involved the public interest should be sufficiently protected too. The future safety of the public is not assured simply because a professional and unreformed criminal is permitted, literally, to buy off the victim.

Such a case was the following from the Illinois Crime Commission report: On April 27, 1926, X was arrested and twenty charges of confidence game were filed against him. Of the twenty charges, nine were dismissed for want of prosecution in the court of preliminary hearing, and two cases were dismissed for want of prosecution in the criminal court. Three additional charges of confidence game were lodged against this defendant on May 5, 1926; two of which were dismissed for want of prosecution in the court of preliminary hearing; in the other, he was held to the grand jury, which returned a "no bill." In the cases noted, the charges were instigated by one of the larger banks of the city. The bank's representative stated to the prosecuting attorney that the defendant had made restitution, and whatever action the state took was satisfactory to the bank. On this statement, all the above cases were dismissed for want of prosecution. The defendant, pending the outcome of the criminal cases, was released on a bond signed by a surety, who, upon investigation, stated that he knew nothing whatever about the bond. Further investigation disclosed that a well-known professional bondsman apparently had conducted all negotiations for the defendant.

When these cases pass through the mill of justice, no one seems to be strictly responsible for producing the witnesses, and such cases are for the most part disposed of without definitely fixing the responsibility on either the state's attorney or the police.

The utter failure of our criminal procedure and practice to deal with reluctant and disappearing witnesses is equaled by its failure to deal punitively with perjury. The Cleveland Survey showed that among 3000 felony cases in Cleveland, there were only seven perjury prosecutions. Only one man paid a penalty!

Professor Moley cites like conditions as uncovered in Georgia and Minnesota surveys. In one county in Georgia only four of 2180 defendants were charged with perjury. But in four other counties three persons were charged with perjury and every case was nol-prossed. Four thousand cases in Minnesota, in 1924, revealed only ten charges of perjury. In 1926, in New York, among nearly 10,000 cases, only eighteen were for perjury. Apparently there has been a complete breakdown in the courts in the punishment of the liars who, paid by gangsters, give the machinery of law the duty to punish even the slight grist of perjurers which ever gets into trial courts.

So far I have touched only upon the holes which let criminals escape or allow them to take taps on their naughty wrists before coming to trial.

What happens after the case is called for trial? There is almost always the possibility of jumping bail; particularly when bail has been reduced to a bargain price. Even that does not always make much difference. Without having as yet made a wide investigation, I cannot say how much forfeited bail is ever paid in. After conversation with many judges and prosecutors, I believe the collection of bail is small indeed. Does the public know that? Not at all. Do the criminal-procedure reformers touch on this question? Seldom and slightly.

One prosecutor said to me impatiently: "The trial is over. How much the bail bond yields apparently is nobody's business but yours, and let me tell you it is none of your business!"

Finally comes the jockeying of the defense for time and tricks. This, of course, is when the criminal prosecution begins to come out in the daylight. This is when the press begins to expose some of the ridiculous results of jury trials, technicalities and appeals which apply to that slight residue left after criminal process had set free most—from 50 to 85 per cent—of those criminals who have been charged with felonies. I am not speaking of misdemeanors but of felonies.

Now, then, comes the game of wits—the cockpit of the trial courts. Now comes the demand for jury trial—to gain time. Now come the postponements, the motions, the waste—sometimes of months—in examining jurors, and the hocus-pocus of challenges. Now come the absurd questions as to whether jurors have read of a case which has been in the papers for months. Now come the experts. Now come the insanity pleas. Now come the cases where the guilty are called insane only for the brief period in which the crime was committed. Big games! Sporting events! American criminal procedure and its practice! Respect for law!

The Smallest Loophole

The degenerate and the vicious receive flowers. Respect the law? Battle of wits in a system which in general allows cockpit atmosphere, antiquated technicalities. The defendant can refuse to take the stand. Nothing is to be assumed from his reluctance.

The jury, unversed in law, often chosen purposely from emotional and mentally colorless men upon whom legal charlatanism and legal séance can play as upon a dulcimer. A judge who has no freedom to assist, either in making witnesses intelligible or juries intelligent. The cockpit of indignities and antiquity!

Hair splitting. Ridiculous old forms of complaint, of indictments. Appeals to appellate divisions and supreme courts for delays, with childish, outworn technicalities behind them. Forms rather than the substance of justice. Crowding the calendars. Delay.

The Association of the Bar of the City of New York reported, in 1928, that a case could not ordinarily be reached for trial by the Supreme Court of New York for fifteen terms after it had been at issue.

The form of murder indictment in several states fills two closely printed pages!

"A Wisconsin banker was set free," says the Editorial Research Reports, "because his indictment had charged that, although he knew his bank was insolvent, he had fraudulently received money 'on deposit and for safekeeping' whereas it should have read 'on deposit or for safekeeping.'"

The manager of a building-and-loan association who had defrauded subscribers of $30,000, won freedom on an appeal to the

(Continued on Page 165)

MISSING: One small rivet

. . that's why Spalding Cushion-necks are the only steel-shafted irons with all the sweet feel of the finest hickory, and all the advantages of the steel shaft . . . .

THE rivet is gone — the rivet that always joined the shaft to the head in golf irons!

And its banishment gave to the golfing world the Spalding Cushion-neck Irons—the first irons and the only irons to combine the straighter shots and greater uniformity of the steel shaft with the sweet feel of the finest hickory!

Is that news? Ask the great majority of golfers who now play steel-shafted *woods! They* know the lighter steel shaft puts greater swinging weight into the head—where it aids controllability.

They know that the thinner steel shaft cuts through wind resistance to give a sweeter whip to every shot. And *they* know that the more uniform steel shaft *stays* more uniform—that it can't warp.

Yes, in woods the steel shaft always has been great! But in irons—ah, that was a different story.

For in all pre-Cushion-neck steel-shafted irons, the metal-to-metal contact of steel shaft against steel head formed a perfect conductor that carried the shock and vibration of every shot up the shaft and into the hands—causing a harsh, sour feel.

In Cushion-necks, the steel shafts *never touch* the steel heads. For before each shaft is fitted into the hosel of the head, it is enclosed in a cushioning sleeve of lively rubber. Vibrations can no more pass through this rubber sleeve than can electric current pass through the rubber insulation on a wire.

But vibrations *can* pass through that little rivet! Even though there's enough rubber in there to make a balloon tire, a rivet touching both head and shaft forms the metal-to-metal contact that could knock the cushioning idea for a row of caddy-houses.

Spalding knew this—and kept experimenting until the Spalding experts finally worked out an ingenious way of crimping the end of the hosel around the rubber so that no rivet was necessary.

That has another advantage—it insures permanent liveliness for the rubber sleeve by sealing out the air. The rubber cannot oxidize. It stays lively throughout the long life of the club.

Other clubs may offer some rubber gadget. But only Spalding can offer steel-shafted irons with absolutely no metal-to-metal contact. For the whole Cushion-neck principle is guarded by patents that not even the Marines could break through.

Play Cushion-neck Irons as soon as you can get your hands on them. Play them for just one round. You'll get a new thrill no matter how long you've been playing the game!

In the world's most perfectly matched clubs—irons and woods

The Cushion-neck construction comes only in Kro-Flite Custom Built Registered Irons, Kro-Flite Registered Irons, Kro-Flite Related Irons, and Kro-Flite Custom Built Registered and Autograph Registered Woods — the world's most perfectly matched golf clubs.

So perfectly are these Irons related that with your eyes closed, you cannot tell which club you are swinging—from driving iron to mashie niblick, they all feel exactly alike.

So instead of trying to master six or nine different swings, you master one. And that swing—that timing—are right for every iron in your bag!

Buy a matched set in either of these two ways

Kro-Flite Custom Built Registered Irons are sold in sets only—never separately. And a complete record of every Registered Club is kept. Thus, any time a club is lost or broken, Spalding can make you up its exact duplicate.

Kro-Flite Standard Registered and Kro-Flite Related Irons *are* sold separately. You can build up a perfectly matched set even though you buy the clubs months apart.

Prices of Kro-Flite Irons

Custom Built Registered, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts	*Set of nine*	$90
	Set of six	60
Standard Registered, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts	*Set of nine*	75
	Set of six	50
	Each	8.50
Related, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts	*Set of nine*	$54
	Set of six	36
	Each	6
Custom Built Registered Driver and Brassie, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts		30
Spoon to match		15
Autograph Registered Driver and Brassie, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts		25
Spoon to match		12.50

Let your Professional outfit you. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, as do all Spalding Stores. © 1930, A. G. S. & Bros., Inc.

Spalding
KRO-FLITE
CUSHION NECK IRONS

Registered Sets— Sold in sets only. *Related Clubs— Sold one at a time.*

They Call Him a CRANK
but He is Really a
CONNOISSEUR *of* MOTOR OIL

He would buy *only* this Oil *if it cost a* Dollar a Quart

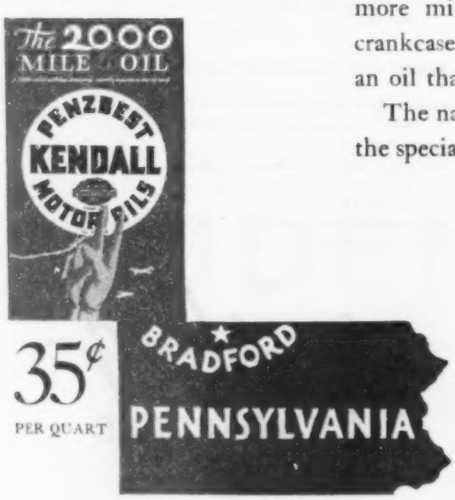
BECAUSE it's the only oil he can buy, whether he's in Maine or California, that's made entirely from Bradford grade, the costliest of the fine Pennsylvania oils.

Because he has found that after 2000 or more miles of driving, it drains from his crankcase with all the "look" and "feel" of an oil that has gone hardly 100 miles.

The native richness of the crude itself, and the special Kendall processes which perfect its lubricating qualities . . . these are the reasons that make Kendall the aristocrat among all fine motor oils . . . the oil that aviators use almost universally . . . and the oil that is always sure to satisfy the *cranks on quality*, whether they drive a Ford or a Cadillac.

Try Kendall . . . Even if it cost a dollar a quart it couldn't be a better oil. The Kendall sign will direct you to the nearest station.

KENDALL REFINING COMPANY, BRADFORD, PA.



There's always one best in everything—even among all the admittedly fine Pennsylvania Oils. Up in the hills near Bradford, Pa., is Nature's richest oil field, producing the crude that brings the highest market price—plus an extra premium on every barrel. *Kendall Oil is the only nationally used motor oil made* wholly *from this finest Bradford grade crude.*

KENDALL OIL

THE 2000 MILE OIL

(Continued from Page 162)

state supreme court on the ground that the indictment was faulty. It had said, "defendant being in control and management of said society" instead of "defendant was then and there in control and management of said society."

Cases on appeal go up and are reversed or remanded for new trial on errors which have not, will not, and could not affect justice. They go back for retrial—and often are not retried—because higher courts will not, or cannot, under archaic laws, correct the record and then pass upon the substance of justice.

Many reversals on errors by the appellate courts tend to frighten lower-court judges into the position of silent and cynical sitters, confining their effort, upon any attempt to arrive at either truth or justice, to mousy weighing of every word and sticking to their knitting.

Judges are, in fact, gagged more or less completely as in no other country in the world, and outside of all common sense. Because a trial judge in Illinois said of the testimony of a child, "Of course she is a child. I realize that. But I have a notion that she will come pretty near to telling the truth as some other parties," the Supreme Court reversed the case, on the ground that the judge had not passed upon the competency as a witness but upon her truthfulness. It is difficult to see that he had done more than class her as an average witness.

The Supreme Court of Illinois, in a case of fifty counts, upheld forty-nine counts, but because in the fiftieth the man's name was misspelled—a stenographer's mistake—the case was reversed. "The same court reversed several convictions," says the Illinois Crime Survey, "because of the admission of evidence of other crimes."

In 291 cases reversed and remanded by the Supreme Court of Illinois, only forty-six of the accused were retried and punished. In substance, this means that after the majestic law has moved through months of turns and delays, and still has hold of the guilty, nearly one-half, as an average, may be successful in their appeals, though it is possible that every appeal may have to do with some unneeded, antique rule of form and procedure. And of this half of reversed and remanded cases, if gauged by the Illinois jurisdiction, less than 20 per cent are punished. The years have slipped by; the law has cold feet.

This article is not written in an attempt to break down the safeguards for the innocent, provided by any forms and rules of procedure or evidence based upon good sense. It is not written in any attempt to discredit wholesale either judges or other officers in our criminal-prosecuting machinery. It is not written to give the impression that no good reforms have not already been made. Many states have made reforms—mostly patchwork.

It is written in advance of publishing other suggestions for reconstruction of a law-enforcement machine. That machine is so open now to a political control and pull, which the public does not realize or the legal profession boldly admit, that its existence is a scandal. It cannot pass the main blame for our national game of organized criminality, which offers material rewards rather than material pains to youth, onto the police.

Nor can our legal machinery mumble around as to poverty, education, social adaptability, and so on, unless it first does its own job with some semblance of a standard of efficiency, simplicity, organization, and sense equal to that, let us say, of the restaurant business.

No one can spend much time asking the criminal-law enforcement to be cruel to the morons while it is being so silly as to the real criminal.

No one does more than waste time who relies upon preachments to youth or to citizens to respect the law, while youth and citizenship in general may be led close enough to the truth to see just what our criminal procedure and machinery is in fact.

We are a law-abiding, law-loving people by instinct. It makes us heavy of heart to discover that we have allowed the power of our law to lose its arms, to be humiliated and outrun by rebels of violence and audacity, to be wheedled and emasculated, to be burdened with duties of persecution when it fails miserably in its duties of prosecution, and, finally, to be, temporarily, the victim of its creation—self-government in politics.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series by Mr. Child on our law and law machinery. The fifth will be published in an early issue.

FAMILY PARASITES

(Continued from Page 39)

sisters-in-law don't want to cook for themselves and their husbands when they get home Sunday night. So they all have snacks in the pantry—sandwiches, cakes, cold meat, anything left over from dinner. When they're gone there isn't enough left to feed a bird, no matter how much food mother has provided—and believe me she provides plenty. Nothing but turkey or chicken or roast beef or thick steaks will suit her—she knows how the boys love them—and you know how much such things cost nowadays. My household bills are appalling. To meet them and keep up the payments on the place I have to cut my personal expenses to the bone. I can't save a cent out of my income and I've begun to lie awake nights wondering what would happen if father or mother or I myself had a long illness or needed an expensive operation or something of the sort. That," Caroline added bleakly, "isn't good for my work."

A Convalescent Home

"Naturally I tried to make mother understand the situation," she continued. "But she can't. It's partly my fault. I've been so anxious not to have her and father feel that they were burdens. They're not burdens," Caroline fiercely interjected. "They're my beloved charges—my only excuse for existence. So I've always made light of expense, and now they've both got it into their dear heads that my income is inexhaustible.

"'We're all you have,' mother often says. 'Who would you spend your income on if not on us?' But the truth is," Caroline added darkly, "they're not all I've got. I've got seven others!

"And it isn't Sunday alone, any more," she resumed. "I brought that up because it's the biggest single item. Now it's long holidays and summer visits too. The children love the country. So do their fathers and mothers. There's hardly a time when two of the children are not with mother during their vacations, and the house is looked on as a convalescent home by the rest of the family. Anyone who has been sick goes there to build up."

She returned to the main point.

She had talked to her brothers—or rather she had tried to. Neither of them had been willing to look her facts in the face. Devoted sons, devoted brothers in the beginning, they had been partial parasites so long that they had lost their sense of self-respect and personal dignity. To understand Caroline now, to meet her even halfway, would be to deprive their wives and children of comforts they had all come to take for granted. And when it became a question of imposing on their sister or of depriving their wives and children of accustomed comforts and pleasures, they made an unhesitating choice. The older brother treated the matter as a joke.

"You're like all the rest of the bloated bondholders, Carrie," he said jovially. "You're scared by the crash in Wall Street."

The younger brother showed a hesitating willingness to look at the situation, but his glance was oblique.

"We have been sponging a bit on Carrie," he conceded. "I don't wonder she's fed up with us. I'll tell you what we'll do," he added handsomely. "We'll bring out a hamper when we come. Charlie and I will take turns doing it," he added hastily, and Charlie somewhat vaguely assented.

The suggestion worked out as Caroline had expected. The hampers came for a few weeks and were then forgotten. Caroline was glad when they stopped. They did not help much, and they filled her mother with chagrin.

"I guess there's always enough in this house for our family to eat," the mother asserted. She added forgivingly, "That's so, isn't it, Carrie?"

They all forgave Caroline. She could see them doing it. The deteriorating influence of parasitism had been at work so long. Wasn't Caroline a high-salaried, unmarried woman? On whom would she spend her money if not on her family?

Caroline has not solved her problem. It may put her in a sanitarium before she solves it. I have described it here at some length, because it is an actual and arresting illustration of thousands of similar but smaller problems all around us. In countless American homes the boys have married and gone forth to support their families, while a sister has given up the matrimonial dream to remain behind and support her parents. The boys see no unfairness in this arrangement. Men rarely do. They have their families, and the claims of their wives and children come first. The amazing thing about it is that they so rarely consider the burden they are putting on the daughter who carries it. Not one young man in fifty who has fallen in love stops to wonder whether he is justified in abandoning his parents. He is in love and the only girl loves him. Therefore they two must marry. For him the question settles itself as simply as that. When he thinks of his parents he vaguely murmurs that he will do something for them. He rarely does. His unmarried sister is looking after them. It's her job. She "hasn't anyone else." He not only lets her support her parents but he lets her help him.

Not many brothers, of course, sponge on a sister to the degree Caroline's brothers do. But in an amazing number of American homes, carried on by unmarried sisters, those sisters are meeting frequent demands of married brothers temporarily up against it. The brothers begin by asking small loans in emergencies. They go on by forming a convenient habit of constant borrowing. They end by forgetting to repay the loans, by regarding them as timely gifts.

Let Sister Pay It

One professional spinster I know, who supports her mother and an invalid sister, also invariably pays for her married brother's winter's supply of coal. This costs about a hundred dollars—and that hundred seems to be the one domestic expense the brother simply cannot meet. Invariably, each September, he borrows from her the money for his coal. He never pays it back, and the last two or three years he didn't even go through the formality of calling the transaction a loan.

"Can you let me have that coal money this month, Anne?" is his present conversational opening. "If you can't we'll all freeze to death," he adds cheerily if she hesitates. He, too, is suffering from the degenerating effects of sponging on someone else. It's a habit that grows so fast!

Another sister I know, supporting an invalid mother, is also forced to pay endless doctor's bills run up for her brother's little children. He has four children, and at least one of them seems always in need of medical

When You Shift on Hills You Once Took in High

Remember CAMOAH* robs the plug of its vital spark

THIS ILLUSTRATES THE EFFECT OF CAMOAH ON YOUR SPARK PLUG WIRES
OLD SPARK PLUG WIRE
LEAK ELECTRICITY
LIKE AN OLD HOSE
LEAKS WATER

*CAMOAH—a word coined by The Packard Electric Company research engineers to express the six causes (Corona, Abrasion, Moisture, Oil, Age, and Heat) of failure of spark plug wires on high compression engines.

IF your motor doesn't streak up hills with its old time hum of power . . . if it lags on the pick up . . . remember this: CAMOAH* attacks spark plug wires. Electricity escapes! Power is lost! . . . Keep vital electrical punch where it belongs with genuine Packard Lac-kard Spark Plug Wires; replaced every 10,000 miles.

Success breeds imitation! Get genuine Packard; standard on 75% of American makes of cars. Ask your garageman.

THE PACKARD ELECTRIC CO.
WARREN, OHIO Toronto—Winnipeg

FOR ALL CARS

$2.00 to $4.75

Packard Lac-kard
SPARK PLUG WIRES
For Full Electrical Punch

© 1930 The P. E. Co.

What GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE Accomplished with

DENNEY TAGS

THE great Gotham Hosiery Mills "keep things moving" quickly, economically and systematically — from raw material to packaged product — with the help of Denney Production Tags. And what Denney Production Tags have done, in the saving of time and money, for this leader in the highly competitive women's hosiery field, they can surely and quickly do for you.

If you are not using Production Tags, you are overlooking a money-making, money-saving opportunity. If you are using such tags, perhaps a slight improvement in form would result in a great improvement in production.

Denney Representatives will gladly visit your plant, study your methods and suggest Denney Production Tags specially suited to the particular requirements of your business.

THE DENNEY TAG COMPANY
WEST CHESTER, PENNA.

LOOK FOR THE DENNEY ADVERTAG ON THE PRODUCTS YOU BUY IT GIVES HELPFUL INFORMATION

or surgical attention. Within the past year she has paid for one adenoid operation, one tonsil operation and one case of mastoiditis. The last deprived her of her winter wardrobe and her summer holiday. Few of the spinster sisters are as affluent as my friend Caroline. The majority of them are newspaper women, teachers, women principals of public schools, subeditors, file clerks, and the like, earning a few thousands a year at the most.

It's all very well for the gentle reader to remark, "If they're fools enough to give money to their families, they've got to take the consequences."

The situation is not so simple as that. Love enters into it. The spinster sister with a few hundred dollars in the bank, told that her married brother is suffering from pneumonia and that he has no reserve fund for the emergency, will gladly hand over her few hundred dollars. I have known spinster sisters to do this in dozens of instances. How could they refuse?

Possibly their married brothers would be equally quick to hand over their reserve to the sisters in emergencies, if the brothers had a reserve fund. The trouble is, they almost never have. The average young man trying to support himself, his wife and one or two children on two or three thousand a year is balancing on one of the thinnest planks that separate us from the abyss. He has all sorts of unexpected expenses. His wife or one of his children is usually ill. They all need the fairly constant attention of oculists and dentists. The children need summer camps, or their parents think they do. The average young husband or father out of work a month is facing penury.

Not so the average spinster who is supporting a parent. Unlike Caroline's mother, dependent mothers are usually economical. Moreover, both mother and daughter are less able to face a budget which exhausts the monthly income. They are nervous about the future, as well they may be. They feel that they must save—and they desperately save, just a little to tide them over a rainy day. That's why so many brothers and nephews are hurrying to Sister Kate or Aunt Jane or even to mother—dependent on Sister Kate—for large or small loans. It's why mother and Kate and Jane so often find themselves without an emergency fund when an emergency comes up in their own experience. It's why so many young fellows take the matrimonial chances they take. There's always some self-supporting woman in the family who will stake them if they get in a jam.

Borrowing for Luxuries

I have spoken of the brothers first, not because they are the arch parasites but because it is so subversive of our traditions that they should be parasites at all. From his infancy, big brother is more or less trained to look after little sister. He himself accepts that tradition, as a working theory at least; and to do him justice, he usually lives up to it if he has no wife and children. When he has he follows what seems to him a higher tradition, and perhaps it is. In any case, the married son invariably puts his obligations to his wife and children far above his obligations to his parents and his sister. If he is successful, an unmarried son takes a genuine pleasure in being generous to the latter. Even then, however, an unmarried brother, living at home and sharing the expense of that home with a working spinster sister, is apt to take it for granted that he must save more of his income in proportion than she feels justified in saving of hers. He's a man, and besides, on whom would she spend? If he is married and a struggling husband and father, he follows the easiest way and borrows from his sister if she is able to lend. In the beginning he chooses a sister because she has the money and because she is safe—that is, she will not blab to the rest of the family. Blabbing about her loans is something the spinster sister rarely does. If she blabs at all, she blabs to her intimate friend, who wants to know why she can't afford a new coat this winter. Neither does she remind brother of the loan if she can help it. That makes it easy for brother to come again and again, until coming is a fixed habit.

Sister, however, comes to her, too—married sister, with a brood of little children for whom she is as frankly voracious as brother is for his brood. Right here, however, there is a marked difference in attitude and technic. Brother, to do him justice again, usually borrows only in emergencies, of which the poor fellow has plenty. Married sister looks to her husband to provide for these emergencies; her borrowings are often for needs that are in the nature of luxuries—better clothes for her children, better schools for them, piano lessons, dancing lessons, the dozen of things nicely brought up children should have, and which the father of her children cannot afford. One professional spinster I know supplied all the clothes for her sister's three children from the time each child was born. She also paid for their dancing lessons and their music lessons. Inevitably, as time passed, these benefactions were taken as a matter of course, and the demands grew. Private schools were discussed and the spinster rebelled.

"Good heavens, Lucy," she said. "Aren't you forgetting that I'm the goose that lays the golden eggs? If you kill me, you and the children will suffer too!"

Very Dear Relatives

Lucy wept. "I have never listened to such a brutal remark in my life!" she cried. "George would never dream of speaking to me like that!"

"Sorry," said the spinster sister wearily, "but you wouldn't dream of making the demands on George you make on me."

However, the outcome of her explosion was the cost of a private school for the oldest child. Whom else would she spend her money on, if not on her family? And, of course, being a starved spinster, she loved her sister's children as if they were her own. So spoke Lucy and George. Her brother-in-law was by this time thoroughly alive to the beauty of the golden eggs.

Spinsters are not always starved, and they do not always love their nieces and nephews as if they were their own children—but these are side issues and need not concern us now.

The sister of another spinster I have in mind—the finely executive principal of a public school—married a ne'er-do-well. The ne'er-do-well periodically deserted his wife, periodically returned and had a touching reunion, and periodically departed again, leaving another human souvenir of his visit. When this had happened seven times in ten years, throughout which period the wife and the increasing brood had lived with the hard-working and nerve-strained principal in her little flat, the principal retired to a sanitarium and eventually died. She had a sense of humor or she would have died sooner. She confided to me that she had always borne with fortitude the desertions of her brother-in-law, but that the joyful reunions had been too much for her.

A South Carolina Vista

If the spinster aunt survives until the nieces and nephews she had helped to support grow up, she often makes a somewhat startling discovery. She has inherited them as adult charges. Possibly she has sent one or more of them through college. In any case, they associate her with golden benefactions in their youth and, quite naturally from their point of view, they continue to give her opportunities for self-expression in generosity. They often turn to her before they do to their father. They always turn to her when father is fussing about money.

Nor are they alone in their demands. About this time the limited principal of some venerable uncle or aunt is used up and the family meets to consider the situation. The husbands and wives can do nothing. The spinster sister is elected to act in the emergency. She can well afford to allow Uncle Henry or Aunt Harriet the few hundreds a year needed for continued existence in the old home. She does it, and does it as if it were a favor to herself; for the Uncle Henrys and the Aunt Harriets, helpless victims of life's ruthless laws, are proud and sensitive.

It is about this time that the spinster makes a second and really alarming discovery. She is not so young as she was! When the children were children she had the fine optimism of youth. She was earning largely and giving generously. Why not? She could earn plenty more—and on whom, and so on. But now she is suddenly conscious of occasional exhaustion, of unusual aches and pains. What if she should break down? She has little or no financial reserve. She must begin to put something aside for her old age or for possible invalidism. There is no one to whom she can turn for support if she goes under. Her responsibilities prey upon her. She becomes a trifle morbid. The dear mother she supported for years is in her grave. The little children are grown up. She can save—she must save! But the habits of her dependents are too strong for them, and too strong for her. The nephew she sent through college develops appendicitis and goes to a hospital. He is a dear boy. Naturally he must have the best available surgeon, the best kind of nurse, comfortable quarters. She raises the money on one of her few remaining bonds.

Spending on Everybody Else

Another nephew, a mere boy, marries, and the next year a new baby and a delicate girl wife are added to the spinster aunt's responsibilities. How the devil is she going to save, then? It is at about this time that she begins to grow morbid.

"I've earned more than ten thousand dollars a year for twenty years," one such spinster aunt told me the other day, "and I've spent darned little of it on myself. Now I'm fifty-seven and my total remaining savings are in two bonds for five hundred dollars each. And believe me," she added heavily, "one of my nephews or nieces or sisters or brothers or aged maiden aunts or uncles will have typhoid this year and use them up. Then, when I have typhoid, I'll be sent to North Brothers Island!"

That's how morbid they get!

It would be interesting to know how many fathers and mothers with married sons are wholly dependent on daughters for their support. It would be more interesting to know how many of these daughters are also contributing in one way or another to the support of their married brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews and aged aunts and uncles. It would be most interesting of all to know how much and how quickly human beings—especially when young or middle-aged—deteriorate in character under the strength-sapping effects of such help and such dependence on women. And it would be a definitely upbuilding factor if the countless working women who are lending or giving money to their clans could realize that every dollar thus lent definitely loosens the moral fiber of the still active man or woman who borrows or accepts it.

-WON

before the crack of the gun has died away

CRACK!—and with the bark of the gun, a crouching figure hurtles into a flying leap that means a headstart—and victory. For, other things being equal, it's the man with the headstart who wins.

This is true in any race. And it's especially true in the race to make the finest motor oils. It's the oil with a headstart in inherent quality —*the oil that is made from the highest quality crude*—that gives you the greatest value for your money.

The question, then, is what crude is highest in quality? And that's easy. Oil experts call Pennsylvania "The highest grade crude oil in the world."

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE —*a flying start toward* QUALITY *in finished motor oils*

There's no explaining Pennsylvania Grade Crude's superiority. Mother Nature made it better, that's all —just as she made some soils more fertile, and some woods more durable.

Nature favored Pennsylvania Grade Crude with remarkable freedom from impurities. It has a degree of "oiliness" found in no other crude.

Such natural superiority has given refiners of this crude a long headstart in quality. And they have made the most of it! With careful refining, they have produced lubricants that are longer-lived, more resistant to heat than any others. This has been proved time and again on the toughest sort of lubricating tasks—in automobile, airplane, tractor and motor boat engines, in locomotives, turbines and stationary machinery.

Prove it for yourself! Try these oils in your own automobile motor! You'll get many more miles of super-lubrication to a filling—and you'll add thousands of miles of life to your motor. For these oils effect a better piston seal, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption. They give more lubrication, better lubrication, for your money!

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil. It signifies that the oil is made entirely from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Every brand sold under this emblem is bonded to protect you. The individual brand or trade mark appearing with this emblem is your assurance of careful refining. Try these oils—see what a difference the use of a high quality crude can make in the quality of a finished oil!

© 1930, P. G. C. O. A.

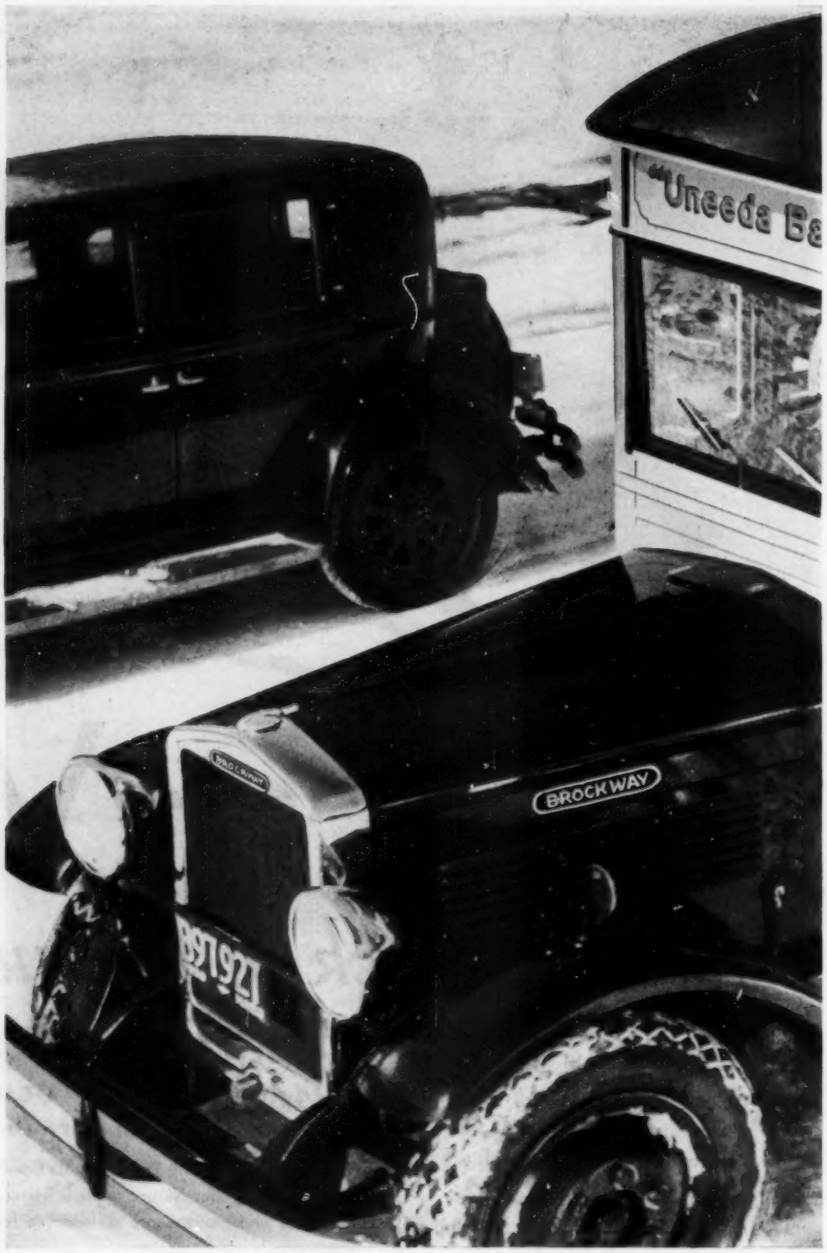
Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product

THE HIGHEST GRADE CRUDE OIL IN THE WORLD

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION S. E. P. 4-30
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.
Please send me the booklet, "$1000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____



DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR

WE CHALLENGE TRUCK BUYERS TO EQUAL THESE VALUES

CONSUMMATING 21 years of successful truck building, 1930 is witnessing Brockway-Indiana writing a new page in motor-truck history. . . . An engineering set-up composed of some of the keenest minds in the industry—a manufacturing program of absolute Brockway-controlled continuity of design—relationships allying us with the foremost manufacturers of truck units—have achieved the utmost in power, endurance, flexibility, economy of operation and up-keep and stability of service at lowest possible costs to truck buyers.

Furthermore, the Brockway-Indiana policy is one of specialized standardization on the specific demands of different

BROCKWAY

truck-using industries. (*Custom-built trucks on a mass production basis.*) This as against the practice of requiring the consumer to fit his needs to the truck.

Operating economically because of modern facilities and specially trained personnel, with ample resources, Brockway-Indiana, through quality supervision of mass production, is able to effect large economies which are passed on to its customers. There is a Brockway-Indiana for every haulage need. Fours, Sixes, Four-wheelers, Six-wheelers. One to ten tons. Capacity ratings determined by rigid engineering standards. Dollar for dollar, compare these values with all others.

The Brockway Motor Truck Corporation through consolidation with the Indiana Truck Corporation is one of the three largest exclusive manufacturers of motor-trucks. Our domestic representation is nation-wide—350 points of sales and service. We also sell and serve in 85 foreign countries through 135 distributing points. See these trucks for yourself at any factory branch, distributor or dealer.

Eastern Division, Brockway Motor Truck Corporation, Cortland, N. Y.; *Western Division*, Indiana Truck Corporation, Marion, Indiana; *Executive Office*, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City; *General Offices*, Cortland, New York.

INDIANA TRUCKS

NATURE KNOWS

You Can Become Your Better Self

Civilization exacts its penalties—hair that lacks lustre, teeth that decay, organs that fail, complexions that must fly to the beauty box.

A dietary too nice in its refinements, lack of sunlight and lack of exercise, bring in their train overloads of body poisons.

If civilization must conflict with Nature, then turn to Nature for your aid. Mountain Valley Mineral Water, rich in practically all the mineral salts the diet has withheld—aids in neutralizing dangerous acids—helps flush the trouble-making toxins from the tissues—inspires and assists the gentle, balanced excretion of waste products through all four natural channels of elimination.

We bring Mountain Valley Mineral Water, product of Hot Springs, to your door. If you would taste the happiness of good health and learn to cherish it, write for our free booklet "Nature Intended" or telephone the Mountain Valley Water Company in your city.

MOUNTAIN VALLEY MINERAL WATER
for 75 years The Prescribed Water at HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

THERE WAS A TOWN

(Continued from Page 52)

leisure and a gracious social atmosphere; where money did not count for so much as it does now and where there were great men instead of pseudo-great.

It was a calm, contented, smallish city in those days, with the main business places scattered along Pennsylvania Avenue, where also were most of the restaurants and hotels. There were churches and old-fashioned houses on F and G streets, now busy commercial thoroughfares. The streets were lined with trees. The horse cars ran occasionally. Nobody was in a hurry, and everybody knew everybody else. You could drop into the Metropolitan Club at five o'clock of an afternoon and be sure of finding a hundred friends there, fellows you knew and who knew you and who were glad to see you. The fatuous idea that hustle promotes efficiency had not dawned on that quiet and moderate place. Why run after a car? There were other cars coming along presently.

It was a convivial town, devotedly interested in good eating and good drinking, and there were good places to eat and to drink. These places are all gone, the bars swept away, of course, by the coming of prohibition, and the restaurants eliminated because people now prefer dance music and Castile-soap pillars in their restaurants to fine food. There is no need mourning over that. This progress is a terrible and implacable thing when it comes to taking the gustatory joy out of life. However, nobody can prevent me from thinking that a Washington with a Chamberlin's, a Harvey's, a Hancock's, a Welker's, a Wormleys', a Mades', a Reuter's, a Gerstenberg's, a Losekam, an Arlington, a Shoreham, an Ebbitt was not a happier and more enlivening place to live than the present-day Washington. I bow to progress and the new order of things, but I salute with high regard and pleasant memories these and many other great places of refreshment, companionship and festivity that have passed.

There were then, and still are, two sorts of Washingtonians—the people native to the place and those who came there to live permanently, and the great transient population, which was made up of officials of all sorts, from Presidents, Cabinet members, senators and representatives down the long corridors of officialdom to clerks, the newspaper correspondents, the Army and Navy men, the men who came on governmental business for themselves and others, remaining weeks, months and sometimes years. These were lawyers, financiers, promoters, big business men, and what not. And none were of the place. They were in it. Their homes were somewhere else and they were all, more or less, foot-loose in Washington.

Good Food and Good Fellowship

Hence the hotel life, the restaurant life, the club life, the social life was constantly shifting as to its participants, and constantly varied by the characteristics and customs of those who took part in it. No matter how many years a man served in the Senate or the House, say, he was always a transient in Washington, for his home was elsewhere, which is as true now as it was then.

Thus the restaurants and the bars and the clubs and hotels were important features and factors in the life and atmosphere of the place; more important then than now, because back yonder we were not so stilted, not so obsessed by money, and thought as much, mostly, of having a good time as we did of making a good deal. Not that anybody deprecated money, but that, as there was not so much of it as there is now, it didn't rate so high as the great desideratum.

John Chamberlin's was the most famous restaurant Washington ever had and probably the best. It had no architectural pretensions, but spread through two or three brick houses thrown together, catercornered across from McPherson Square. It was celebrated for its terrapin, its ducks, its game, its fish and oysters, and for its cellar. For thirty years it was the meeting place and resort of the topside spenders and high-livers who were in Washington officially or for any other purpose. It was arranged to cater to any epicurean contingency. One could give a dinner for fifty at Chamberlin's, and dine as was possible nowhere else in this country, or a dinner for two could be arranged with equal facility and felicity.

The flamboyant lobbyists of the time went there, the big politicians, the convivial senators and representatives, for Chamberlin's not only had prestige but also had the goods. Chamberlin was a great genius as a purveyor of food and drink, and a greater genius in the way of knowing exactly to whom he was purveyor, and why. He was the friend and confidant of many men who were important in many ways in their time, and when his restaurant passed, a Washington institution that can never be revived passed also. It is worth while to have known Chamberlin's. There were gatherings in that place, and festivities, and food and drink that will never again be duplicated in this country or anywhere else.

Headquarters of the Notables

Not far away, where now there is a public building, was the Arlington Hotel, as famous as a hotel as Chamberlin's was as a restaurant. It was the great hotel of the town, an old-fashioned stone building, with vast lobbies and dining rooms, high ceilings and Frank Bennett as its host. The registers of the Arlington, wherever they may be, are a roster of the names of the men who made the greatest impression on the history of this country for fifty years. It was a genial, comfortable place, as far removed from the cubicled hotel of today as can be imagined. The food was American and superlative. No French chef officiated in that kitchen, but cooks trained to deal adequately with canvasbacks, quail, shad, oysters, sweet corn, corn meal, and all the delicious produce of the Chesapeake Bay region, and the lush lands and teeming waters of Virginia and Maryland. Great dinners were given there, including the Gridiron Club dinners for many years, and the atmosphere of the place was like that of a fine Colonial home with adept negro waiters and servants.

Every President who was in office while the Arlington was open was entertained there. Scores of our greatest senators and representatives lived there. No distinguished man who came to town but stopped at the Arlington. And through it all Frank Bennett moved and directed, suave, efficient, confidant of everybody, and useful beyond compare to the great and the near great of the land.

Among other guests, on a time, was Elliott F. Shepard, then owner of the New York Mail and Express, and something went wrong in his service. He thereupon wrote a fierce editorial for his paper demanding that the name of the Arlington Hotel must be changed, as it was "a sacrilege to have a hotel, a mere inn, using the same name as Arlington Cemetery, where the heroic dead are buried." This editorial demand brought no action, undoubtedly to Mr. Shepard's astonishment, so he called in John Shriver, his Washington correspondent, and ordered him to continue the crusade, in this manner: "I want you to start every Washington dispatch you send to my paper with the words, which will be set in black-faced type: 'Change the name of the Arlington Hotel.' Furthermore, I want you to end every dispatch with the same words." And for months, every item of Washington news in the Mail and Express, no matter on what subject, whether a presidential message or a mere political squib, began and ended with the demand: Change the name of the Arlington Hotel. But the name was not changed.

The Shoreham Hotel was around the corner from the Arlington and it was the last of the old-timers to go. It perished not long ago and there is now a large, ornate and strictly rectangular office building where this hostelry dispensed cheer for many years. The Shoreham was built by Levi P. Morton, the aged millionaire who was Vice President with Harrison, to compete with the Arlington. History does not record whether Mr. Morton, like Shepard, had a grudge against the Arlington or not. In any event, he built the Shoreham. A grand old man was Morton, who lived to be ninety-six, and who, they used to say, had thirty-one wigs, one for each day in every month, graded nicely as to length of hair, so that at the end of each month, when he would normally need a hair cut, he took off wig Number Thirty, or Thirty-one, as the case might be, and put on Number One.

A grand old man, and arbitrary. One night when he was at the Shoreham he was annoyed and kept awake by the music of an orchestra that was playing in one of the dining rooms, and by the sounds of revelry from a large dinner in progress in one of the banquet rooms. So, in order to get a little sleep, he called in the manager, instructed him to fire the orchestra and turn out the lights on the banquet. This was expeditiously done, and Mr. Morton got his nap.

The tradition of good food existed in the Shoreham to the last. After the Arlington closed, the lovers of the old order moved there and stuck to the end. During the war the hotel had a final flash of the glory of the former days. It was the luncheon and dinner headquarters for a large number of the busy little civilian and military cups of tea who were winning the war for us on the Washington front. A great hotel in its day. Vale, Shoreham! When the wreckers began on you they closed an era.

The old Willard, which stood at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, where the New Willard now is, was the first of the famous hotels to go, just as the Shoreham was the last. They tore it down along about 1900, thereby eliminating a historic place that in its days sheltered many a famous American and served whopping American-plan dinners for fifty cents. The Willard bar was as famous as its food. It was a convenient alcoholic port of call, and meritorious.

The Ebbitt House was a block up the street, and was Army and Navy headquarters for many years. The Ebbitt bar was on the Fourteenth Street side and the bartender was an apple-cheeked old chap named John Something-or-other, who was an expert in hangings. He had attended every execution in Washington since the days of the hangings of the assassins of Lincoln, and he had bits of the rope used at most of these numerous affairs. Every detail of every hanging was at his tongue's end and freely communicated. He was not a pleasant companion for the person who dropped in for a pick-me-up on a morning after a hard night, but a picturesque part of the life of Washington.

Bright Spots on the Avenue

Farther down Pennsylvania Avenue was the Raleigh, formerly the Kirkwood, in which hotel Andrew Johnson was sworn in as President after President Lincoln was shot. The Raleigh still carries on, efficiently, no doubt, but not so gayly as it did in the days when managed by T. J. Talty, famed as the inventor of the Killarney cocktail, which consists of a hooker of Irish whisky and a pint of champagne, tastes like kerosene, and has the hoisting power of dynamite; and the Cardinal was the bartender. Still farther down are the Metropolitan and the National hotels, patronized by Southerners,

(Continued on Page 173)

How long since you changed GEAR GREASE ?

YOU'VE been told, often, that crank-case oil should be changed every 500 miles. Do you realize that gear grease wears out, too? That faulty gear lubricant cripples your car? That often as much as 40% of the engine's power never gets beyond the gears?

GEAR LUBRICANT should be changed April 15 and October 15, and every 5,000 miles in the meanwhile. Light gear lubricant gives the proper consistency for freezing winter days; heavier lubricant is required for the melting days of summer. To avoid needlessly high gasoline bills and to greatly improve your car's pick-up, *now's* the time to put in fresh lubricant in place of the stale, worn-out grease that has stood in your car all winter. Change your grease again on October 15, and every 5,000 miles in the meanwhile.

BEWARE of inferior lubricants—insist on Whiz, the gear lubricant that's made from pure high-grade oils. Many of the so-called "gear lubricants" offered for sale are as faulty as the gritty grease they replace, for they consist of too-thin distillation residues which have been artificially thickened by adding tar, asphalt, rosin—harmful adulterants that seriously impair lubrication. Whiz is the gear lubricant that is blended from the finest oils—just pure oils of wonderful lubricating ability—cooked together for 48 hours. Churned and whipped, in the same way that butter is made from cream, until at last the great kettles are filled with the smoothest, richest grease that ever cushioned a gear. It will pay you to visit a Whiz service station today and, for just a few dollars, have your old gear grease quickly replaced with fresh, efficient, economical Whiz. *The R. M. Hollingshead Co., Camden, New Jersey, and Toronto, Canada.*

WHIZ GEAR LUBRICANT

THE SMOOTH, CREAMY GEAR LUBRICANT THAT CONTAINS NO ADULTERANTS

. . . Now we bring . . .

FIFTH AVENUE SMARTNESS

TO MAIN STREET

THE NEWEST STYLES FOR MEN

IN NEW YORK CITY—recognized Fashion Center for men—Montgomery Ward maintains one of the largest organizations of clothing buyers in the country. This staff of experts is in constant touch with every new trend in styles for men.

Materials carefully chosen from the market's finest patterns and fabrics, are designed, styled and fitted to living models . . . then tailored in nationally outstanding style houses. The season's models are interpreted in widest variety and pattern.

Through Montgomery Ward's nation-wide organization of over 550 retail stores, this up-to-the-minute style service is available to men everywhere. It is possible, today, for any man who appreciates Fifth Avenue Smartness in his apparel to step into any of Ward's stores and secure *style* equal to the smartest models offered him by exclusive shops.

At these Montgomery Ward Stores a real clothes-buying thrill awaits you. In addition to getting the last-minute styles for Spring, you also purchase at a marked price-saving made possible by Ward's enormous buying power and huge sales-volume . . . Select *your* outfit where thousands of particular men will buy theirs this Spring—at one of our 550 retail stores or from our nearest mail order branch.

Featured in Ward's complete Men's-Wear lines, this Spring, are new virgin wool worsteds, plaids, stripes, herringbones, gabardines and serges. All the stylish shades of grays, tans, browns and blues, are offered, in SATIS-FASHION, CRAFT-SHIRE *and other well-known Ward brands; beautifully cut and tailored, smart-looking, and thoroughly serviceable. And the prices, so much lower than you've been accustomed to pay, will add to your satisfaction the further pleasure of a real saving! Satisfaction is always guaranteed at Ward's.*

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

Nine Mail Order Stores and More Than 550 Retail Stores

© M. W. & Co. 1930

Mail Order Stores at: Chicago · Kansas City · St. Paul · Baltimore · Portland, Ore. · Oakland, Calif. · Fort Worth · Denver · Albany

(Continued from Page 170)

and both with great celebration as former resting places for men like Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, and as drinking places for all and sundry on the way back from the Capitol. The bourbon of these bars was that elixir that now, save for a little cherished in private cellars, has perished from the earth.

What a great highway of conviviality Pennsylvania Avenue was in those happy days. Vice Presidents, justices of the Supreme Court, senators, representatives, officials of all grades, newspaper correspondents, distinguished visitors, soldiers and sailors, men with big axes and little hatchets to grind, distinguished foreigners, distinguished native citizens—everybody—walked along it and dropped in here or there for a meal or a drink. In my day I have seen most important and dignified chief justices and associate justices licking their chops over a snort of bourbon at the National or the Metropolitan, or George Driver's, or Ben Mades', or Hancock's, or Shoomaker's, which was not so far off the avenue that it wasn't on it. Merely a triangle between it and the main stem. And senators and representatives without number, and others of the important—then—guild. And all glad to be alive and in those Elysian fields.

George Harvey's, where the important figures were Harvey himself, John Scott, the black-as-coal waiter who had the two rear tables and was Harvey's coachman in the off hours, and Pete, the oyster shucker. Harvey had a one-horse, open-faced carriage in which he took the air after the luncheon rush was over and before the dinner rush began. He was so fat he comfortably, almost effulgently, filled the carriage; a short, enormous man, but a purveyor of food whose like we have never seen. And John Scott, black as night, and almost as large as Harvey, sat sedately on the box and drove the boss slowly about town. George Harvey was a great man. He invented the steamed oyster; maintained hundreds of terrapin in his cellar, feeding them and nursing them against the calls of the gourmets of the day; knew more about cooking oysters, clams, terrapin, ducks, game birds, fish, possum, and the things that go with them than any other of his time; was a master of the salad, and a connoisseur of wines.

The Knockout Punch

I can see him now, waddling up and down between tables, stopping here and there to put a dash of Madeira in a chafing-dish concoction, advising about the canvasbacks and the quail, or telling the customer of some new way for making oysters delectable; putting an indefinable something in a salad, or adding a finishing touch to some other dish. A gourmet himself, he wanted above all else to have his guests feed well, and he saw to it that they did. And John Scott, big, burly, but light on his feet, and the waiter par excellence; and with his list of favorites, one of whom, I am glad to say, I was, he took out to his own house in Southeast Washington once a year, where he cooked for them a dinner of corn pone and ham hock and greens, and chicken Maryland and other fixin's that will never again be equaled in this world. And upstairs, at stated intervals, Jim Sherman, later to be Vice President, and Ben Odell, later to be governor of New York, and Bill Barnes, and Charley Bennett, Secretary of the Senate, and others, had their weekly feasts. What a place! What a place!

And Hancock's, up the street a bit from Harvey's—the Old Curiosity Shop—where the walls were lined with relics and mementos of the early days in Washington, and there the proprietor specialized in memorabilia of the assassination of Lincoln, and of the conspirators who were engaged with John Wilkes Booth in that dire enterprise. Hancock's—with the scholarly Horace behind the bar and the fat Mammy Jane out in the kitchen. Horace—artist in concoction of pink punches, glorious drinks; who, unhurried and with the sureness of technic of the real artist, took the rum of Jamaica and various other ingredients, and from them deftly manufactured as enticing and as dangerous a drink as the world has ever known. Pink punches. One of them and there was a rainbow round your shoulder. Two of them and the world was yours. Three of them and you were a knight on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and four of them and you passed gently and luxuriously into the seventh heaven of delight, a bit obscured as to where you really were, to be sure, but caring not a whit.

And out in the kitchen, the gigantic Mammy Jane, cooking chicken Maryland as it never has been cooked before or since, and making corn pone, and frying ham with red gravy—Mammy Jane, the queen of all the cooks, in her manner, since John Neanderthal found out how to make raw meat more palatable by searing it in a flame. And desiring no encomium save a slug of gin, now and then, to help keep the misery in her bones away.

Roster of the Restaurants

A rare old place was Hancock's, and down the street a few blocks, at Three-and-one-half Street, to be exact, was Mades', pronounced as spelled. Here Old Man Mades sat in a chair by the window for hours, looking across at Wully Smith's Botanical Gardens, and Ben, his son, ran things. Now this was a place for food and drink that ranked high among the real eating houses of the old Washington. Here, no matter what the game laws said or stipulated, there was always a wild turkey to be had, or a few Virginia quail, or a duck or two, or a possum, or a little wild pig or some knickknack like that, and the bar was old and dignified and scorned to serve anything that was not aged and reputable as itself.

At the lunch counter there were slathers of Norfolk oysters to be opened fresh, and always, for fifty years, a cold roasted turkey waiting to be sliced and the *summa cum laude* deviled crabs to be had. They did frogs, too, after a manner of their own, repudiating the usual custom of serving the legs only, but placing on a platter before you a gigantic frog in all its physical pulchritude, and cooked to the utmost and most appetizing limit. The frogs came from a pond out in the yard, and, if you liked, you could pick out your own and have him speared and served, but no one could select the giant king of all the frogs in the puddle, who was known as William Henry Harrison and ruled for many years as his subjects went by dozens to the spit.

Then there was Schneider's, out by the Navy Yard, where the specialty was cracked crabs, and where his guests cracked 'em themselves, with hammers furnished by the host, and accompanied by great bowls for cleansing the hands, and flagons of excellent beer. And Fritz Reuter's, up Pennsylvania Avenue a ways from Mades', on the opposite side of the street, a German restaurant of excellent repute and a good place to get a glass of beer on hot afternoons while walking down from the Capitol. And Boyer's, out Fourteenth Street a ways, another fine German place, and Ernst Gerstenberg's, on E Street near Fourteenth and Pennsylvania—Gerstenberg's, the home of the turnover, which was a fried Hamburg steak between two slices of rye bread, where the floor of the barroom was always cluttered up with half a dozen Great Dane dogs, of which Gerstenberg said, "My dogs is my children."

Mrs. Gerstenberg made the turnovers in a back room and shoved them through a little window to Charley, the waiter, with hands that were bedecked with a dozen big diamond rings; and Charley, the waiter, kept himself and everybody else poor with tips on the horse races. The beer was real Pilsener, and the Bismarck herring, and the goose liver and all the rest of the German food was imported by Ernst himself.

Then there was the Losekam, on F Street, where the best chops and steaks in the town were to be had, and where private rooms were available upstairs, and The Dirty Spoon and The Broken Shutter, which were places to eat when funds were very low, and the puddle-duck place on New York Avenue, and a few good Italian places; and, as picturesque and colorful as any, John Perreard's on E Street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth, a French restaurant, where the elect used to gather for déjeuner at eleven o'clock in the morning, to the invariable advertisement of John: "Good soup! Good soup!" And the soup was good.

These were some of the dead-and-gone joy spots in the dead-and-gone Washington, and there were others: George Driver's, down on the avenue at Sixth Street—or was it Ninth? Anyhow, as good a place for the potations of the country as could be found in all the land, and Shoomaker's, the famous saloon on E Street, near Pennsylvania and Fourteenth, where Joe Rickey invented the gin rickey, and somebody else invented the Mamie Taylor, and George Williamson was bartender in the old and majestic style, and Gus Noack, who worked on Sunday as a superintendent of a Sunday school, stood outside and received the money for the checks—a grand place festooned with cobwebs, and furnishing nothing but dried beef for lunch, but with liquors unsurpassed, and with the cobwebs supplied at so much a yard by little negro boys who carefully collected them from cobwebby places.

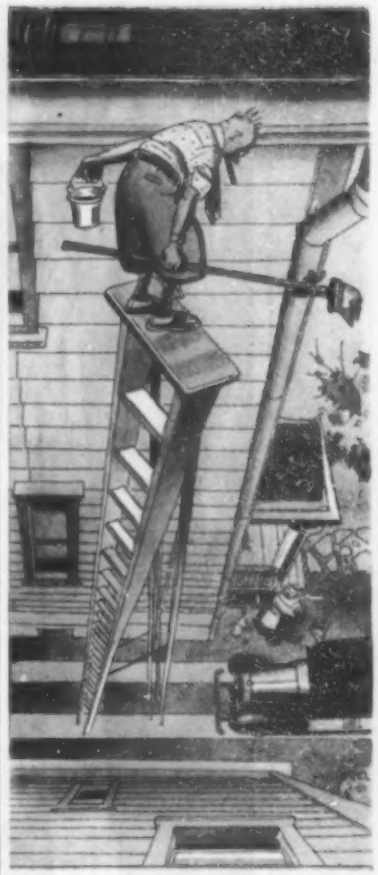
Not to forget Dennis Mullany's, over on the corner of Fourteenth across from where the District of Columbia Building now stands. A beer saloon. No more. One room with a bar in it. Another room with a couple of tables in it. A plate of sliced bologna. A keg of beer on the ice with the brew drawn fresh from the wood. And Dennis, an interesting Irishman, and Pinkie, a smiling negro servitor—that's all. But here, for years, the newspaper correspondents came after the work of the night was over and drank perfect beer and ate the succulent bologna, and discussed with a freedom they used nowhere else affairs of state and affairs of statesmen.

It was the newspaper place, and any intruder—save a few pet senators and representatives, and now and then a Cabinet member or two, or an especially favored diplomat or justice of the Supreme Court—who tried to butt in was thrown out on his dignified ear. Dennis was a bookish Irishman and liked "literary" people. One could run a bill with Dennis for quite a spell. And Pinkie—I often wonder what became of Pinkie—was the paragon of all the smiling coons.

Places to Remember

Across the street from Dennis' there was a hack stand where aged negro coachmen stood with open-faced one-horse hacks, and another up at McPherson Square. After Dennis closed, if time was yet a slave, one could get a hack and drive in the moonlight through Rock Creek Park, or around the Mall, spouting poetry and full of high emprise, romance and beer. Then, in season, there were the planked-shad parties down the Potomac at Marshall Hall, and the night boat to Norfolk, where the arrival was nicely timed for breakfast with Jimmie Jones, the restaurateur of Norfolk, where oysters on the hot shell, and quail and reed birds were delights to remember for all time.

The catalogue lengthens, but is not complete. These were some of the places and things that made Washington a joyous spot to be. And all of them, with the possible exception of a modernized Harvey's, are gone, and with them most of the spirit and atmosphere that made the old town unique. The new hotel and apartment development has been farther up town. Pennsylvania Avenue is now a shabby street, and presently one side of it will be torn out also to make room for more public buildings. The restaurants are after the manner of New York and Chicago. The life is feverish and modern, and the old calm has vanished. Where there never was any hurry there is now hustling efficiency. Washington, albeit a capital, is now just a city. It used to



Does Spring "touchin' up" ever give you a funny feeling in the pit of your stomach?

Accidents can happen *anywhere* but do you realize that *one out of every four fatal injuries happens right at home.* Accident Insurance costs so little and means so much!

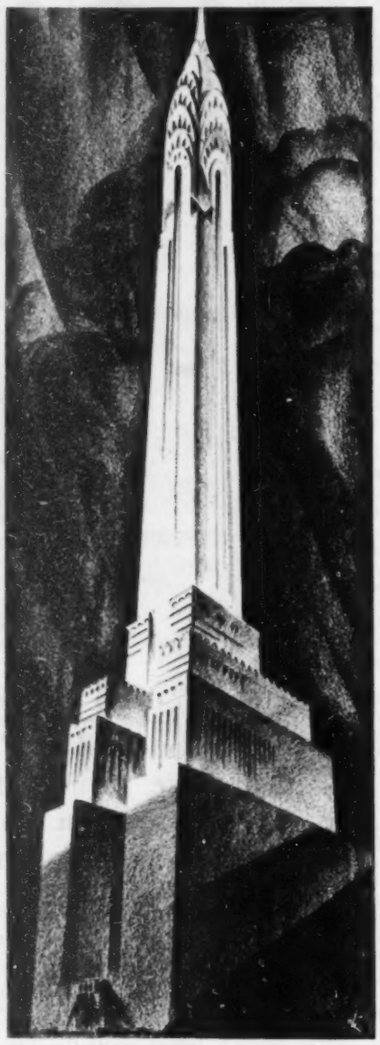
Ætna writes practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds. Ætna protection reaches from coast to coast through 20,000 agents. The Ætna Agent in your community is a man worth knowing. Look him up!

ÆTNA

The Ætna Life group consists of the Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut

ÆTNA-IZE

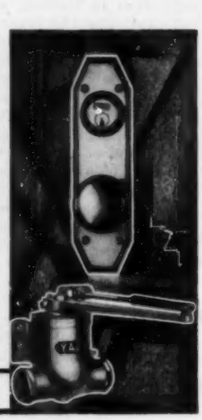
TRADE YALE MARK



Architect
WILLIAM VAN ALEN
Contractor
FRED T. LEY & CO.

YALE FINE BUILDERS' HARDWARE
IS USED THROUGHOUT THE
CHRYSLER BUILDING

The 77 storied Chrysler Building rises gracefully 1,030 feet above the street, 46 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower in Paris . . . After the most critical inspection the architect and Chrysler Engineers selected Yale Hardware and Door Closers because they embody that exacting quality so essential to the proper equipment of this dignified and imposing structure.



THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO., STAMFORD, CONN., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

be an institution, unique, charming and full of the joy of life.

These were the about-town phases of life in the Washington that are gone forever. Back of them, of course, there was a gracious and dignified social life, where abundant hospitality was dispensed in the great brick houses on Sixteenth Street, Massachusetts and Connecticut avenues and roundabout. The old Washingtonians lived calmly and urbanely in Georgetown, apart from the political and official sectors. The Metropolitan Club was a dignified and exclusive organization. The scientists had their Cosmos Club. Entertainment and social intercourse were on the polite plane of the mid-century instead of on the jazz plane of the present day. The Chevy Chase Club was housed in a rambling wooden building instead of in the big stone edifice of the present day. The Columbia Golf Club had an unassuming plant out Brentwood way. Washington was a mannerly town.

The two most interesting features of any capital are the Congress, Parliament, Chamber of Deputies, or what not which attends to the legislative functions of a government, and the newspaper and correspondent body which attends to the enlightenment of the people on what their legislative and other official representatives are doing. Along with everything else, there have been marked changes in Washington both in the character and composition of the Congress, and in the structure and activities of the correspondent body.

Space does not admit of a discussion of the changes and divergences of Congress since I first began to know it, back in the days of Tom Reed, Nelson W. Aldrich, and the rest, and that may come later.

Newspaper Row, when I got to Washington, extended up Fourteenth Street, from Pennsylvania Avenue to F Street. Most of the important correspondents were housed in a row of small brick structures, three or four stories high, that clambered up that little hill. My advent was years after the great Civil War correspondents; men like Whitelaw Reid, Joe McCullough, John Russell Young, Murat Halstead and Ben Perley Poore had come and gone, but there were plenty of big fellows left when I arrived, rawly, among them; men who exerted great individual power on the processes of legislation and the functioning of the Government, who were feared, hated, respected, admired and cultivated by the people they dealt with in their dispatches.

Relations between Congress and the Executive and other governmental departments were closer then than they are now, undoubtedly because there were far fewer correspondents then, and because of the individual newspaper power of the correspondent, who, in addition to being a transmitter of the news to his paper was an editorial commenter thereon. He was the Washington editor of his paper, and what he said went. He, in many instances, formulated the editorial policies of his paper as regards Washington political, governmental and legislative affairs. Politics was personal in those days, and so were plenty of the Washington correspondents in their dispatches.

Along Newspaper Row

If there were any spades to be called spades there were numerous able, even gifted, spade callers operating on Newspaper Row, and they did their spade calling right out on the front pages of their papers and calmly waited to see what the spades were going to do about it. Consequently, as the politicians and legislators were then as eager for a good press as they are now, there was rarely a night along Newspaper Row when big men in the Senate, the House, and the Cabinet did not drop in to get the lay of the newspaper land and find out what they could about the attitudes of these writers. Ordinarily they found out very little. The morning newspaper was the great newspaper in those days, and Newspaper Row did not come to life until after dinner. Then it came to life with a bang.

One of my first newspaper experiences in Washington was when, some years before I went there to work and live, the late Robert J. Wynne, then correspondent for the New York Press, and later Postmaster-General and Consul-General to London, and Louis A. Coolidge, the brilliant representative of the Boston Journal, took me over to the Ebbitt House, where Major William McKinley, then chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, was framing the McKinley Tariff Bill, working on it at night after he came down from the Capitol. Two things stand out in my mind about that visit, where I met McKinley and John Dalzell and some of his protectionist helpers. The first was the constant solicitude of McKinley over his invalid wife, into whose adjoining room he went several times while I was there, and the second was that, after he had finished, the major and the rest of us drank a couple of bottles of beer apiece, ordered up by the major, as the night was very hot and such refreshment was grateful.

Day-to-Day Historians

When I finally arrived in Washington as a full-fledged correspondent I stood around in awe and watched these giants of my profession, at their work and at their play: Bob Wynne, who on an idle summer's day wrote a paragraph saying that the Democratic theory of the tariff had cost the country more than the Civil War, and was asked by his editor to prove it, which he did in the most exhaustive and brilliant series of protectionist articles ever sent out of the capital; E. G. Dunnell, the scholarly man of the New York Times, an able and fearless fellow, who picked up a novel written by a colleague he didn't like and wrote a piece for his paper pointing out four hundred and seventy-six grammatical errors in it; Maj. John M. Carson, of the Philadelphia Ledger, who knew more about the Government than the men who ran it; Lyman, of the Sun and David Graham Phillips for the World, who later wrote the greatest series of political novels America has yet produced; Ambrose Bierce for the then New York Journal; Alfred Henry Lewis, Angus McSween, Richard Lindsay, Scott Bone, Louis A. Coolidge, L. White Busby, George Rouzer, Count Seckendorff, for the New York Tribune, who was really a count, and a whale of a correspondent besides—all these and many more.

Not forgetting Gen. Henry Boynton, and Bill Starrett, of the Dallas News, nor Charles Boynton, who ran the Associated Press, nor Charles S. Albert, the best Senate reporter Washington ever had, nor Bill Bell, of the Philadelphia North American, nor Otto Carmichael of the Detroit Journal, nor Walter B. Stevens, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat—all great at their business. A galaxy that will not again be equaled, of whom but a few remain: Richard V. Oulahan, who carries on for the New York Times with the true tradition of the time when a Washington correspondent was not engaged in mass production, and George Rothwell Brown, the most brilliant paragrapher Washington ever had, which is said with full recollection of the sparkling Harry Merrick of the old Washington Post.

I cannot name them all, but I make obeisance to them, my fellows back yonder in the work of telling the world what Washington was doing.

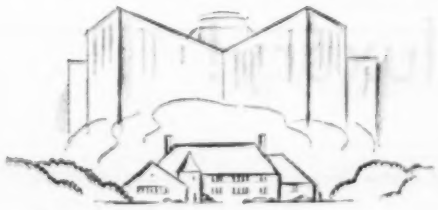
Slave's Gate in New Orleans Has Stood a Hundred Years

NEW ORLEANS, rich in old objects of smithcraft, has one that is of peculiar interest. It is the great iron gate at the entrance to the gas works. Black men are said to have forged it, and it was made high and strong because it was designed to keep slaves within the walled enclosure. Yet it has a beauty and a nice relation of parts which could be given only by men in love with their task. Much of the cleverest work in metals for which New Orleans is noted is known to have been done by slaves.

Just when the gate was first hung on its strong hinges is not known. It must have been later than 1788, for in that year a great fire swept the city, after which almost everything was reconstructed. But probably within the next few years the gas house yard was built, with its high wall and its iron gate. That they are over a hundred years old is well established.

The old gate is as sturdy and as beautiful today as it was generations ago, and swings as easily to open or shut, for it was made of rust-resisting wrought iron.

RUST RESISTANCE *proved by Generations of Service*

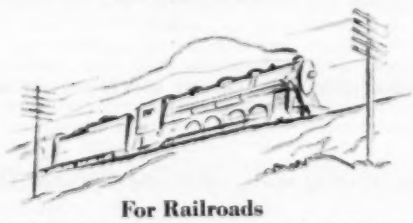


For Homes and Big Buildings

Genuine Wrought Iron Plumbing and Heating Pipes, Roofing Sheets, Window Sash, Fire Escapes, Ornamental Fences, Gates, and Grilles, Balustrades, Lighting Fixtures.

For the Farm

Genuine Wrought Iron Fencing Wire, Roofing Sheets, Pipe, Nails, Chains, etc.



For Railroads

Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe, Boiler Tubes, Stay Bolts, Engine Bolts, Equalizers, Brake Rods, Sheets, Fences and Gates, Chains, Wire, etc.

Other materials have their virtues; and in the long run each will find its own place; but the indiscriminate adoption of newer products instead of genuine wrought iron, because they were cheaper, is seen to have been unwise. Under corrosive attack, vibration, and shock, the durability and the dependability of wrought iron are not equalled by any other material at any comparable cost.

Genuine wrought iron pipe, boiler tubes, bars, chains and anchors, ships' rivets and bolts, vital small parts of locomotives and railway cars, hand forged specialties—not a few indispensable forms of wrought iron have always been manufactured; and the list has been enlarged in recent months. Sheets, window sash, nails, and wire of the authentic old-time character are again available.

For desired information please address

WROUGHT IRON RESEARCH ASSOCIATION

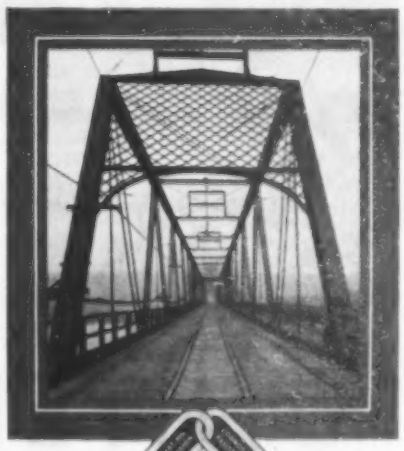
1111 Union Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

For Industrial Plants

Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe, Boiler Tubes, Roofing Sheets, Fire Escapes, Window Sash, Wire, Chains, Nails, Bolts, Rivets, Fences, Gates, etc.

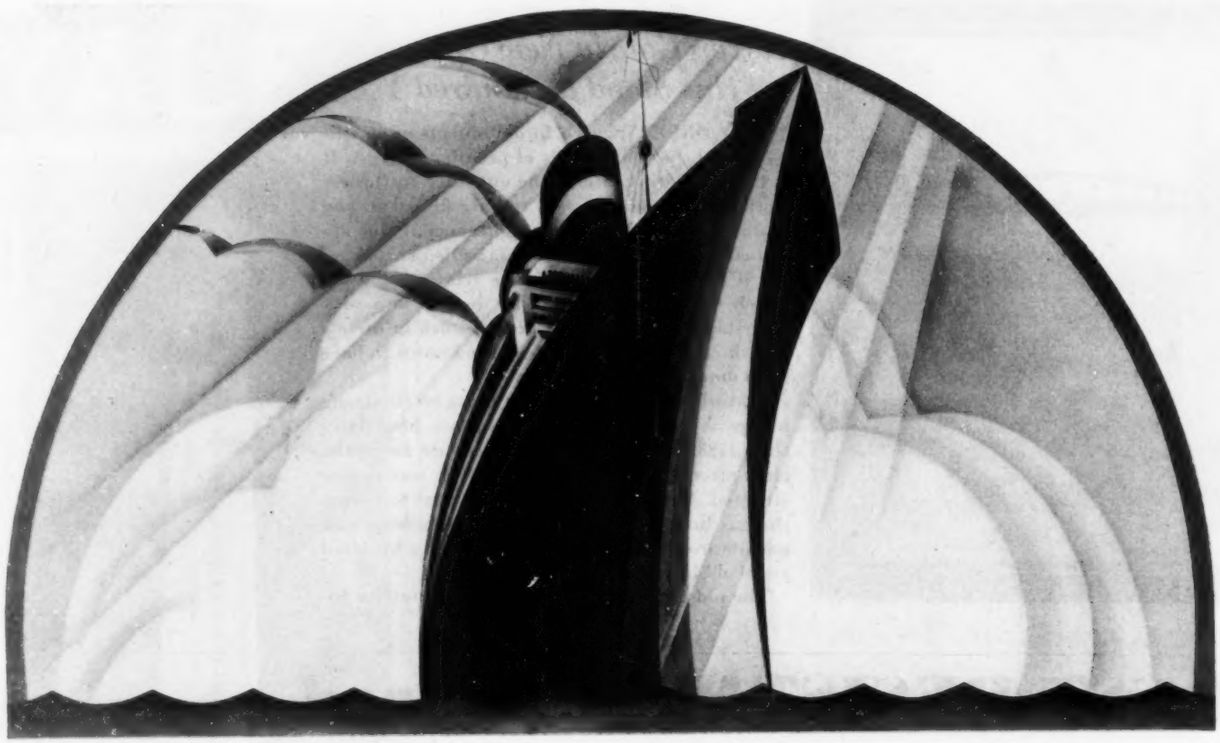
Old Wrought Iron Bridge at McKeesport, Pa.

A wrought iron bridge over the Monongahela River at McKeesport, Pa., after forty years of service. Though over congested railway yards and in the midst of furnaces and mills, engineers declare that with proper maintenance it would be good for another half century.



Wrought Iron

MAKE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE



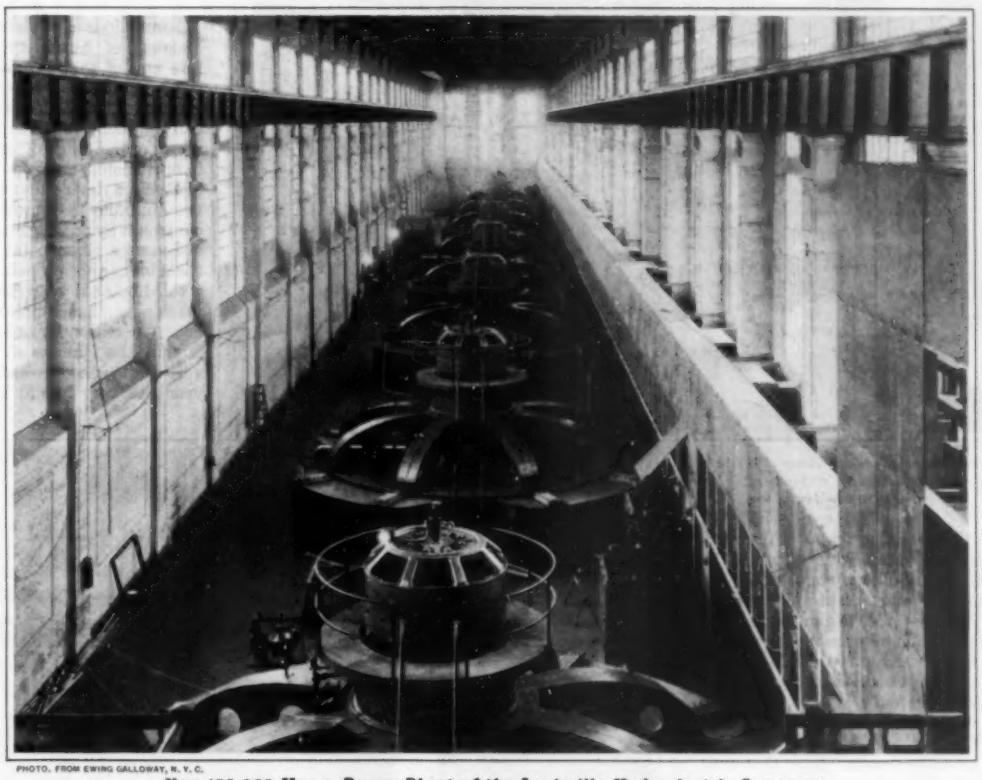
When you go abroad ... your own ideals of luxury!

The famous transatlantic fleet of the United States Lines draws its ideas and inspirations from the best mode and manners of America's social life. So, you find . . . your smart, sunny stateroom a revelation in completeness, to the smallest accessory . . . your cuisine so appetizing it recently won four coveted awards . . . your alert stewards speaking your own language . . . your diversions ranging from putter to night club . . . your lounges and salons invested with elegance. Naturally, 103 college alumni organizations singled out these fine ships as their official fleet to Europe! For five day speed, take the Leviathan, World's Largest Ship. For economy with luxury, the superb cabin liners . . . George Washington, America, Republic, President Harding or President Roosevelt. Your home ideals at sea . . . under the Stars and Stripes!

UNITED STATES LINES

For complete information see your local agent or our offices: New York, 45 Broadway; Atlanta, 714 Healy Bldg.; Boston, 75 State St.; Chicago, 61-63 W. Jackson Blvd.; Cleveland, Hotel Cleveland Bldg.; Detroit, 1514 Washington Blvd.; St. Louis, Jefferson Hotel; Philadelphia, 1600 Walnut St.; San Francisco, 691 Market St.; Los Angeles, 756 S. Broadway; Minneapolis, 312 Second Ave., S.; Seattle, 1337 Fourth Ave.; Pittsburgh, 705 Liberty Ave.; Washington, 1027 Connecticut Ave.; Little Rock, Wallace Bldg.; New Orleans, Hibernia Bank Bldg.; Paris, 10 Rue Auber; London, 14 Regent Street, S.W. 1.; Hamburg, Cor. Alsterthor & Ferdinandstrasse; Berlin, Unter den Linden 9. THESE LINES OFFER A COMPLETE FREIGHT SERVICE—SPECIFY AMERICAN SHIPS FOR YOUR FOREIGN TRADE.

GIVE US A CHANCE



PHOTO, FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

New 135,000 Horse-Power Plant of the Louisville Hydroelectric Company

By Chester T. Crowell

AS YOU have no doubt been informed, over and over again, one of the most objectionable phases of this machine age in which we now live and draw our wages is the large number of distressingly uninteresting jobs it provides. Thousands of men and women hasten to their posts of duty every morning merely to pull a lever at the right moment or to pick up something that the machine ejects, or to feed in another piece of raw material. The machine performs the major operation and the men and women who serve it are almost its menials. Philosophical gentlemen of a gloomy turn of mind, contemplating this spectacle of dreary repetition, have ventured to predict what a few decades of it may do to the human mind and spirit. Their forecasts, needless to say, are not cheering. The attending retinues of humans, it seems, are in grave danger of becoming as insensate as their machines. Having drawn up this indictment, the prophets of gloom belligerently face the owners of the machines, challenging them to deny, if they dare, these allegations. Whereupon the industrialists who own machines become choleric and shout that we have more to eat and wear, better houses and more leisure, better health than ever before, and so forth. You know their speech. Also they have a few bitter philosophical remarks of their own to make on the subject of crape hangers who can never see the brighter side of the picture. Oddly enough, neither of these two schools of thought turns to the makers of the machines for either facts or advice. By makers of machines, I do not mean industrialists but the inventors and scientists. The latter listen to the before-mentioned wordy row with contempt or amusement. Before you fight about the machine age, they would say, give us a chance to make one. From their point of view, arguing about the machine age of today is very much like engaging in a long-winded dispute as to whether or not an aeroplane is over the city or has passed beyond its limits. Before the debate ends, the aeroplane is in a new place.

The scientists will readily agree that everything the philosophers of gloom say is true; not only that, but everything that the industrialists say is true. However, they would also point out that neither is important. They are well aware of the fact that there is much dull work in the world, most of them having performed their full share of it in person. Moreover, they know that there was no lack of dull work long before the machine age. As they see it, however, the machine age is just out of the shell and still learning to scratch. Whatever it may be today, by the time it grows its pin feathers, it will be something else. Therefore, to examine it philosophically, as though it were a definite force or fact that had reached its maturity, is a waste of time. Most of the machinery now in use is nothing more than an excellent power plant, more or less crudely hitched up to mechanical devices that are partially automatic. It has become the custom to refer to such devices as semiautomatic machinery—which is a misleading term. Very little of our machinery is semiautomatic. If it is as much as one-fifth or one-fourth automatic, it is excellent. A great deal of it is about one-tenth automatic.

The Goal of Inventors

The goal of the inventors and scientists who make machines is to produce mechanical devices that are completely automatic. Do you think that can't be done? It is being done. Some tremendously important and very complicated machines are now in use in this and many other countries, operating without the aid of one single human hand. The possibilities along this line are now far more alluring to the inventor in terms of financial reward than the discovery of anything totally new. Therefore, we may look during the coming ten years for rapid development.

In any industrial establishment the jobs that pay the lowest wages are usually the most expensive. A skilled operator who turns out large quantities of goods not only earns his salt but contributes definitely to the dividends. The man who crawls under the machine carrying a handful of cotton waste to wipe away accumulations of dust and lubricating oil is a mere necessary expense. If the machine can be taught to lubricate itself, the cost will suddenly drop from three or four dollars a day to five or six cents a day. Jobs of that sort are the least desirable from the point of view of labor, the most expensive from the point of view of the employer, and the most easily abolished from the point of view of the inventor. That is why so many of them are now disappearing. They are economically the proper point of attack in the evolution of mechanical devices.

At present it is the younger industries that are making the greatest progress with automatic devices, but the principles upon which each of these inventions rests make them applicable in many other fields. In the course of this article I shall catalogue many interesting new inventions, but the list will not be complete by any means, because that would require a volume. Only those inventions which open up vast and thus far almost unrealized possibilities will be described. For example:

Today there is no mechanical obstacle to prevent you from lifting the telephone receiver, getting a connection with your machine—not the telephone operator in the plant but the machine itself—and saying into your telephone: "Go to work, Machine," and thus starting your machine. What you say into the telephone makes no difference, just so the listening mechanism is geared to start on those sounds. If the

Just wet your face... hot or cold water... apply LatherKreem... shave ...2½ minutes... and the World's worst job is done.

Begin using LatherKreem today and learn how *swift*, *smooth*, and *soothing* a shave can really be.

The *penetrating* and *softening* ingredients of LatherKreem subdue the most stubborn beards. You can shave *up* and *down* and *across*... *fast* ...without *razor-pull* or *razor-nicks*. It is sanitary, antiseptic and leaves the face in a fine healthy glow.

LatherKreem is the original American-Made "No-Brush, No-Cup, No-Soap, No-Rub" shaving cream. Used the world over for twenty years and sold in 17 different languages.

Today purchase your tube or jar any place where shaving preparations are sold. Large tubes, 35c. Medium jars, 50c. 14-oz. jars, 75c. Slightly higher in Canada. Send coupon for a FREE 7-day trial tube.

A. J. KRANK CO., Dept. 113, St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me one week's supply of LATHER-KREEM without cost.

Name _____

Address _____

VITROLITE

IS PERMANENT

Many Beautiful Designs with This Life-Time Material

Vitrolite—today's mode for unusual and colorful interiors—owes its wide popularity to its flexibility of design, due to its many colors, various slab sizes, and to the fact that it endures a life-time. Vitrolite will not stain, craze, warp, discolor, or absorb odors. Its original newness and beauty is restored with a damp cloth, for Vitrolite is a fused rock material, as enduring as nature's vitreous formations. Vitrolite is used everywhere—for bathroom and kitchen walls and ceilings, hotel, apartment, hospital and office building corridors and lobbies, meat markets, barber shops and restaurants—in fact, you will see it wherever you go.

For Remodeling or Building

Vitrolite is enthusiastically endorsed by architects, builders, and interior decorators. It is easily installed and can be plain or especially designed or etched to give either traditional or contemporary effects. A Vitrolite installation is economical and the trade-mark on each slab is your assurance of quality.

Vitrolite Fixtures Universally Used

Refrigerator panels, table tops, counter tops, soda fountains, barber cases, store fronts, and Vitrolite walls and ceilings give a decorative, colorful and inviting touch that quickly wins public favor. If you are a merchant whose business demands beauty, cleanliness, and durability of equipment, Vitrolite will build profits for you.

Write for free catalog, illustrated in colors. Mention in what special use you are interested.

Opportunity for Representatives

Profitable franchises are open in some territories.

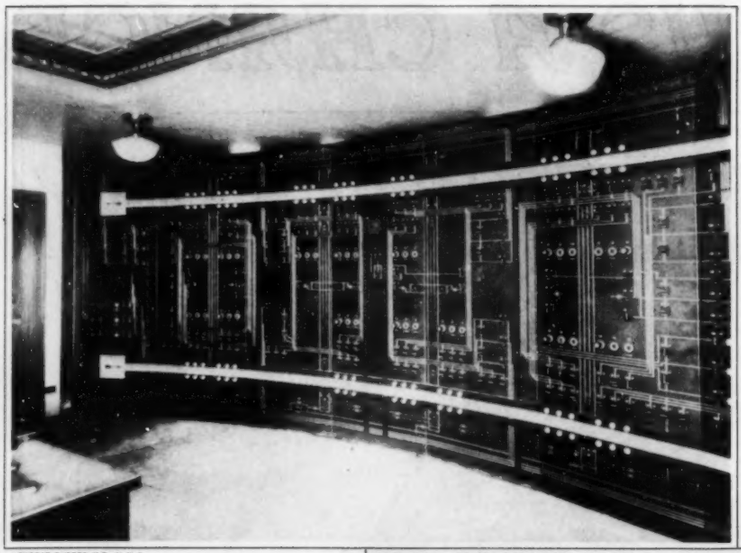
THE VITROLITE COMPANY

190 S. La Salle St., Room 1100 Chicago, Ill.

VITROLITE "BETTER THAN MARBLE"

Factory: Parkersburg, West Virginia

Offices in all principal cities in U. S. and Foreign Countries



HERBERT PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

The Automatic Safety Board Which Guards the Holland Vehicular Tube Under the Hudson

device on the receiving end is set accordingly, you could start your machine by reciting Hamlet's Soliloquy or the multiplication table, or you could stop it by reciting the Twenty-third Psalm, or simply saying, "Boom, boom, boom!" The point of all this is that a mechanism can be tripped into action by the force of sound. Sound is, of course, a force, and just as it strikes the nerves of our ears in waves, so these same waves, striking a sensitive mechanical device, can produce results. Now that may sound to you like a mere trick that would be good in a side show, but of no practical importance. Let's see if it is.

An Electrical Doctor

Among the valuable inventions of very recent years is a little device which is hidden away in high-voltage transformers. I shall not burden the reader with an explanation of what a transformer is; suffice it to say that transformers are very important and that they sometimes get out of order. Transformers make a humming sound all the time, but when they get out of order they make various other sounds. Now there are only certain things that can happen to a transformer, and each of these things has its distinctive sound. The coronaphone pays no attention to the peaceful, industrious humming of the transformer when all is going well, but just as soon as that transformer becomes sick and lets out a squawk, the coronaphone notifies headquarters. It tells not only which transformer is in trouble, and where it is, but diagnoses the ailment and thus makes a complete and accurate report instantly. The principle behind this machine is simply that of starting action by the force of sound. There is good reason to believe that eventually scores of machines will be served and guarded by somewhat similar devices.

If it would give you any pleasure to have a phonograph in your home start playing just as soon as the humidity reaches a point that makes you uncomfortable, that could easily be arranged. The same device could not only start your phonograph playing, but it could turn on your electric washing machine, turn on your radio, switch the electric lights on or off, or turn in a fire alarm. Again this may sound like a mere circus stunt, but it has a steadily growing importance in the industries. The degree of humidity affects many raw materials and chemical processes, with the result that men are constantly watching and adjusting these things to meet weather conditions.

Heat Control

Some kinds of work must stop because of humidity; therefore one of the changes that is surely coming in industries is the control of humidity, because it can be controlled, in inclosed rooms or buildings. There is now in operation in the Pope's library in Rome a device that measures the humidity and automatically controls it by putting heaters into action at a given point, turning them off at another point, and at a third point it trips into action machinery that supplies moisture. The reason for this machine is that the climate of Rome is very dry in certain seasons of the year and very humid in others.

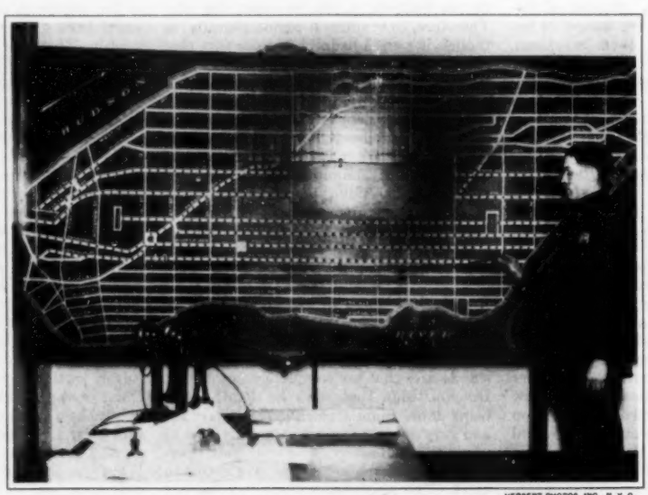
PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, N. Y. C.

The Oscillograph, an Automatic Bell Telephone Trouble-Shooter

This variation is damaging to the books. Many of them have been destroyed by it, but no more will be, because the machine is on the job night and day throughout the year and needs no human attention whatever. The same sort of mechanism can and will save time, materials and labor in industry.

The fact that heat and cold can be measured and that the thermometer which measures them can trip machinery into action or out of action is familiar to all of us, but since we work so largely in the industries with heat and cold, devices of this kind are of probably greater value at present than any others. There is no longer any reason why large numbers of men should be employed in watching the boiling of a caldron or vat and controlling the heat supplied to it. All of this work can be done mechanically. It is being done mechanically right now in uncounted thousands of cellars where the hot-water

(Continued on Page 197)



HERBERT PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

A Guidé Chart of the Manhattan Traffic Light System

The hazardous adventure of being a *baby*

"MAY my little one grow strong and sound"—it is the prayer of every mother. Cheerfully, throughout the crucial months of infancy, she dedicates each waking moment to make that wish come true.

And humane men, intent on easing her responsibilities, make certain she need never worry about the jars and jolts that distress so many babies. They design a "shock-proofed" carriage, scientifically constructed so as to safeguard sensitive little spines.

These Lloyd carriages have bodies of loom-woven fibre—reinforced with invisible steel wire in every upright strand. They are upholstered with soft, luxurious fabrics. Their resilient springs are oil-tempered. They have gaily colored* balloon tires.

Particularly during National Lloyd Week, April 7 to 12, stores are making a special featuring of Lloyd carriages and strollers. There are many charming color finishes. Prices, due to the speed and manufacturing efficiency of the patented Lloyd looms, are easily within every family's means. And decidedly economical, too, is the colorful, smartly designed Lloyd loom-woven furniture now so much in evidence in so many nice homes.

PATENT PROCESS **Lloyd LOOM Products**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BABY CARRIAGES & FURNITURE

Menominee, Michigan

ORILLIA, ONTARIO, CANADA

NATIONAL LLOYD WEEK APRIL 7-12

For interesting information about Lloyd Baby Carriages or any of the other many Lloyd loom-woven products—Living Room and Porch Fibre Furniture, Steel Tubular Chairs and Stools, Juvenile Furniture, and Doll Carriages—simply address a request to Lloyd Loom Products, Dept. A., Menominee, Michigan.

**Smart and new are baby carriage tires in color, an exclusive Lloyd innovation*

Would you pick a policy out of a hat *then?*

DON'T use snap judgment *now*. Investigate first. Find out which insurance company combines *all* the features which assure you satisfactory settlement if you have the occasion to present a claim.

Bear in mind that whereas the phraseology of insurance policies may be almost identical, there is a marked difference in procedure *after* claims are made. Then you need protection in a stock, legal reserve fire insurance company such as each member of the Fire Association Fleet represents. In addition, the Fire Association Fleet has abundant resources and a century-old reputation for prompt and full settlement without quibbling.

There is an agent of the Fire Association Fleet in your locality, ready to explain the real advantages of dealing with his company. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by calling him in. It will place you under no obligation.

The Fire Association *Fleet*

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Almost every kind **INSURANCE** excepting life

Victory Insurance Co.
Fire Association of Phila.

Constitution Indemnity Co.
The Reliance Insurance Co.

EVERY JUST CLAIM PAID IN FULL SINCE 1817

REPOSSESSED

(Continued from Page 27)

floor plan which showed the display of forty new cars and twice as many used cars on the same floor.

Paul cast an eye at his five new cars and the eight used ones backed up against the brick walls of his narrow showroom and occupying all the available space, and threw the plan away. All the time he kept looking out of the window, hoping against hope for a sight of Joan, for a smile and a word of greeting.

He was reading his mail with only partial attention, and debating the advisability of trying to talk to Joan again, when the letter he had in his hand pierced his full consciousness. It was from the bank, a routine notice, bearing him tidings that the note for four hundred dollars which he had indorsed for Oscar Fry had not been paid on September twentieth, when it was due, that Mr. Fry gave the bank no satisfaction, and would Mr. Edwards please come in to see them about it?

Paul gave a whistle. This was a new Grover four coach he had sold in midsummer, and the buyer, a school-teacher, had refused to finance it through the regular channels. He had turned in a used car for three hundred dollars' credit, had made a small cash payment, and had given Paul a note for the balance. He was a church member, a school-teacher, with good pay, and he was a man with a family, who owned his own home and was, to Paul's notion, as good a risk as he was likely to find in town. Four hundred dollars, plus interest and charges.

"This looks like a prosperous month to me," thought Paul. He was overstocked at this time, and if he had to pay this note and repossess the car, and take the loss on the geese, he was going to have to do something tremendous to pay his rent and meet his expenses and Walnut's pay.

He put on his hat and went to the bank. The cashier, young Wiggins, was polite enough, but firm:

"We were afraid you would have to make good on that note at the time you cashed it here, and would have told you so, if you had asked. Mr. Fry's credit is not good. He owes nearly everyone. We wouldn't have taken a note from him without your indorsement."

"You should have told me this, even if I didn't ask," said Paul.

"You have a lien on the car, haven't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"If you want advice now, repossess it without delay. That's the only way I can see for you to get your money out."

"You wouldn't give him more time?"

"He's driving the car a lot, and it is depreciating fast," said the bank cashier. "Of course, if you will take up this note yourself, we'll give you ninety days on a new note of your own, if you wish it. We have every confidence in you, Mr. Edwards."

"I think I'll go and see him," said Paul.

"Do. If he can pay half of it, we'll renew the balance."

Paul went to Mr. Fry's house, but he was at school, his wife said. The car was in the garage.

"I'll just step around and look at the car."

"The garage is unlocked, Mr. Edwards."

The house seemed, to Paul, different from any that he had seen. It was a decent enough dwelling, on a quiet, pretty street, but the whole place bore marks of neglect. As Paul went around back, he saw that the yard had not been mowed or raked recently, and the lawn was in danger of being ruined by packed leaves. There was a child's broken wagon, one rope of a swing dangling from a tree, an empty and deserted rabbit hutch, some partly burned trash in a dilapidated wire basket—nothing finished or fixed. The door of the garage was only partly closed, and when Paul saw the Grover his heart sank.

It had not been cleaned, evidently, since it had been bought. Both front fenders were badly dented. The glass in the door on the driver's side was broken, and had been mended with adhesive tape—a strip about six or seven inches long—up in one corner. In a side pocket of the car was a miscellany of old clippings, packages, a small empty oil can, which had left a stain, and a flat purse. The upholstery was soiled and stained. You could tell, by just looking at it, that the car had not been greased regularly, that the oil hadn't been changed at the proper intervals, the body bolts tightened, or the brakes watched. As it stood, it did not appear to be worth the four hundred dollars still due on it.

Paul left the garage and looked at the rain-soaked desolate yard. On either side were tidy dwellings. Paul remembered the man who had bought the car—a charming, intelligent person, smiling and contented. As the young dealer stood there, undecided about what to do, he felt a wave of homesickness such as he had never known before. He seemed to be a boy again, in his own parents' yard. He remembered how he had had to cut and rake the grass, to clean the yard, and put his playthings under the back porch. He remembered his mother's flower beds, the scrubbed back porch, the shining windows of her house. She had been a martinet.

He still got out of bed in the morning and folded his covers back once and threw them over the footboard. He still folded his trousers with a crease in them, kept a clean handkerchief in his pocket. He remembered how the drinking glasses had to be shined when he helped with the dishes, how feet had to be wiped and bills paid. And his mother's decent clean pink face, with the steel-rimmed glasses, and her firm kind mouth.

Without any particular reason, he was homesick. His old home was gone. His father was dead, his mother living with his married sister in a distant state. But he was lonesome for a home of his own, perhaps, now; blue because his girl, as he called her in his thoughts, was through with him. He went to the schoolhouse, and Mr. Fry came out to see him. Mr. Fry was very sympathetic. Paul could not help liking him.

"I suppose you must repossess it," he said. "I simply can't pay the note."

"Can't you pay part of it?"

"Oh, no. I've a hundred obligations to meet when I get my pay check."

"You couldn't pay a hundred on it? I don't want to repossess the car."

"I'm sorry, old man. I hate to let you down. But it seems to me the simplest way out. When we get straightened out a little, I'll get a new car." He was quite distressed for Paul. "We will certainly miss the car, but I think that's what you'd better do—take it. We never had a car like the Grover before. We've driven it fourteen thousand miles and haven't had to do a thing to it."

Fourteen thousand miles in three months! When had they done it? Paul wondered. He shook hands with Mr. Fry and left him, and went to the bank and arranged to take up Fry's note and give the bank a thirty-day note of his own for the four hundred dollars. He paid the interest and charges out of his pocket. At five o'clock that afternoon he had the repossessed car back in his workshop. They put it on the wash rack.

"Clean it first," he told Tom; "right down to the paint. Then let's see what has to be done. Three fenders will have to be rerolled, and it will have to be tightened all over, greased, and the brakes adjusted, one new headlight lens, oil changed, some new tires. She ought to be pretty good then, if nothing serious proves to be wrong with her."

Walnut was examining the repossessed car. (Continued on Page 182)

Burroughs

ADDING

BOOKKEEPING

CALCULATING

BILLING

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Typewriter Bookkeeping Machine

Posts ledger, statement and proof journal, or other combinations of related records, *in one operation.* Performs most of the posting operations automatically.

Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6104 SECOND BLVD. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

New York *loves the chimes from this great Electric Clock*

You can have a SETH THOMAS Electric Clock *that strikes . .*

FOR AS LITTLE AS $30

ELECTRIC STRIKE NO. 11—*Mahogany case. Silvered dial. Height 9⅛ inches. Strikes the hours and half hours on silver-toned bell metal gong. 20½ inch base. Price* $30.

NEW YORKERS set their watches by the great electric Seth Thomas clock in the tower of the Consolidated Gas Company's Manhattan building.

You can count on dependable time from *any* Seth Thomas electric clock—huge or small.

But for the same reason that New York loves the chimes from this famous tower clock, you will want *your* electric clock to be a clock that *strikes*.

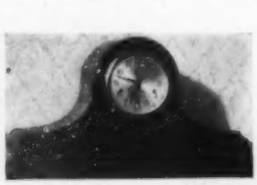
Seth Thomas electric clocks do not stop or show incorrect time when there is a slight interruption in current. They continue to keep perfect time *even if current fails for hours!*

Write to the Seth Thomas Clock Company, 19 West 44th Street, New York City, for FREE booklet. In cities over 100,000, dealers are listed in classified telephone directories under "Seth Thomas."

Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada

ELECTRIC STRIKE NO. 12—*Mahogany case with burled panels. Height 9¼ inches. Strikes in resonant, friendly tones on bell metal gong. Price* $35.

BANJO NO. 8—*Eight-day pendulum strike. Price* $30. *Or electric strike—(No. 16 P. S.) Price* $45.



CHIME NO. 91—*Mahogany case. Height 9¼ inches. Eight day. Melodious Westminster chimes. Price* $45.

ELECTRIC STRIKE NO. 22—*American walnut. Height 7¾ inches. Strikes on bell metal gong. Price* $45.

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 180)

"It will cost you a hundred dollars or more to put this car in shape to sell," he said.

"I should have to get five or six hundred for her, then."

"Crimini," said Walnut, "it's bad enough having to take in used jobs, without having to resell your own cars after they've been out."

After the car was thoroughly cleaned, inside and out, new and more serious defects began to appear.

"You ought to write an ad about this car," said Walnut, "saying as how the Grover will keep going with everything wrong with her. I drove her over our test route, and she's way off. Clutch and brakes too. You'll have to strip her right down, Blondy, and rebuild. Lord knows what all we'll find. And you're going to have an awful job to sell her around here, even rebuilt. Everyone knows Fry and the way he doesn't look after things."

"Just leave the car until tomorrow, and we'll see exactly what it needs. I've got four hundred dollars in that car, and I have to get it out."

"Of who?" asked Walnut ungrammatically, but Paul understood him.

He went out to get himself something to eat, and was both cheered and made mournful by the sight of Joan's red béret, as she went off up the street with her father. He watched her out of sight. He wondered if she were coming back to town. He longed to tell her what Mr. Fry had done to a perfectly good Grover. It had been a long day. He was tired and a little lonely. Walnut was still working on the repossessed car when Paul returned to the showroom.

"There was a guy in here wants this car," said Walnut. "He's coming back at seven o'clock. He's a mechanic in the garage at Sugar Ridge, and says he will fix it up himself, if he can buy it right."

"Did you tell him what I want for it?" asked Paul.

"No. But I told him it was in fine shape."

Paul laughed. Walnut left for his evening meal. Paul stood there, looking at the Grover four mournfully. There was to him a loss separate from a financial loss, in this willful neglect of a fine piece of machinery. It affected him as it affects a woman to see a beautiful child bedraggled and ill-kempt. The mechanic from Sugar Ridge came in and introduced himself, and they shook hands. His name was Anderson—"Whitey," he explained politely.

"I know what Grovers are," he told Paul. "I've worked on them. I like them. Fry got stuck on Sugar Hill with this car about three weeks ago, and I adjusted the timing for him. I know what the car needs. I'll give you two hundred dollars for it."

"Not me, you won't," said Paul, grinning and starting on the old, tradition-bound business of trading. "I've got to have at least five hundred dollars for it. It's not much more than three months old. At five hundred dollars, there is a depreciation of a third for three months' use. I can fix it up right here, and get that for it easy."

"Yes, in a pig's eye," said Whitey. Paul laughed, and they fell into talk, and Whitey said, after an hour or two had passed in discussion of this and that, with only occasional winged references to the Grover:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Blondy, and you can take it or leave it. I want the car. I'll take it over there and put my own time on it. My boss will get me what I need at cost. I can fix those tires for a few more thousand miles. That way I can fix the car cheaper than you can, where you have to pay Walnut for his time. We aren't busy in our shop now. But my mother will skin me if I got into debt. She's old-fashioned-like. I've got two hundred and fifty dollars. And my father's got three milk goats—dandies, they are—worth fifty or sixty dollars apiece, and I'll turn them in too."

"Goats!" said Paul in a hollow voice. He shook his head vigorously. "I don't want any goats. I've got some geese now."

"I know you have. But these goats aren't sick. They're regular beauties, and pets too. They come right up on the porch and blat through the screen door. They are as pretty as deer, and tame and clean. We've babied them. My sister had twins, and they were sick, and we couldn't get any food for them. So the doctor said goat milk, and my father got the goats and we milked them. Now my sister's boys are two years old, and they are fine and thrifty, and can eat anything. I know my old man will let me have the goats. He owes me a little money for work. See?"

"No goats," said Paul. "Sell them and pay me the cash."

"Now, Blondy, you ain't reasonable. You're in the selling business, not me. You ask anybody how these goats are. They're swell ones. It's the only way I can do it. If I sell the goats my father will want the money, but if I trade them in on the car for what he owes me, he won't care. And then you'll have this car off your hands the day you took it back. And you won't have to do any work on it or try to sell it here, where everybody knows how hard Fry is on a car. He's just hell bent to ruin everything, that guy is. He seems to try to do it. And you can have your floor space—no stall taken up, or anything. And you'll get your price—four hundred dollars ——"

"I said five hundred." Paul knew there was a good deal of sense to Whitey's argument. He believed that the goats were good. But he was so reluctant that Whitey finally offered him three hundred dollars and the goats.

Three hundred cash. Even if he didn't get anything worth while for the goats, it would cut his loss materially, and there was no doubt that he would be glad to get rid of the repossessed car at once. He groaned. It seemed he might as well buy a farm to put his trade-ins on, and get a hired man to look after them. But he remembered how Joan had taken in a cow on a used flivver, and sold it the same day. But cows were different. Anyone might want a good cow. Still, if he could get three hundred sure ——

"I'll bring the goats over tomorrow," said Whitey, "and you can see them."

Paul said nothing, and in this case silence was consent. Whitey took his departure in a borrowed flivver, for rumor of Fry's losing his car had brought him to Hilltown.

The Spate agency was dark when Paul locked up. He walked home, three blocks. He went to look at his geese, and found them all in the shelter. He did not go into Mrs. Ferguson's, but went across a vacant lot and on down the next street. The lights were burning brightly in the big Fox house. He could hear the radio. He could see young people dancing in there. He wanted to go and knock on the door, but didn't—only stood under a tree across the street.

"Well, if you're not a sap," he said to himself. "March, mister. You won't get a sensible girl like Joan by calfing around under trees in the drip. Go on home and go to sleep, and get out tomorrow and find someone who wants to buy three goats."

The door across the street opened and a swell of music and laughter came out.

"The poor little match girl!" Paul mocked himself, laughed with elaborate sarcasm, and went home and slept soundly, after lying awake three or four minutes to think of Joan. But he woke in the morning convinced that he had been awake at least half the night. Sleep was usually simultaneous with a horizontal position in bed, and he felt that he had certainly had his heart broken to lie awake all night and moon.

When he reached his place of business at seven o'clock the next morning, he found Whitey waiting for him. He had found someone coming over with a truck and had brought the three goats. He let down the back of the truck, and the goats jumped right out and came up on the sidewalk and crowded about the two young men. They were as tame as pet dogs. Paul laughed. He couldn't help liking them. One of them was big with kid, the other two were fresh.

(Continued on Page 184)

Any house is a gilt-edge investment

...when Creo-Dipts bring it up-to-date

Look at this house. Once it was out-of-date, slipping in value. See what Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles have done for it.

For your present home, lay Creo-Dipts right over the old siding. Takes little longer than a thorough re-painting; costs only about twice as much. And the Creo-Dipts reduce fuel bills 15% to 25%—save their entire cost in upkeep alone in 5 to 7 years. That is because genuine Creo-Dipts are made only from selected cedar shingles—a natural insulator—*stained under pressure* by a patented Creo-Dipt process that forces 35% more color deeper into the wood. When re-roofing is necessary, Creo-Dipts go right over the old shingles.

For a new home, there is a wide choice of Creo-Dipt colors. Distinctive, blended, variegated or thatched effects for roofs, attractive shades for side-walls.

Your architect, builder or lumber dealer will gladly tell you all about Creo-Dipt savings. But first, let us send you a portfolio of 28 photographs of lovely Creo-Dipt homes, together with a booklet of color suggestions. Just mail the coupon.

CREO-DIPT STAINS FOR OLD SHINGLES

To give old shingles fresh new color, use Creo-Dipt Brushcoat Stains. Inexpensive, easy to apply, full of creosotive oils that preserve the wood. All colors. Mail the coupon.

HANDI-IRONING CABINET

Compact, all-metal ironing cabinet. Heavy metal ironing board. Rigid. Does not warp. Does not have legs or supports underneath—can be pivoted into any desired position. Fits snugly into wall. Mail the coupon.

CREO-DIPT
Stained Shingles

STAINED UNDER PRESSURE

CREO-DIPT COMPANY, INC., 1551 Oliver Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.
(Factories, Warehouses and Sales Offices in all principal cities)

Enclosed find 25c for portfolio of large-size photographs of Creo-Dipt homes by leading architects, old homes rebeautified, booklet of color suggestions, information on Creo-Dipt Stains, and Handi-Ironing Cabinet, also name nearest Creo-Dipt Dealer. I am interested in

Building new ☐ Covering old side-walls ☐ Re-roofing ☐
Re-staining old shingles ☐ Handi-Ironing Cabinet ☐

Name .....
Street .....
City and State .....

© Creo-Dipt Company, Inc. 1930.

GENUINE CREO-DIPT PRODUCTS ARE SOLD BY LEADING LUMBER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THE HANES SAMSONBAK
STANDS THE
TUG-O'-WEAR
THIS STRONGER, BETTER-FITTING
UNION SUIT FOR ACTIVE MEN
IS ONLY $1

Rear view of Samsonbak. *Center section of belt is blue to help identification. Unusual value for the money.*

Hanes Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit of madras and broadcloth with patented belt.* $1. *Other union suits from* 75c *to* $2.

Hanes *Shirts and Shorts in smart, new styles and colors,* 50c, 75c, $1. *Fine fabrics and wide choice.*

Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits for mild climates, $1 *to* $1.50. *Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length.*

Knit Athletic Union Suit — shoulder-button style — made of fine combed yarn, knitted to generous measurements. Just $1.

Tug-o'-war or tug-o'-wear, you can't rip the Samsonbak. The Hanes dealer invites you to try! Go see him. He'll get a strangle-hold on one end—you grab the other, and pull with all your might. That belt stretches and stretches but never rips. There's not a strand of rubber in it and it goes three-quarters of the way around your body, wherever there's any chance of stretching or binding. A cool number indeed—and only $1.

If you prefer shirts and shorts or other types of underwear, be sure to see how much better they're made by Hanes. A quarter-century's experience in this business may be responsible—but millions of men who wear Hanes say it's a "gift." If your dealer hasn't the complete line for your boys as well as yourself, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN AND BOYS FOR EVERY SEASON
HANES

(Continued from Page 182)

The smallest, a soft sand color, with a white collar around her neck, came and nuzzled Paul's pockets. The other two were white and brown. Whitey had cleaned them carefully. Their coats were brushed, their hoofs and horns cleaned and oiled. They had great, intelligent eyes, pretty dainty feet and legs. One of them scrambled up the steps of a little loading platform next door and walked around the extreme edge.

"Their names are Cora and Flora and Dora," said Whitey. "The big girl is Dora, and she's dumb, too, but gentle, and this little pet is Flora, and the climber is Cora. They've been fed this morning, and milked."

"You mean I have to milk them if I don't sell them today?"

"Of course. Got to milk Cora and Flora twice a day. Dora's dry."

It was all Greek to Paul. He couldn't have milked a Holstein, let alone a goat.

"Say, listen," he said; "I can't see this trade. I haven't any place to put these goats, nor a buyer for them, or anything."

"Boy, you've got them," said Whitey firmly. "They're already yours. Put them in the yard behind the shop. There's a place there. You'll have to tie them. They'll get over any kind of fence."

Walnut came up the street at the short trot that was his habitual gait. Flora trotted up to him and smelled in his pockets. Walnut laughed hilariously.

"Oh, boy, if you're not cute!"

Cora had now left the loading platform and, by what feats of agility none of them knew, she had mounted an overhanging sign and stood on the two-by-four by which it was supported, and there she bleated loudly. She bunched her feet together, made a spring, and was on the roof in half a moment. Then, as the three stood looking, she disappeared from sight. Whitey began to whistle and call. He pulled himself up on the sign and scrambled onto the roof next door after her. A small crowd gathered in the street. It was quite a trick to get Cora down from the roof. Finally, however, the three were safely tethered in the back yard, all bleating impatiently, and Whitey drove away the repossessed Grover.

Paul called up the Hilltown Crier and had an ad inserted offering the goats for sale. He also called up the stock shipper, and looked in the advertising column of the city papers to see if anyone wanted goats. All day long he had visitors, coming through the showroom, not to see his cars but to see the goats. Cora was now up on top of the shed belonging to a blacksmith. She had eaten through her rope three times and Paul got a length of chain for her.

Flora had taken a great fancy to Paul. She followed him about. Again and again she got loose from her bonds and joined him in the showroom. Her curiosity was insatiable. She leaped nimbly upon the desk and ate a circular about the exterior finish of Grovers. She got into a car whose door had been left open. She climbed the greasing rack and the tool bench in the shop. She gazed at Paul and Walnut with limpid feminine eyes, brown and moist and beautiful. She was so affectionate that she pushed against them and butted them playfully.

Paul purchased a new pail, and Walnut milked the goats at evening, for Paul's efforts were entirely unsuccessful. They got some feed for them from a neighboring expressman who owned a horse. Paul was beginning to enjoy the goats. They were, at least, a diversion from the weighty persistence of his thoughts of Joan. He called up the Spate garage and asked Joan to come and see them, but she said politely:

"I've seen them all day long, and I'm rather busy just now."

No use! She wasn't going to forgive him. He was at once the creature of ill fortune again.

In the morning he found Dora in the back yard, with a new kid over which she was tenderly mourning. Flora and Cora were gone. The boys had fastened them with lengths of chain, but they had departed. It appeared that they had obligingly chewed off each other's collars. Walnut and Paul searched the neighborhood, but could not find them. Their search was interrupted by a man who said he lived north of town and worked in the quarry. He had seen the advertisement for goats. They had a baby that wasn't doing well. His wife thought if they had a goat they could keep it in the yard. There were older children to look after it. Paul took the quarryman out and showed him Dora and her new black-and-white kid.

"How much do you want for them?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Fair enough. I can only give ten now, and the rest at five a week."

Paul looked at Walnut, who had spoken to the man when he came in. Walnut signaled him an O. K., and Paul took the two soiled five-dollar bills. The new owner took his bill of sale and his goats, the kid wrapped up in his coat, the mother following anxiously, and went away. Paul paused in the street door to watch him, and then went to search the premises across the way, but he saw no one. The telephone was ringing, and Paul went to answer it. An indignant woman's voice came to him:

"This is Miss Keith, the principal of the grade school," she said. "There are two goats here, in the school building, and the children say they are yours. Will you come and get them at once?"

She hung up the telephone with emphasis. Paul and Walnut hurried to the schoolhouse with straps and chains. Walnut had to stop every few feet and lean against a tree or post to laugh, but Paul was anxious now, worried about everything, afraid of trouble. All at once it seemed to him that his luck couldn't get any worse. But he was mistaken. They found the goats, as the teacher had said, in the schoolhouse. Cora was in one room, Flora in another. The goats, accustomed to children, seemed to have gravitated naturally to them. Flora came to Paul at once, lovingly, and he put her bonds on her and took her out.

But Cora was more coy. She darted past Paul and went up the stairs—up and up. She went into a room on the second floor, and Paul went after her while Walnut held Flora. The children laughed and screamed. One little boy began to cry with fright. The teachers were variously amused, outraged and frightened. Cora went through the fourth-grade cloakroom, and so escaped Paul, and went into the hall again, started up some narrow stairs leading to the belfry, changed her mind, and turned back. Paul tried to catch her at the head of the stairs, but she darted by him, and he lost his balance and plunged downstairs backward. He hit one arm against the wall, fell on his shoulder, his head striking the iron railing; and then goats, cars and everything disappeared into oblivion.

It was sometime late the next day that he woke up in his own room at Mrs. Ferguson's. Mrs. Ferguson herself was there, at the foot of the bed, but a nurse in white, with horn-rimmed glasses over pretty brown eyes, stood beside him, patting him gently, telling him, over and over, not to move.

"Lie still. You mustn't move. Lie perfectly still."

"Please tell me ——" he asked Mrs. Ferguson, and she promised to tell him later, if he would lie still, and she went, at the nurse's request, to telephone for the doctor. It was the next morning, while the nurse was feeding him with a teaspoon, that Paul learned all about it.

"You have a slight concussion. Not serious. We thought at first it might be. You'll have to stay in bed two weeks. Of course, your arm is broken—that will take a while to mend, but it wouldn't confine you. Nor the two ribs—that's what all the adhesive tape is for. It's on account of your head you'll have to be quiet and good."

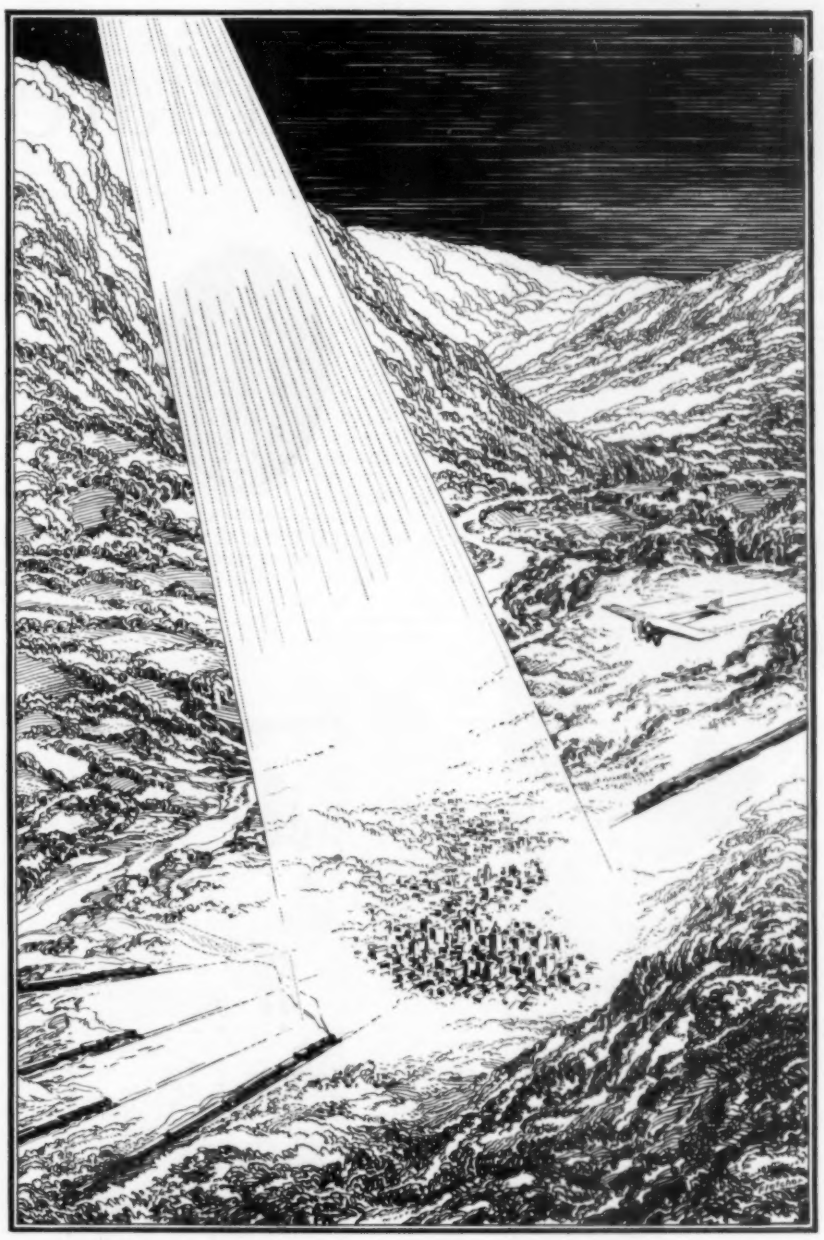
"How long will it be before I can drive a car?"

"Oh, two months, anyhow. It's your right arm, you see. But you mustn't think about that."

(Continued on Page 187)

The "Valley of Opportunity" . . . *includes*

BINGHAMTON
JOHNSON CITY
ENDICOTT . . .



THESE three communities are within a few minutes of each other. They are situated almost exactly halfway between New York's eastern and western boundaries in the Susquehanna valley. To the manufacturer who seeks distribution in lower, central New York and northern Pennsylvania this is a most strategic location for a branch office or warehouse. The "Valley" is served by trunk lines of three great railroads and branches of two others.

Consider the "Valley" also as a manufacturing site. Here are already located some of the country's greatest industrial plants . . . leaders in the manufacture of shoes, photographic products, including motion picture film, cigars, washing machines, pipe organs, pianos, furniture and iron. Diversified industries assure a skilled, stable labor supply.

In addition to its industrial advantages Binghamton now offers the finest possible banking facilities. The Peoples Trust Company of Binghamton and the Workers Trust Company of Johnson City help form the Marine Midland Group of banks. Through this Group the resources and the experience of one of America's largest financial organizations are available to all who do business in Binghamton or with Binghamton.

The same local officers direct these banks. All their experience and knowledge of local conditions is available to customers and manufacturers wishing information about the "Valley of Opportunity."

PEOPLES TRUST COMPANY
of Binghamton

WORKERS TRUST COMPANY
of Johnson City

Members of the MARINE MIDLAND *Group. Combined resources over* $500,000,000

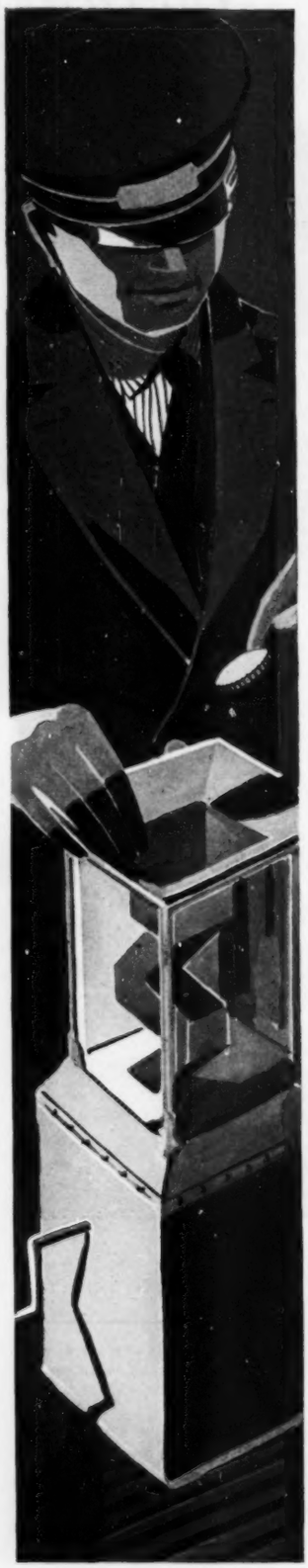
WHAT THE MARINE MIDLAND GROUP IS

The Marine Midland comprises a group of 17 banks which have joined together for greater strength and for greater service to their 350,000 customers. The ownership of each of these 17 banks is controlled by Marine Midland Corporation, which is a holding company, *not* an investment trust. This enables us to draw upon the experience and resources of one of the strongest financial groups in America. Yet each offers every *local* advantage that *local* officers and *local* directors can give.

THESE NEW YORK STATE BANKS NOW OFFER ADVANTAGES OF MARINE MIDLAND MEMBERSHIP

BUFFALO	Marine Trust Company
ROCHESTER	Union Trust Company of Rochester
TROY	Manufacturers National Bank of Troy
NIAGARA FALLS	Power City Bank
NIAGARA FALLS	Niagara Falls Trust Company
NIAGARA FALLS	Bank of La Salle
BINGHAMTON	Peoples Trust Company
LOCKPORT	Niagara County National Bank & Trust Co.
TONAWANDA	First Trust Company
NORTH TONAWANDA	State Trust Company
LACKAWANNA	Lackawanna National Bank
JOHNSON CITY	Workers Trust Company
JAMESTOWN	Union Trust Company
EAST AURORA	Bank of East Aurora
CORTLAND	Cortland Trust Company
ALBION	Orleans County Trust Company
SNYDER	Bank of Snyder

Costs *LESS* than carfare



Perfect automatic refrigeration with Electrolux is cheaper than ice

As soon as you buy an Electrolux, refrigeration expense stops and your saving begins.

Figure it out for yourself. 25¢ to 70¢ a week is all it costs to operate Electrolux. Compare that with what you're spending now for ice or any other kind of refrigeration.

This new-type automatic refrigerator costs so little to run because it uses only a tiny gas flame and a slight trickle of water. These two inexpensive things produce constant, steady cold; freeze ice cubes and desserts quickly; chill salads perfectly.

The temperature inside an Electrolux stays remarkably even. It varies scarcely at all, because the chilling process is continuous. There is no stopping and starting. Foods can't help but keep indefinitely.

More than that—Electrolux is silent. Silent not only when you get it, but forever after, because there is no machinery to wear loose, to vibrate, to get out of order. The refrigerant is hermetically sealed inside a rigid, one-piece steel unit. It never needs replacement. The gas flame is equipped with an automatic shut-off. No gas can flow if the flame ever goes out.

With all these advantages, Electrolux costs no more, size for size, than other refrigerators—$195 to $430 at the factory. Can be operated with Pyrofax Gas where there are no city mains. There is a complete range of models and sizes, in white and beautiful color combinations. Liberal purchase terms.

Don't think of buying any automatic refrigerator until you see Electrolux. A post card to us will bring you complete information by mail. Address Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

(Continued from Page 184)

"But I can't afford to be laid up. How can I?"

"Walnut will look after the garage and I'll look after you," Mrs. Ferguson told him. "The nurse will only be here for another day or two. You mustn't worry about anything, Paul, or it will make it harder for you to get well. Just be grateful you didn't break your neck."

"Walnut can't look after everything," said Paul.

"You'd be surprised," said Mrs. Ferguson, and she and the nurse exchanged glances. Paul heard his geese in the yard. There came a strange clatter on the polished stairs. The unlatched door was pushed open and a soft-bearded black-and-tan face with moist mournful brown eyes thrust in.

"Ba-a-ah," said Flora, and Mrs. Ferguson got up and drove her out. Paul laughed a little, though it hurt him. Suddenly he felt that he was going to cry, and he had to swallow before Mrs. Ferguson came back.

"That goat has human intelligence," she said. "She's been in the house ten times since you were hurt. I can't keep her out."

Paul's convalescence seemed very slow, though it was a revelation to him of the kindness and goodness of people in little towns. It took only this disaster to complete the welding of his position in the community. Food came in fine dishes—more than he or Mrs. Ferguson, either, could eat. The librarian sent him some new books; callers came in and out of the house. Mrs. Ferguson wrote to his mother for him. Lew and Walnut were daily visitors. Whitey came, and Mr. Fry, and even Cap'n Fox, somewhat silently, looked in to inquire about him. It seemed to Paul that every person in Hilltown either came to see him or called on the telephone, save Joan.

"It's no use now. I've lost her," he decided. Not good medicine. If he hadn't been so abundantly healthy, it might have hindered him.

But soon he was sitting up in bed. And then he was allowed to be up in his room, and on the second Saturday he got into his trousers and shoes and went downstairs. Mrs. Ferguson had opened the underarm seams of his oldest shirts, so that he could wear them over his arm in its aluminum splint.

"I don't think you'll need me any more now," Doctor Lockerbie told him. "You can go downtown a little while Monday. But take it easy. Come around and let me see your arm when you are out. It's going to need rebinding in a few days."

Mrs. Ferguson went downtown to shop, and Paul was alone. He prowled around her house, looked out of the window into the sunny October afternoon, and decided to go to the showroom. He got his hat and struggled into a coat, finally buttoning it around him. He went out. He walked along slowly, feeling somewhat guilty and shaky, hoping he would not meet Mrs. Ferguson or the doctor. When he got to the garage, he stopped outside a minute to look in and see how his cars appeared from the street, and standing there he got quite a shock.

Just a few feet away from him, beside the Grover six sedan in the front stall, was Joan, and with her a gentleman Paul had never seen before. Joan wore a dark suit and a white silk blouse and bright green tie. She wore a tight green felt hat, and her eyes seemed gray, her cheeks somewhat thin and white. The hood of the Grover was up, and Paul could hear her pleasant voice distinctly:

"That's the way they build their carburetors," she was saying. "It gives you even distribution of fuel to each cylinder and burns gas more economically than other cars. I think I have explained everything. Is there anything else you would like to ask?"

"No. I think I am satisfied. When could I have delivery?" asked the stranger, while Paul's ears roared, his heart began to beat in high hard strokes.

"Immediately," said Joan. "Mr. Edwards, the dealer, is ill, but the notary public has been making out papers for us, and the cashier at the bank looks after the money end of it. We have delivered two cars for him ——"

Paul did not walk into the showroom. Nothing so prosaic. It wasn't a walk, it was a prancing strut. His face was shining like a newly risen moon. The gentleman looked up and saw him, and frowned a little at the interruption. Joan looked around. Paul had seen her blush like that once before—waves and crimson stains—a banner of painful color.

"Paul," she cried, "you weren't supposed to be down until Monday!"

"That's all right; go ahead. I couldn't stay away. I wanted to see you." He was looking at her eagerly, forgetting the customer.

It was difficult to get through the next half hour and make delivery of the car.

When the new owner had finally driven out, Joan said, "I won't need to stay now. You're here ——" And she started for the door.

Paul caught her hand and drew her back. "Joan," he said, "have you been here, helping out?"

"Why, yes," she said in a casual voice, looking down at something on his desk. "I was sorry you were hurt. I know a lot about your cars, because you've told me. It wasn't difficult to sell them, and I could come across whenever Walnut gave me the high sign that there was anyone here who was interested."

"Joan, is that why you did it? Didn't you do it because you liked me, at all? Didn't you care for me? Aren't you going to make up with me, Joan? I'm so in love with you. I know I don't deserve your friendship—that I seemed unappreciative. I can't exactly explain about Frances. I don't understand myself. But, oh, Joan, you're my girl. I love you. I've never said that to a girl before in my life. Can't you believe me, Joan? I've never said that. I've never asked a girl to marry me until today."

"I can't answer one question for the next," she said, in some confusion, but she was laughing a little tremulously. She went on, in her low vibrant voice:

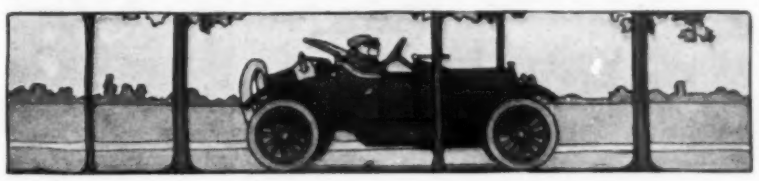
"I thought I knew a man that might want the goats; we sold them for forty dollars each. And Mrs. Ferguson says the geese are getting well. And we sold that old flivver truck and the discontinued coupé you had here, and this sedan today. You must show Walnut some appreciation, Blondy. He's worked so hard for you. You don't need to explain about Frances, Paul, because I understand about that better than you do, most likely. And, of course, I believe what you say."

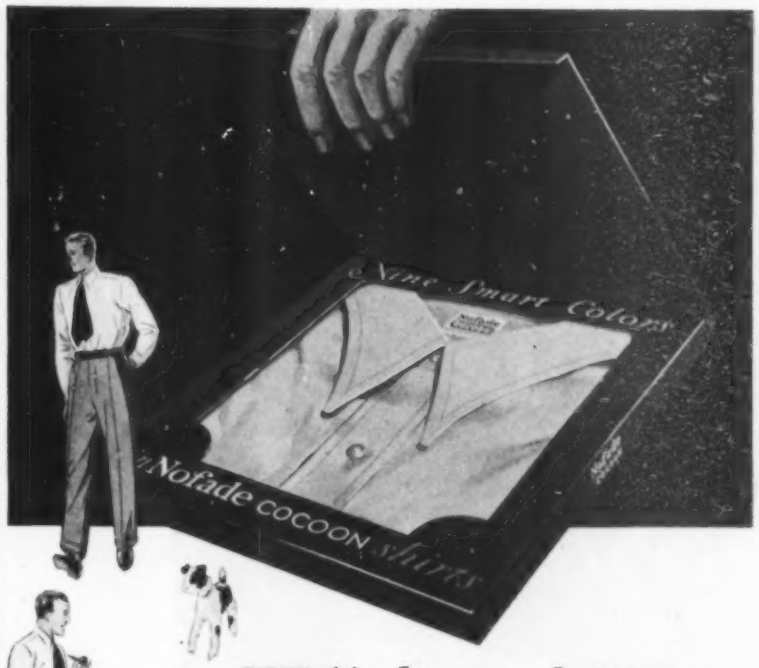
"And we're engaged, then, Joan? You're my girl now?"

She didn't exactly answer, but she lifted her eyes to his. It was there again—the deep singing look. After a little interval in which they forgot entirely the curiosity of Walnut, and their entire visibility from across the street, Paul said:

"I shan't feel that you're entirely repossessed until this arm of mine is well and I can hold you close with both of them."

"There isn't anything the matter with your arm," Joan assured him.





Well-dressed Men Come Out of this Box

THIS box holds a new standard in shirts for men... A shirt tailored from 30 correctly cut pieces of an exclusive, specially woven shirting, Cocoon Cloth... finely finished with expert needlecraft that matches custom standards... with every stitch measured by scientific gauge. A shirt with a neck-size that *stays* your neck-size because of many hours of pre-shrinking. A shirt that gives your proper sleeve-length in the size you wear. A shirt made as a gentleman's shirt should be made. See it at your haberdasher's, fresh, untouched, in its individual box. See its nine smart guaranteed colors... and select those that will complete the color harmonies of your wardrobe.

LOOK FOR THIS BOX

Engraved on every Nofade-COCOON *Box is the price at which the shirt is sold. It is our guarantee that you get this extraordinary shirt value at the low price that we make possible.*

Priced from
$1.65 *to* $4.95

Nofade
COCOON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHIRTS

Manufactured by The NOFADE-COCOON CORPORATION, *1239 Broadway, New York, N. Y.*

How SHE HAS CHANGED

A GENERATION AGO the whalebone corset, the wasp waist, the street-sweeping daytime skirt, the rat-supported pompadour were the accepted fashion . . . . . Then came the hoydenish short skirt of the flapper—and hoydenish flapper manners . . . . . And now we are in the midst of a return to charm—femininity that combines both smartness and comfort » » » » » » » » » »

How woman's styles have changed! » » » » » » » »

But the change is no greater in her dress than in her home, her mode of travel, the groceries she buys, the cosmetics she uses, her ways of spending money and of saving time and labor. No greater than in her modern spirit of young-mindedness, her attitudes toward men and business and political affairs. » »

No greater than in the woman herself—and in the magazine that for forty-six years has been her guide and inspiration, her greatest contact with reality and with romance. » » » » » » » » » »

For the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has changed—vitally! And those who knew it as it was are finding new and keener pleasure in it as it is today.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE LEADING HOME MAGAZINE

THE FORTUNATE COAST

(Continued from Page 31)

provisioning a pleasure. They are a highly civilized development, and characteristic of Los Angeles.

As the mild climate makes possible a stucco process of building, and the vivid sun calls for thick walls and tiled roofs, the newer parts of the city present a colorful and wholly un-American effect. No other city in America gives out an equal charm. It is, in truth, Mediterranean in feeling. The people are Midwestern, but their tiled roofs and plastered walls suggest Sorrento or Jalapa. Giant palms, graceful pepper trees, flowering acacias, hedges of roses, clumps of bougainvillæa and many other plants and vines add to the tropic character of the newer streets. I know of no other city at home or abroad where so many exquisite vistas and architectural graces can be seen. From Griffith Park to Santa Monica the houses are of this quality.

When I came here seven years ago, I found the builders largely concerned with close-packed rows of fantastic little bungalows, but today talented architects, with careful designing, are changing the character of the construction. Motor cars and avenues of scientific engineering have made the highest of the hills available for residence; and when I saw them last January, after six years' absence, I was amazed at the beauty of the homes on these heights. They are not American in a New England or Midwestern sense, but if we pause to consider that Mexico, Brazil and Argentina are also American, this architecture belongs.

Some of the structures are reminiscent of Spain, others of Italy, and many of them are so picturesque—there is no other word—that they wear out one's adjectives. I have given up exclaiming. Some of these amazing homes along the canyons put the dining room in the cellar and the garage in the attic. Palaces of marble gleam on the shoulders of rounded peaks or adorn the sides of precipitous canyons like medieval castles, and when, at night, the innumerable lights of the level streets glitter below them in a purple haze, the city makes an unequaled revelation of joyous life.

Homes in the Foothills

The western wards of the city fall into two fairly distinct levels. The sharpest demand is for foothill lots with views of mountain, town and sea. This is a region which many visitors do not see, for, to view it properly, one should go on foot. Only in this way can one discover architectural bits and vistas, and study garden designs. In ten or fifteen years this fortunate coastal region will be covered with well-designed, tile-roofed, embowered mansions, for, in my judgment, it is the most favored region in the United States. It is above the fog, protected from the extreme heat and blessed by the sea winds. It is an all-year-round playland. As poets speak of "the fortunate isles," so I think of this as "the fortunate coast."

Some of these lovely Mediterranean homes are owned by movie stars, but others are the property of merchants from Omaha, rich widows from Boston and retired merchants from Chicago. There is something fine in the impulse which causes these fugitives from the cold and grime of Eastern industrial cities to erect on these barren hills palaces of Old World derivation. They are, in effect, poems. Some of the loveliest homes and gardens I have seen are the creations of men from Nebraska and Chicago. No contrast could be greater than that between such palaces and gardens, and the towns in which these men made their fortunes. They are putting their longing for beauty into arch and blossom. They are representative of thousands.

Another grateful difference between these coast cities and the great industrial centers of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Illinois lies in the cleanliness of their air. Los Angeles has no smoke, little dust and few drab reminders. Indeed, some visitors complain of its newness and its cleanliness. "It is not a real city but a colony of transplanted farmers, living on their incomes and supporting shopkeepers, gardeners, automobile dealers and real-estate men," they say. And there is some truth in that—but what of it? Is it not all the more distinctive because of that?

The studios of the motion-picture firms, with their army of actors and mechanicians, must be mentioned among the city's industries. They are only a subordinate part of Hollywood life, and Hollywood is in turn a part of Los Angeles. Unless you look for these studios, you will not see them. They are mostly built in outlying streets, and in a city of fifteen hundred thousand people their employes are but a relatively small group of its residents. They make a great deal of talk and fill the newspapers with flaring advertisements and wearisome personal notes, I will admit; but as I come and go I see but few of these folk, and those I know something about are a hard-working lot, attending to their jobs like any other serious-minded wage earners. Reporters make much of the fast set, but a good deal of this high-colored reporting is, I suspect, advertising. The star who has been rehearsing all day is inclined to rest rather than to whoopee. With the talking film in the ascendant, wild and brainless movie stars are fairly in eclipse. Intelligence and a speaking acquaintance with the English language are now in demand. We shall hear less and less of the wild ones, who are mostly the creations of the publicity agent. They come and they go, leaving nothing behind.

Thus far, I have been speaking only in praise of the coast, and I must continue in this vein for another paragraph. The "Angelenos," as they call themselves, are a progressive folk. They not only believe in doing certain things better than any other time or place, but they are inventive folk. They construct the most beautiful houses and install the most modern conveniences. They use unit heating—the most convenient and rapid method of heating known to them—wherein you punch a button and the alert gas furnace puts hot air into any part of the house. The ice boxes are electrically cooled and the kitchens are spotless laboratories.

As an amusing instance of their determined progressiveness, I mention a rapid shoe-repairing shop in which I was given a richly upholstered armchair, a magazine to read and a little robe to cover my feet. The walls were as immaculate as one of Philadelphia's famous chain restaurants, and the attendants had the air of being college graduates. As I sat there and recalled the dirt and noise and grime of certain New York cobbling dens, I said, "This is civilized trade." This is but an illustration of the wish to have the best in every shop.

Of the city in general, however, I must admit that while highly civilized, it has no association with the past. It is aspiring, theoretic, but without tradition. It has few distinctively literary or art organizations. Aside from the men connected with the universities, and writers for the press, the city is nonliterary. There are few resident authors of national reputation and almost no painters or sculptors. Architecture is well represented, but the other arts are still in the struggling phase, just as they are in Cleveland, St. Louis and other interior cities. Think of Boston and her marvelous group in 1860! However, even here progress is certain.

A Place to Grow Old In

Southern California is the happy coast to me—a vacation land. Its leisure, its decorum, its clear air, its flowers, its fruits, its quiet, good-tempered people, are grateful to me as a man of sixty-nine who has been on the jump, in storm and sun, dust and mud, for fifty years, and all his life in dread of winter. As I look out upon the glittering, colorful city, on its palm-lined avenues, its walls of roses, its miles of orange and lemon trees, my mood is that of one who has reached safe haven on a fortunate isle. No doubt men and women toil in Pasadena, Riverside, Beverly Hills and Hollywood, but they do not appear to suffer at it. Here is a place to grow old in, a peaceful, leisurely land.

Some real-estate men may not thank me for presenting this view of the coast, but I am telling why I, like many thousands of other Eastern men, am making this my winter home.

Let us be quite candid about this. In our final migration we are leaving many poetic things behind. Here are no grassy hills, no winding, vine-clad stone walls, no singing streams, no gold and scarlet leaves of frosty autumn. We who settle here must say good-by to exquisite winter landscapes and to the associations of gray Thanksgiving elms and snow-laden Christmas pines, but shall be leaving behind us mud and slush and biting blasts. The fear of frost, the dread of drifting snow and the struggle to keep warm are already dim memories. It is in this respect that I find myself in fear of homesickness. Will I long for the drably significant some day?

This may turn out to be merely the mood of one who is in close touch with his seventieth year. At the end of another six months I may be tired of vivid bloom, picturesque tiled roofs and eternal sunshine, and find myself longing for the ugly, the decaying, the traditional; but at the moment I find it easy to forgo the traffic jams of New York, the insane skittering of human insects in the Chicago Loop. I am writing as one suddenly free from pain and care. Not yet certain of my temperament, I am trying to retain some part of my New England inheritance while rejoicing in the clear air, exotic architecture and brilliant color of The Fortunate Pacific Coast.

LUMINAIRE
The FAN BEAUTIFUL
with Five NEW Amazing Features!

See this attractive new fan — it offers you something never known before; real beauty—soft lights and graceful design which blends with any setting. The patented Victor BREEZESPREADER sends the cool air in all directions. Being on a standard, the Luminaire can be placed anywhere. New airplane blade design moves more air. No radio interference. A marvelous convenience for homes, clubs, hotels, exclusive shops and showrooms. Write for nearest dealer's name!

DEALERS: These Victor products hold great possibilities for you—Write for complete details at once!

Don't Offend Your Dinner Guests!

Cooking odors are sure to fill your home unless you act now to protect yourself. Insist that a Victor Ventilator be installed and your worries will be over. The Victor three speed IN-BILT, with its attractive dome shaped grill, is controlled by a single wall switch. Quiet fan moves over 800 cu. ft. of air per min.—sturdy motor—no radio interference. Several other attractive models all attractively priced.

Write for literature and dealer's name today!

THE CINCINNATI VICTOR COMPANY
712 READING ROAD · CINCINNATI, OHIO

LEAKY BASEMENTS? DAMP WALLS? WET FLOORS?
Send for this Handbook!

Valuable to Owners, Architects, Contractors, Building Managers

Here is the only complete handbook on practical waterproof construction that's ever been written. Whether your problem is a leaky basement, tank, swimming pool or reservoir, or whether it's a case of moisture finding its way through stucco and masonry walls and damaging decorations, this book will tell what to do. State your need when writing for your copy of this limited edition.

Dealers in paint, hardware, building supplies, write for our dealer plan.

THE TRUSCON LABORATORIES
1702 Caniff Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Please send me a copy of your handbook "Waterproof Construction." Mail to

Name_____

Address_____

Two Good Reasons Why You Need the RIGHT Brake Lining

We could name a dozen good reasons. But they all come under the head of "Safety First."

Your brakes have individual requirements according to the make, date and model of your car. The Thermoid Brake Lining Chart shows the type of Thermoid that meets those individual requirements.

Only a lining specially adapted to your brakes *can* give you the most safety at the shortest notice. Ask for "Thermoid" by name.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY

Factories and Main Offices: **TRENTON, N. J.**

Brake Lining Transmission Lining Radiator Hose Clutch Rings Universal Joint Discs Mechanical Rubber Goods

Thermoid

"F-M-L" (FLEXIBLE MOULDED LINING) and "C-A-L" "HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED" and "INTERWOVEN"

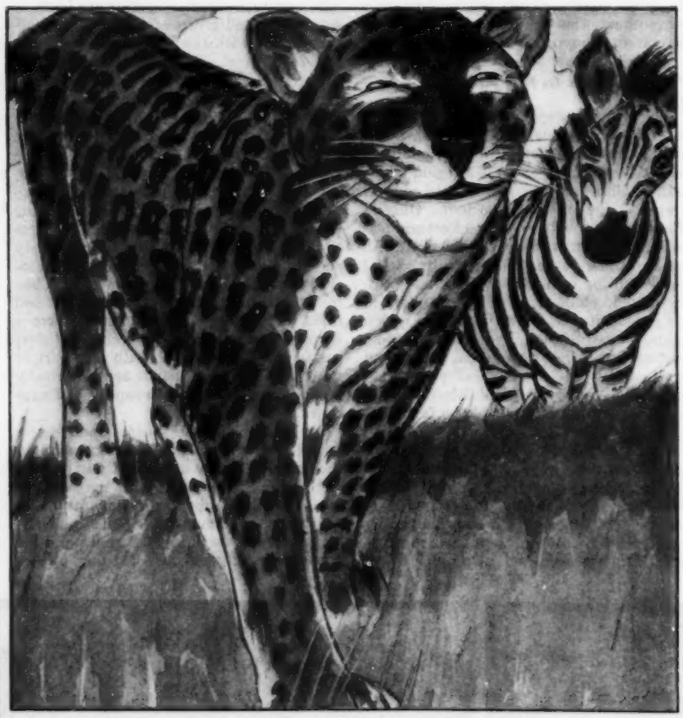
BRAKE LININGS

CONSULT A THERMOID "BRAKE-ANIC"

ANIMAL CRACKS

Verses by Carolyn Wells. Sketches by Strothmann

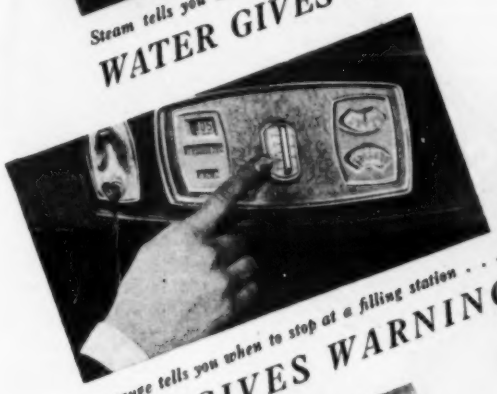
THE Whale disports himself within
The oceans, north and south.
He doesn't have a dimpled chin
Nor yet a rosebud mouth.
He has no soft and fleecy fur,
No feathers in his tail;
He cannot sing or bark or purr;
I'm sorry for the Whale.
And yet he's very fond of fun
And has wide smiles for everyone.



THE Leopard is, from all accounts, a temperamental sort;
Sometimes he will not play at all, sometimes he's keen for sport.
And those who know him best admit he's very, very vain;
And often quite dejectedly he mopes along the plain.
At these sad times the Leopard's heart is filled with angry passion,
Because his spots are out of date and Zebra stripes in fashion.
But other years, when pattern books say spots are all the style,
The Leopard proudly stalks abroad with wide complacent smile.

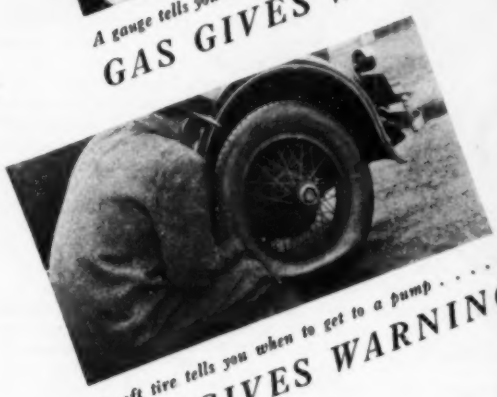
Steam tells you when to fill your radiator . . . . . .

WATER GIVES WARNING



A gauge tells you when to stop at a filling station . . .

GAS GIVES WARNING



A soft tire tells you when to get to a pump . . . . .

AIR GIVES WARNING

..bad oil gives no warning

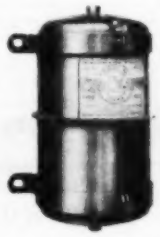
DIRTY water does little damage to the radiator of your car . . . dirt in the gas can only clog temporarily . . . but dirty lubricating oil is a menace to every moving part of your motor.

You never know when dirty oil will give you trouble. There is no warning. The first sign of its presence is a complete breakdown . . . scored cylinder walls . . . burned bearings . . . worn pistons or valves or gears.

You may buy the finest grade of oil . . . strain it carefully when you fill up . . . but it won't continue to give you the proper sort of lubrication *unless it stays clean.*

In this day and age of motor refinement cars should be equipped with every device that makes for perfect performance . . . and one of the most important of these is an efficient oil filter.

The Purolator Oil Filter has proved its efficiency to millions of motorists.



Today the makers of good automobiles realize the importance of protecting their fine engines with oil filters

It intercepts the oil as it circulates through the lubricating system, and filters it. Removes the grit and the road dust and hard carbon deposits and metal particles—then sends it on its way, clean and purified.

The Purolator adds immeasurably to the smooth, sweet, quiet performance of your engine—adds thousands of miles to its life and increases the trade-in value of your car. The Purolator requires no care. It operates perfectly until it has caught and stored away from the moving parts of your engine all of the dirt and grit that it will hold. This usually happens after about 8000 miles—and to put it back in operation requires only a few minutes.

Your garage man simply removes the old metal housing and inserts a new metal cartridge and your car rolls away for another 8000 miles of smooth running—another 8000 miles of motor insurance.

Just ask your garage man about the Purolator. He'll tell you that every good engine *deserves* this protection. His job is to keep your car on the road—*and he knows.* Motor Improvements, Inc., 363 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, N. J.

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

QUICKER than Steak or Chops

Fry Chicken this New Way

Hormel Fried Chicken—5 Minute Magic
Cut the whole, ready-cooked chicken into parts as usual; or into halves. Roll in flour. Brown quickly in hot fat.

THIS is the new—quick—*easy* way to enjoy a chicken dinner. No planning ahead necessary. An hour of kitchen labor saved!

Hormel Chicken is cooked, ready for instant use, just as it comes to you. All you do is heat and brown it.

Tasty, juicy chicken! For it is cooked a *new* way—Flavor-Sealed. That means cooked after being sealed in its package. None of the flavors and juices can escape, as in ordinary cooking.

Every Hormel Chicken is a selected milk-fed chicken. Plucked and cleaned perfectly. Inspected and certified to be healthy and wholesome by U. S. Government inspectors. Then sealed in its package and cooked immediately. The whole chicken—not cut up nor boned, with all the white meat, dark meat and natural juices.

At all leading food stores. Whole Chicken or Halves—2 to 4½ lbs., net weight. Sealed and U. S. Certified. Keep a package on hand for instant use. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

Distributors in the British Isles: Marples, Jones & Co., Ltd., Liverpool, England.

Jelled Juices—These contain the very essence of the chicken, obtainable in no other way. Marvelous for soups and gravies.

Cold Chicken—Chill the package thoroughly in your refrigerator. Open and serve a Whole Chicken in its own jelled juices.

Broiled—Warm package in hot water and pour off juices. Wipe chicken dry. Dot with butter. Place under broiler 10 to 12 minutes. Baste often.

***FLAVOR-SEALED ECONOMY**

In Flavor-Sealed Chicken you do not pay for head, feet, viscera—about 1/4 the weight of chicken as usually bought. There is almost no cooking shrinkage in Flavor-Sealed Chicken, compared to a shrinkage of about 1/3 the weight in home cooked chicken.

Only Hormel Foods are Flavor-Sealed

Included are Chicken (Whole and Half), Ham (Whole and Half), Spiced Ham, Pork Tongue and Luncheon Meat.

HORMEL * Flavor Sealed CHICKEN

READY COOKED—MILK FED WHOLE OR HALVES

BALLYHOO

(Continued from Page 36)

threats had been made against him in any quarter. No one knew anything, nor did the detectives find the trail.

More and more convinced that someone was gunning for him in earnest, Dempsey continued to ask questions and to keep detectives searching and months later in Detroit he learned authoritatively that it had been an attempted kidnaping for ransom. Dempsey characteristically dropped the matter there and said nothing except to such friends as inquired.

Most of the best ballyhoos I think of were like the Jock Malone story—sudden inspirations, jack rabbits that popped out of the brush and were off winging. Malone, with an Irish distaste for anything English, was chaperoned to Boston by his manager, Tommy Walsh, no rumdum as a ballyhoo artist, to meet Frank Moody. Moody claimed the English light-heavyweight title, champion of the cruiser division, as they say over there.

Fighting for His Partner

Malone and Walsh were riding over the Charlestown bridge together several days before the fight. "If this lime-juice mug, Moody, decisions me, know what I'm going to do?" the boxer asked his manager. "I'm going to jump off this bridge."

Walsh eyed Malone critically. "Jock, will you stand for that one? We'll crack a double-column headline with it in every sheet in town, sure."

Like a good boy, Malone left all such weighty matters to his manager, and Walsh headed for the nearest newspaper office. The story he dressed up as he rode was that Malone hated the English so fanatically that he had sworn to punish himself and to wash the honor of Ireland clean by jumping off the 80-foot bridge if he should lose to Moody. Jock played his rôle to the hilt as they went from sport desk to sport desk.

It was a perfect freak story, particularly in a city nearly half Irish, and the newspapers had a merry time with it. Then Malone lost the decision to the Englishman. He could have laughed off his promise or taken the first train out, but he did neither. At an appointed and properly publicized hour, with thousands looking on, he dived off the bridge.

Now for the second barrel. The fight had been close. By his gameness in keeping his threat at considerable risk to his safety, Malone won new sympathy. Thus prepared, he demanded a second chance. "If Moody licks me again," he swore, "I'll not only jump off the bridge again, but I'll agree not to come up."

With such a hurrah, the second match was inevitable. And Malone, with the additional inducement of avoiding a watery grave, beat Moody on points this time. Jock and his manager were homeward-bound for Chicago the next day. "Tell me something, Jock," ventured Walsh. "What was going to be your out in case you hadn't grabbed the decision?"

"Easy," the boxer explained. "You were the lad who was going to make the second jump. We split 50-50 on everything, don't we? I tossed in my half the first time. That's why I fought so hard and snatched the decision. I didn't want to lose my partner."

Since when Walsh has been more conservative with his ballyhoo.

Any promoter leads the life of a fireman, always on duty. His letterheads carry both his day and night telephone numbers and most of the managers do their long-distance talking after midnight when the rates are lowest. Substitutions are the worst news. The public does not like them, yet they will happen. When a phone rings I ask myself automatically, "Who's off the card now?"

This is so likely a mischance that I always carry a string of possible replacements in my mind. There was a time when we let fighters in free on the chance that we might use them at the last minute, but that was in a day when boxers weighed in at the ringside. We still speak of ringside weights, but that ceremony takes place at 2 P.M. now under careful medical inspection. We have at least six hours in which to fill up the ranks and the boy who has starved himself or dried himself out until he feels like the Mohave Desert in September in order to make weight, can go out and replenish his wasted tissues in safety before the gong rings. "Let's eat" is the stock remark of a boxer stepping off the official scales.

It often is wiser to cancel a main bout rather than to try to patch it up, yet at least once I picked up a substitute for an important match who was better than the original. Carl Morris was to meet Gunboat Smith at Buffalo on February 4, 1918, and the Gunboat cracked up a fist in training. Heavyweights of a size to tackle the hulking Sapulpa fireman were few and far between. I put in three or four telephone calls for managers; we call it fishing. The best prospect my partners and I could think of was Homer Smith. About 1 A.M. the phone rang. It was Horace Lerch, sporting editor of a morning paper, and one of my partners.

"You don't need to bother with Homer Smith," he informed me. "A guy named Dempsey laid him low in Racine, Wisconsin, tonight."

"Dempsey?"

"He calls himself Jack; no other details," concluded Lerch.

"Get the winner" is an old rule. Ed Smith, sporting editor of the Chicago American, was a clearing house for the trade in that territory and the operator got him for me about two o'clock.

"Yes, I just saw him fight at Racine," Smith answered. "You know Jack Kearns? He's managing the boy. He just came in with me and is sitting here. Want to talk to him?"

"How good, actually, is this unknown of yours?" I asked Kearns just as if I expected him to tell me the candid truth.

Don't Let Dempsey Get Hurt

The manager described something that appeared to combine the best features of John L. Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries and Fitzsimmons.

"But is he big enough for this Morris mountain?" I insisted.

"Sure, sure," came back Kearns' voice. "You'll like this fighter."

We settled finally on $750 and two railroad tickets, which was about $250 more than Dempsey ever had been paid before.

Kearns, I learned later, did not tell Dempsey that he was meeting Morris. He let him believe that Gunboat Smith would be in the other corner, the reason being that Dempsey had some misgivings about the Oklahoma fireman. Had I looked in the record book, I should have learned that the two had met before.

If Dempsey had misgivings, so had I. You may think of him as a big man. He isn't, particularly, and alongside Morris he was a lightweight. I didn't see him until Sunday afternoon, and the fight was Monday night. Had there been time I should have found another substitute. Morris weighed in at 226. We announced Dempsey's weight as 196; actually it was 182. This was the only time in my life that I spoke to a referee in advance of a fight. I asked Dick Nugent to stop it quickly if it proved too one-sided.

In the dressing room, I said to Jack: "Do me a favor? Don't take off your bath robe until the last minute."

"Sure, but what's the idea?"

"Just a whim of mine," I put him off. The whim was that with his robe hanging loosely about him, his relative frailty would not be noticed. As he sat waiting in his corner he saw me giving the timekeeper a message similar to that I had given the referee, and Jack knew well enough what I was saying.

It is hard for me to believe in the light of what happened that Dempsey had given the giant Morris a second thought. He told me so himself. I shouldn't have believed anyone else. If you ever have seen a bullfight and the maddened charge of the bull into the arena out of the suddenly opened gate, you will know what Dempsey was like when the gong sounded. He cut the bigger man to pieces, was the greatest fighting machine I ever saw.

When the round ended, instead of going to his corner, he came snorting along the ropes, shaking his head like a bull, to within hailing distance of me to call: "How am I going, kid?"

"O. K. O. K." I yelled and waved him back.

Corbett's One Winner

In the fifth round Morris in desperation began to throw his punches wild and fouled his man. When Nugent stepped in and warned Morris sharply, Dempsey jumped back, protesting, "Don't let them give it to me on a foul. I don't want it on a foul." By the next round Morris was out on his feet and Nugent stopped the slaughter. They met once again at New Orleans and Morris was knocked out.

The Buffalo fight put Jack on the main road to the championship he was to win more than a year later. From that day on I would have backed him to defeat anyone. In my enthusiasm I wrote to Bob Edgren and Hype Igoe to exhort them to get on the band wagon. Jim Corbett came to town playing a vaudeville skit. We are old friends.

Presuming on this, I told him, "Jim, you are supposed never to have picked a winner in your life. Here is your chance. I don't know who is writing your syndicate stuff for you, but tell him to get aboard Dempsey with the family jewels." Without having seen Dempsey, Corbett took a chance. That was one more reason why Willard was a favorite at Toledo.

A year later Corbett and I met in the Secor Hotel in Toledo. "I'm sunk again, Charley," he mourned. "I've seen Dempsey. Man, he's too small!" We went out to see Willard spar and Corbett sighed, "What a man! What a man!" But he stuck to his guns.

Willard did look magnificent, but I always have contended that he dieted himself into condition instead of working. Willie O'Niell disposed of my last doubts, if I had any. He was a Buffalo boy and Willard's trainer. I went to him before the fight. "I only want to know one thing and that for myself alone," I told O'Niell. "Is Willard really in shape?"

"See that red barn?" He pointed to a building not more than two hundred yards away. "Jess couldn't run that far. His feet are no good."

Every good fighter has his days when he is unbeatable; none was ever uniformly good. They are not machines. July 4, 1919, was one of Dempsey's days. I think Willard was unbeatable at Havana. I think Dempsey never was better than at Jersey City. Though Carpentier seemed to give him more trouble than others had, no one could have beaten him that afternoon. His own opinion is that he was at tops against Firpo, but I doubt it. They still tell the story that Dempsey's hands were overtaped at Toledo. I helped to cut the bandages off and know that it was not so.

"You don't see the knock-outs you used to," the old-timers shake their heads. Tape is one of the reasons. Fighters used to wind their hands with heavy bicycle tape until their fists were like cast iron. Now they are restricted to a limited amount of adhesive tape. They used to "break" their gloves, too—that is, shoved the padding back until nothing but thin leather was left over the ridges of their knuckles. Dal

UHL

The Perfect Work Desk for TYPISTS

A COMPLETE "office" for typists and secretaries—requiring less than 5 square feet of floor space! This compact, wonderfully efficient office desk affords ample working space—at the right level—and has a place for letterheads, envelopes, carbon paper, *everything*—within easy reach.

Steel-Built—to Give Lifetime Service

Solidly built of U-shaped steel. Will not shake or wobble under the fastest typing fingers. Roll top. Folding side leaves. A good looking, long wearing, highest quality desk. Write for complete details of this desk and the complete line of UHL Steel Furniture for offices, factories, schools—"Postur-Chairs", stands, stools, tool trays, vault trucks, cafeteria chairs and tables.

Dealers — Write

The Toledo Metal Furniture Co.
1908 Hasting St. Toledo, Ohio

(9)

Meeting Spring Showers Smartly!

Let it rain—but be fully protected—yet stylishly dressed. The secret is in the new VANITEX Fabrics.

These are rubberized materials—Leatherettes, Jerseys, Tweeds or silk-like Crepes in the latest patterns and finishes for men, women and children.

Ask for VANITEX Fabrics—guaranteed waterproof—label in every garment.

VAN CLEEF BROS., *Rubberizing Division*
Woodlawn Ave., 77th to 78th Sts., Chicago

RETAILERS!—Rainwear of VANITEX Fabrics in all the smart stylish modes is sold by leading raincoat manufacturers—names furnished on request.

FABRIC MADE BY VAN CLEEF BROS. CHICAGO — GENUINE Vanitex WATERPROOF FABRIC

The Towels that the well-dressed bathroom wears are

BOOTT
LOWELL TOWELS MASS.

At your Dealers. Or send 25 cents for sample fast color guest towel.
Orchid, Green, Blue, Rose, Maize, Peach

PATENTS
BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
BEST RESULTS
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

Wake up, old scalp—

and grow new hair!

TRY this setting-up exercise once a week and you need not fear baldness. First, a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic applied directly to the scalp. Then a brisk massage with the tips of the fingers—round and round, with special attention to the crown of the head and temples. Then your usual shampoo.

The massage stimulates circulation and loosens the scalp. The Tonic cleanses every part of the scalp and leaves just the right amount of oil around the hair roots. Watch your hair respond! It will be thicker and more alive and your scalp will feel better.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is sold in convenient shaker-type bottles—2 sizes—at all good drug stores. A product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

Hawkins of San Francisco used to knock opponents out with a simple twist of the wrist. His hand scarcely seemed to move, yet he knocked them cold. It was a trick blow, but iron-taped hands and broken gloves made it possible.

It is the fashion now to dismiss Willard as just a ton of flesh. If you believe everything you hear, Johnson sold him the title for cash at Havana, then reclined gracefully on his back and blinked into the Cuban sun, and Jess held the title a while by leaning on a few spavined has-beens and never-wasers until he crushed the wind out of them. The story will do for Sweeney, but not for Murray. I knew him when he still called himself Cowboy Jess. I remember the first time I ever saw him.

A February nor'wester blew Paddy Lavin through the revolving doors of the Iroquois Hotel one night enough years ago. Lavin saw me at the cigar counter. "I think I've got something you can use," he said. "An outsize heavyweight who can both put and take and won't trip over his ears."

I told Lavin to bring him in. He was immense, but no fat. At no time was Jess Willard a dub. He had all the motions of a fighter and he got better before he got worse. Marvin Smith and George Rider, rival promoters, put him on against Sailor White in a little club bout. He hit White on the chin and literally lifted him off his feet. It was said that Willard never hit his hardest in his pre-championship days for fear of crippling or killing an opponent. It was a good story and I happen to believe it.

Bringing the Boys to Market

He went to Youngstown and lost a decision to Dan McMahon some time later. Willard believed that he had won and he came back discouraged. I found him drooped over the Iroquois cigar stand and low in spirits.

"Tell me the truth," he asked me. "Is there any use in my going on with this? I've about made up my mind if the McMahon sort can whip me that I'd better get a job as a cop or go back to farming."

I rallied to the rescue. I not only believed in him, but he had made himself a drawing card in Buffalo. To keep him going, I hustled up a match with Dan Daley, another giant and a slugger. That was one furious tangle and for eight rounds it was a toss-up who would win. In the ninth Willard knocked Daley out. Jack Curley was sitting at the ringside. He had been on a still hunt for a White Hope to send against Jack Johnson and he chose the Man Mountain that night. The woods were full of White Hopes—the three Als, Palzer, Kaufman and Norton; Morris, Luther McCarty, Frank Moran, Tom Kennedy, not to mention Fireman Jim Flynn and Gunboat Smith, but Willard was elected.

Managers are a maligned class. In the popular picture they are sharpshooters who pick up a promising boy or two and live in idle ease by exploiting them as per the story of the boxer who looked up at the count of ten to see his manager taking his royal ease at the ringside. "I lit a fighter, but I got up a manager," the boy announced to the wide, wide world. The popular picture is wrong, as usual. True, the fight manager has changed much. In other days he was a trainer as well, probably an ex-fighter. He lived with his boys, bet his all on them out of loyalty and was out on the road with them at sunup matching stride for stride.

When boxing became a business, the fight manager became a business man. He may never have had a pair of six-ounce gloves on his hands, but he is a salesman and he needs to be. He is on the long-distance telephone much of the time and mailing out a stream of literature to promoters and sporting editors across the country, planting leads and contacts. If they can't use his boy this month, they may the next.

He has something to sell and has to sell it in a market as competitive as automobiles, radios or face creams. Most of his goods will be run-of-the-mill boxers of which there is always a surplus. If they are to stand out of the ruck, his ballyhoo will have to do it. If he develops a champion or finds one on his doorstep, he at once becomes general manager of a big business which requires all the time and ability he may have.

To readers who only glance at the sport page and who hear of fights only when they make the front page, champions seem to spring from nowhere. Their rise is rocket-like at times, even to followers of the sport. I probably know as many boxers as any man, yet the heavyweight champion of 1932 may easily be a boy whose name I have not heard to date. You may depend upon it, however, that he is pounding away somewhere, with his manager carrying the banner. Championships are not won without preparation.

Dempsey's name was unknown to me in February, 1918, seventeen months before he hit the top, yet he had been fighting for three or four years then and Kearns had been grooming and ballyhooing him for a year and a half. After several years of ring experience, Dempsey was worth only a railroad ticket from Ogden to San Francisco and $5 to Kearns. The former had fought Fat Willie Meehan in San Francisco and lost. The manager, returning from a stay in Australia, decided on what he heard of Dempsey's showing, to match the two again and wired the ticket and $5. Kearns did not meet the train, nor even bother to look the boy up for a week. He did, however, send a messenger to the station to conduct Dempsey to Kearns' mother's home. The home cooking and regular sleep he got under Mother Kearns' roof had much to do with Dempsey's turning the tables on Meehan, on which showing Kearns took him on.

Every city is honeycombed with youngsters who dream of managing champions. They pick up some other boy in a gymnasium and begin ballyhooing him to the local promoters and sporting editors, the clearing houses of the trade. If they don't succeed at first, they try, try again, or until father demands that they go to work. If they succeed they may be selling a string of seven or eight boxers and trading shares in them with other managers on the curb market. But I see no exploitation. Usually it is a happy-go-lucky fifty-fifty partnership, the manager carrying the purse direct to the dressing room and cutting it in two there.

Hunting a Soft Spot for Vernon

I get as much mail as Clara Bow and there is more variety to mine, I'll bet. Pulling a letter at random from today's heap, I read: "If it is not too late, I wish you would try to use Dickie Dugan on the Slattery-Scozza card February tenth. Dugan owes me a little over a thousand dollars and I would like to get out of the barrel with him. Trusting that you will be able to do this for me, I am." Probably times have been dull with Dugan, and his manager has been financing him on tick.

Another letter at random, the names changed of course. "Am turning my Catawba District amateur heavyweight champion, Vernon Vicious, professional, sending in his application to the state today. Now if agreeable, I would like you to put Vernon on for me against someone not too warm for a starter. Have seen this Young McGoofus, I think his name is, working out at the Newsboys' Gym and I believe that he and Vernon would make a nice 4-round argument. One thing is sure and that is Vernon has a big following in this section and would pull a big bunch from here and if you would take him along easy he would make you some money."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Murray and Mr. Stout.

Make this test on your lawn. Put Lōma *on one-half of your lawn, according to directions; and leave the other half unfed. You will be surprised at the difference after a week or ten days.*

"After the fifth day—

the grass on the Lōma-treated *side needed cutting"*

IT may be a severe test of a plant food to apply it to a lawn in poor shape, but it's a still more severe test to try it on a lawn that is already beautiful. The lawn of Mrs. Lloyd P. Hepburn, of Philipse Manor, New York, was such a handsome piece of smooth, green sward that it seemed impossible for anything to make it look better.

But Mrs. Hepburn is very much interested in new developments affecting gardening. She is, in fact, president of the Philipse Manor Garden Club. So last Summer she permitted a demonstration of Lōma to be made on a section of her lawn.

"Actually, in less than a week's time, there was a marked difference in the thickness and growth of the grass on the Lōma-treated section. Ordinarily the grass wouldn't need cutting for ten days. But at the end of the fifth day, the grass on the Lōma-fed section was ready to be mowed. The Lōma-fed grass, too, was very rich in color, a fine, vivid green."

Following this demonstration, Mrs. Hepburn decided to have her entire lawn treated with Lōma.

* * *

The demonstrations supervised by such gardening enthusiasts as Mrs. Hepburn have led thousands of other home-owners throughout the country to prove for themselves the power of Lōma.

Everywhere the results are the same. In less than two weeks' time, the grass treated with Lōma is noticeably taller, thicker, greener.

Try Lōma on your own lawn. Try it, too, on your vegetables and your flowers. This rich, concentrated plant food nourishes the roots, produces bigger and juicier vegetables, larger and brighter blooming flowers.

You can get Lōma in convenient sized packages from any dealer in lawn or garden supplies. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

"The Lōma*-fed plants were already in full bloom while the unfed plants were just beginning to bud," says Mr. George Johnson, Superintendent of the widely known Bay State Nurseries of North Abington, Mass. Mr. Johnson personally supervised the demonstration of* Lōma*, under strict test conditions, on a bed of larkspur.*

The Bay State Nurseries were the only nurserymen to receive the special centennial gold medal awarded at the Centennial Exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society last Spring.

Lōma

Apply it now + for a beautiful Lawn and Garden

© 1930, T. C. & C. Corp.

Hit the INDIAN TRAIL *. . . to Health and High Adventure*

ONLY a sportsman appreciates a motorcycle. No box of glass and wood for him . . . he wants to feel the sun on his back, the breeze in his hair . . . to watch the road slip beneath him, to see the blue sky above. Out in the open, to see all around, to breathe pure air, to venture into places no motorist can go—that's sporting transportation.

And it is no wonder an Indian is the outdoor man's choice—it snaps away like a ball off Babe Ruth's bat . . . it slips through traffic like a clever quarter-back . . . it takes the steepest hills with the smoothness and grace of a pole vaulter . . . it skims the open road with the flash of a sprinter or throttles down to the smooth, steady pace of a cross-country runner.

If you've never driven an Indian, go to a dealer for a demonstration . . . "kick" the motor over, settle down in the comfortable, springy saddle . . . feel the thrill of the power that throbs out of its big motor. Try it on the road . . . put it on the steepest hill you know . . . test it in traffic for snappy get-away—for quick, sure stopping. Then you will know why an Indian Motocycle is "The Sportsman's Steed."

INDIAN MOTOCYCLE CO., DEPT. C3, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Indian SILVER ARROW OUTBOARD MOTOR

INDIAN goes nautical, too!

Now you can enjoy on the waterways famous, dependable *Indian* power in the new Indian Silver Arrow Outboard Motor. It is a Class B motor—strong, clean cut in design, loaded with power.

Indian MOTOCYCLES

It embodies all the experience Indian has acquired in 27 years of building small power plants. Power, speed, stamina—all you look for in an outboard, plus an ease of starting hitherto unknown. Here is a dependable, sturdy motor designed to make carefree many hours of happiness on the water.

GIVE US A CHANCE

(Continued from Page 178)

tanks are equipped with thermostat control that turns on the gas or electricity when water is withdrawn from the tank and turns it off when the tank is again hot. The same mechanical principle operates in automatic refrigerators. As soon as they have reached the proper degree of coldness the machinery ceases to operate, and when the temperature rises this device trips the mechanism into action.

We have now dealt with humidity, heat, cold and sound, as instruments for tripping machinery into action. But time can also be measured, as you doubtless are aware, and your clock can trip machinery into action. For example, if you would like to have the plug pulled so that a tank of water would be emptied every day at three o'clock, that would be very simple. Light can be measured, and therefore it can trip machinery into action. It is now doing so in many places. For example, if you want the street lights to go on whenever the visibility is very low, regardless of the time of day, that can be done by a mechanical device that is absolutely automatic. Light is also used for counting in various factories where goods are carried on endless-chain conductors. A beam of light is shot across the chute on which the goods travel, and every time an article passes through that beam of light, it breaks a circuit. Each breaking of the circuit registers, and thus the articles are counted.

But that isn't all that this machinery will do. It will trip another machine into action at each count of one dozen or twelve dozen, or any other number that you fix upon, and thus assist in the packing and shipment of goods.

Saving Lives and Money

Weight can be measured, and the scales which do this can be made to trip machinery in and out of action. You can thus open a trapdoor and the automatic mechanism will hold it open until 100 tons of coal or sand or molten metal have passed through it; the scales will then close that trapdoor. Mechanical devices of this type abolish some of the most boresome jobs in the world.

The degree of fullness or emptiness of a tank or any other receptacle can be measured, and the device which does the measuring can trip machinery into action. The importance of this machinery almost equals that which measures heat, because in the processes of manufacture there is a great deal of filling and emptying of tanks. If you must have a tank of water on the roof of your factory and that tank must be always full, you can arrange this by very simple automatic devices. The moment the water falls below a certain point, a pump will go into action, and when fullness is reached the pump will be turned off. Men have been known to go to sleep when they had nothing more interesting to do than watch a tank of water, and this device, now in very general use, has saved lives as well as money.

Speed can be measured, and therefore you can trip machinery in and out of action by the measuring of it. The importance of these devices now relates largely to safety, but the possibilities are just beginning to be explored. If the operator were to drop dead while the throttle was wide open, instead of his machine going crazy and killing people, an automatic device would shut off the power and put on the brakes just as soon as his speed passed a certain fixed point. That is the present general use of speed control.

But power is being applied to a great many tools formerly operated by hand, and sometimes the demand is not only for a safety device but a regulator that will increase the speed gradually, from nothing to, let us say, twenty miles an hour, and then reduce it, again at a fixed rate, until the mechanism stands still. I could cite dozens of machines in which this demand has been met in order that they may operate automatically, but one will suffice. It is the newest type of high-speed elevator for very tall buildings.

In the newest types of elevators the operator simply indicates to his machine, by punching a button or pulling a lever, that he wishes to stop at the forty-fifth floor, and the machine does the rest. It begins to slow down at exactly the right point, and it retards with carefully measured progression until it comes to a faultless stop without having thrown anyone off his feet or, for that matter, giving the passengers an accurate impression of the rate of speed at which they had been traveling. Most of the elevators now in use are open, so that you can see the floors go by; the newer types of elevators are closed, because you wouldn't like to ride in them if you could see how fast the floors whiz through your line of vision.

This kind of speed control is really miraculous and opens enormous possibilities. Just to start an electric locomotive at twenty miles an hour and keep it at twenty wouldn't be much of a trick; but to start it at one, bring it by almost imperceptible increase to sixty, and then back to nothing is important. To make the point clear let me cite just one field of usefulness for this kind of speed control. Let us suppose that you are setting an automatic planing device to smooth a shaft of steel to perfect roundness. The blades must start slowly and work up to a certain speed very gradually, otherwise too much pressure resulting from resistance would generate heat and spoil the job. Very well. You can set that mechanism so that it will begin slowly, work up to a certain speed, then go slowly again—in other words, it can be made to behave just as a skillful workman would handle it. Thus the machine becomes completely automatic instead of only partially so.

Electric power can be measured. It is, therefore, possible to attach with entire safety delicate machinery to wires carrying enough voltage to burn it up. Automatic devices limit the amount of power that may enter the delicate machine. These devices are also useful when the source of power is unsteady and variable. The measuring device then becomes a regulating device, so that no matter how the electricity flows through the feeding power wire, the delicate machine is supplied with a steady, unvarying diet.

Distance can be measured; thus it is possible to trip machinery in and out of action when a car, for example, has gone a certain number of yards or miles. An electric locomotive with no one attending it could be sent five miles, with the machinery set so that it would immediately return or stop. The foregoing brief statement of the principles on which automatic machinery depends will help to give a clearer understanding of the miracles that are already being performed and that are destined to amaze us in ever-increasing numbers.

Packing the Razor Blades

Thus far I have tried to explain each principle with a machine employing only the one principle in question, but the normal, indeed the inevitable, trend of development toward more automatic machinery will call for the use of from two to half a dozen of these basic principles in one device. An interesting example of this is the little machine that picks up safety-razor blades, counts them, then wraps and packs them. When the safety razor was new, young women were employed to do all this, and they found it painfully slow work, not to mention cut fingers. Now the blades are picked up by the vacuum process. Next they are counted mechanically, and each operation, upon completion, trips into action the machine which performs the next. Quite a number of the basic principles upon which automatic machinery rests are employed in this one device.

At this point it may be worth while to turn back again to the gloomy philosophers, because their point of view with regard to this achievement would not check with that of the inventor. All they would see is that a great many deserving young women had been robbed of employment. What the industrialist sees is that safety-razor blades are much cheaper and therefore more of them can be sold.

The inventor regards both events as mere incidents. He is striving toward totally automatic machinery, and every achievement in one field must eventually open new possibilities in others. He knows that we have barely sighted the shores of a new world of applied science. He is aware of a great many inventions that are not yet on the market because they would cost too much. But each development toward the totally automatic brings them nearer. If we are going to stop right where we are and merely improve our present machines, unemployment might eventually result from too much mechanical perfection, though even that is open to debate. But scientific exploration into totally new fields promises more today than ever in any past era. We are at the dawn, not noonday. Industries based upon applied science will be born year after year, so that the demand for skill cannot decline. As he sees it, every human being relieved from an unimportant job must find a better one unless progress ceases. And that is unthinkable.

Two Men for Eight Generators

The most striking progress toward totally automatic machinery has been made in the hydroelectric field. There are now in operation in this and many other countries hydroelectric plants that operate without the aid of a single human hand. Just as a matter of precaution, inspectors visit them, possibly once in two weeks, but they seldom find anything wrong. Results approximating these are also obtained in much larger plants, but since there is no economic necessity for dispensing entirely with human supervision where the value of the product is large, a few men are generally engaged to watch the machines. The largest automatically controlled hydroelectric plant in the world is on the Ohio River just below Louisville, Kentucky. It generates 100,000 kilowatts and is under the guidance of two men, a supervisor and a floor attendant. There are eight generators in this plant, but the only operation which the floor attendant must perform is to start one of them. Thereafter the machinery will take care of itself.

In order to make clear what this means as an engineering feat, you must have in mind the many possibilities of trouble in a generator. For example, over-voltage, low oil pressure in the governor system, overspeed, overheated machine bearings, and ground fault in the generator armature windings. Each one of these is guarded against by automatic devices that will stop the machinery and give notice of the trouble. Beside each generator there is a small cubicle of glass and steel housing a panel on which various lights and buttons report the condition of that unit of the plant. Wires from this panel lead to a central control board where the whole plant can be supervised and controlled by one man. Ordinary routine at this station calls for hourly inspection of meters and indicators in each cubicle, and that is just about all. In times of emergency the throwing of one single switch would place the entire plant under manual control. Now, this is the kind of machinery that scientists, engineers and inventors regard with pride. I have described here the largest plant of its kind in the world, but it is less important from an engineering point of view than the

Cracked Walls
made good as new

You can easily make cracked walls and ceilings good as new with Rutland Patching Plaster—the quick, money-saving mender. Just mix with a little water, then fill crack or hole. If you want a perfect, lasting job, be sure to ask for *Rutland* Patching Plaster—made by the secret Rutland formula that insures absolute whiteness and permanence. At paint, wall-paper and hardware stores. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vermont.

RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER

Can dandruff be checked?

Here are the facts:

Why tolerate dandruff? It *can* be checked.

Pine tar and cleanliness will keep your scalp dandruff-free—your doctor will tell you that. This treatment, endorsed for 60 years, combines both remedies:

Wet your hair. Massage the rich, tonic pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse—finally in cold water to close the pores.

In severe cases do this every other day until scalp clears. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. Then keep up *regular* weekly Packer shampoos, to prevent recurrence. You can't reasonably expect now-and-then care to keep your scalp clean of dandruff—and it won't.

Sample Cake and book on hair health—10¢. **Packer's**, Dept. 23-D, 101 W. 31st St., New York

PACKER'S Tar Soap

Built for Comfort!

Genuine black kid. Soft, easy fitting, comfortable. Strongly built for long wear. Placed-right Arch Support relieves ailments, ends pain. Snug-fitting heel; foot-conforming last. No wrinkled linings during life of shoe. Features you've long wanted at a price you know is right. Sizes 3 to 15. Ask your dealer.

$5 Pat. Coast $5.50 Little more for sizes 13, 14, 15

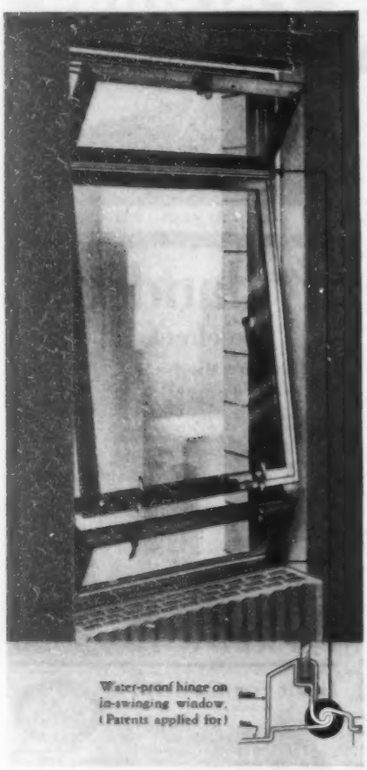
M. T. SHAW, Inc.
Dept. 7, Coldwater, Mich.

Shoe Dealers write at once!

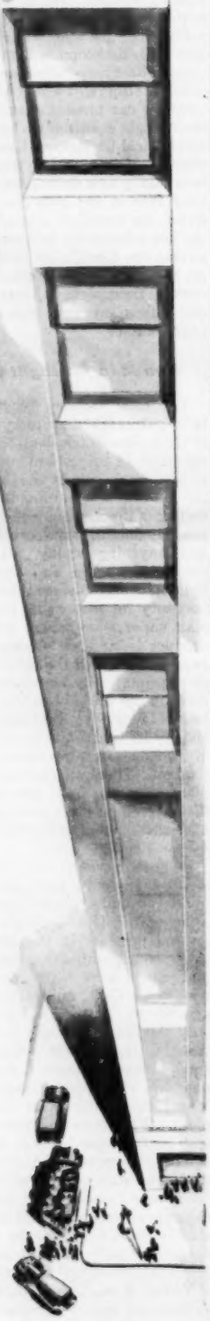
Eliminate *this* hazard →

Perched on a narrow window ledge, the window washer endangers his own life and the lives of those who pass below... Outside window washing is a needless and costly hazard—an abnormal expense in wages and insurance... The new IN-SWINGING SEALAIR WINDOW may be washed from the INSIDE—safely, thoroughly, economically... SEALAIR operates with ease and is weatherproof when closed. It provides controlled draftless ventilation and requires no upkeep. These accomplishments make SEALAIR the safest, most satisfactory window for commercial buildings. Write for information on in-swinging windows.

THE KAWNEER COMPANY
Manufacturers of
BRONZE STORE FRONTS, WINDOWS AND DOORS
2590 Front St., Niles, Mich.
Subsidiary: Berkeley, Calif.



Water-proof hinge on in-swinging window. (Patents applied for)



Kawneer
SEALAIR
WINDOWS

CONSULT AN ARCHITECT · THE SERVICE IS VALUABLE

much smaller plants that are totally automatic, for the reason that the expense of a score or more of employes would not be burdensome in the generation of 100,000 kilowatts, while one employe would be burdensome to some of the tiny generators that nestle in remote creek bottoms. Some of them are tucked away in obscure little valleys on obscure little streams that freeze over in the wintertime. They work away day and night through all the summer and fall, and when winter comes the ice stops them, but in the spring they resume operations. This type of machinery makes possible the use of water power that would otherwise be wasted.

In 1911, Mr. Alex Dow, president of the Detroit Edison Company, remarked that Detroit was spreading all over the map. Prosperous industrial and residential suburbs were sprouting on all sides. It occurred to him that his company could supply electric light and power to all of these new communities if he could set up inexpensive substations at strategic points. He presented the problem to the General Electric Company of Schenectady, New York, with the suggestion that the most inexpensive type would be an absolutely automatic one. The engineers went to work on this idea and the first automatic substation without a man in or around it was plugged into operation on Christmas Day, 1914. Now they are in service all over the world.

In order to make machinery work without the guidance of the human brain, something approximating a brain has to be supplied. In the electrical field this device is called a "relay." When copper wires first began to carry electricity, if anything happened, men had to go out and hunt for the trouble. Thousands of men were so employed. Nowadays they don't have to hunt for the trouble, because the relay tells them exactly where it is. The relay not only tells them where it is but the moment anything goes wrong it shuts off the power. Still more remarkable, if the trouble is of brief duration the relay will turn on the power again.

Thus, wires can be subdivided into circuits very much like the divisions of a steam railway system and each circuit is guarded. If trouble occurs on Circuit 5 only that one is thrown out of action by the relay. Every other part of the system remains in service.

Making Statistics Usable

One of the most picturesque uses of automatic machinery is in the larger switching yards of important trunk-line railways. Formerly railway cars were shunted about by switch engines and a switchman rode on each car to apply the brakes when it had arrived at the proper place. Now the tracks are equipped with automatic car retarders. Long strings of cars are pushed up over a hump in the tracks and start rolling by gravity. Men in towers operate the switches so that each car goes where it belongs, and when it has arrived the retarder stops it.

An amazing achievement, typical of modern development toward totally automatic machinery, is the electrical device which tabulates statistics. For example, you have statistics relating to 100,000 persons; there is a card for each person, and it tells that person's age, income, occupation and a lot of other things about him. Now let us suppose that you want to know how many out of that 100,000 live in the country and own automobiles costing more than $1200 and are less than thirty-five years of age and are married. Your cards have little holes in them instead of printed or written words. A hole at a certain point indicates that the person is married, at another point single, and so forth. You drop these 100,000 cards into your machine and you set the various triggers and gadgets so that only the facts you want will register. Then you pull the lever and those cards go through the machine as though driven by a whirlwind. When the operation is completed, a box will contain each card that describes the sort of person you have in mind—that is to say, those who live in the country, own automobiles costing more than $1200 and are less than thirty-five years of age and are married. Without machinery of this kind, statistics covering large numbers of persons would be almost valueless, because the information would be too old by the time clerks had tabulated it. Moreover, it would probably be too expensive for any practical use. The principle on which this machinery works is electrical contact through the punch holes which take the place of printed matter.

A Permanent Market for Skill

When the subject of automatic machinery is discussed outside of technically informed circles, one encounters much misinformation and cloudy thinking. Under the head of misinformation, first position should be accorded to the often-reiterated statement that the machine is invariably more accurate than the artisan. That is not true. Within certain easily attainable limits the machine is just as accurate as the man while working more rapidly and at lower cost, but as the demands for accuracy rise the machine loses its job to the artisan. Machinery will serve very well to punch out pieces of an automobile that must be accurate within one or two thousandths of an inch, but when the requirement is accuracy within the hundred-thousandth part of the inch, a skilled human hand must return to guide the tools. The machine can't do that sort of thing. No matter whether it is in the field of fine measurements or in some other demanding delicate accuracy, the skilled artisan remains indispensable.

Every new machine makes new places and well-paid ones for indispensable men. This is what the inventor and the scientist see when they look at the trend of our development. At present we have reached the point where power plants lift the burden from the backs of labor. Partially automatic machinery lifts another part of the burden and we come to the point where there is less slavery and more wealth, but we haven't yet banished dull jobs. The goal toward which we are moving, however, is to take the man out of the dull job and put him to work making the machine that makes the machine that makes the product. At present we are still busy making the product. On the way to our ideal achievement the inventor attacks the points of least resistance, and these inevitably turn out to be the poorest-paid jobs, and the dirtiest jobs, and often the most dangerous jobs industry now affords. There is tremendous economic pressure upon the makers of machinery to liberate industry from as many of these jobs as possible. If the workman is in the truest sense a mere menial to the machine and not skilled, he is probably completely side-tracked so far as promotion is concerned. And that is bad for the organization as a whole. It leads to discontent, bad morale, heavy overturn of labor. Moreover, the poorest jobs must pay a living wage which may be out of all proportion to what the service is worth in dollars and cents, judged on the basis of comparison with the wages and salaries paid to indispensable men.

The inventor who has something totally new usually finds it difficult to develop a market, but the industrialists listen eagerly to news about any device that reduces their pay rolls in the bottom brackets. These inventions mean an immediate financial return.

Scientists no less than other humans respond to an eager demand for their work; that is why a great deal of attention is now being turned toward making machinery really automatic. If, in the course of ten or twelve years, we can strike a general average and say that our machinery is on the whole approximately semiautomatic, the scientists and inventors would consider that a reasonable time to begin talking about the machine age. Their present opinion is that we might postpone discussion of it until we make its acquaintance.

A Tiny Medallion tells you what fur experts know

Be Sure This Medallion is Attached to the Scarf You Buy . . . *EVERY GENUINE FROMM PEDIGREED SILVER FOX bears this medallion, attached to the pelt at the furring ranch. Each medallion bears a number, identifying the pedigree of the fox. Be sure this medallion is intact on the scarf you buy. You remove it—and return it to Fromm Bros. for pedigree certificate, a transcript from stud book, describing the scarf you have purchased.*

YOU, TOO, CAN IDENTIFY THE GENUINE FROMM PEDIGREED SILVER FOX . . . . FINEST OF FUR SCARFS . . . .

FOR twenty-one years, fur experts have recognized the pelts from the Fromm Bros. Fox Farms in northern Wisconsin as symbols of superiority in furs. Your fur expert can instantly identify the fullness and silkiness of fur and the perfection of marking . . . the heritage of a Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox, handed down through twenty-one years of pure strain breeding and scientific feeding and rearing. Now, in the present crop of 4,000 pelts, you are offered the culmination of all those years of striving and achievement in the snow-swept forests of northern Wisconsin. And when you see a silver fox scarf, marked with the silvery medallion shown above, you will know that you are looking at a genuine Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox . . . most perfect, most beautiful of furs.

FROMM PEDIGREED SILVER FOXES
FROMM BROS. HAMBURG, WISCONSIN

THIS COUPON BRINGS YOU A FASCINATING BOOKLET—ON THE STORY OF FROMM. It tells the story behind the 4,000 Silver Fox Pelts worthy to bear the name of Fromm. It tells you how to care for a fur scarf. Send the coupon — now — for this interesting and instructive booklet.

FROMM BROS. SEP-4-5-30
Hamburg, Wis.

Gentlemen:

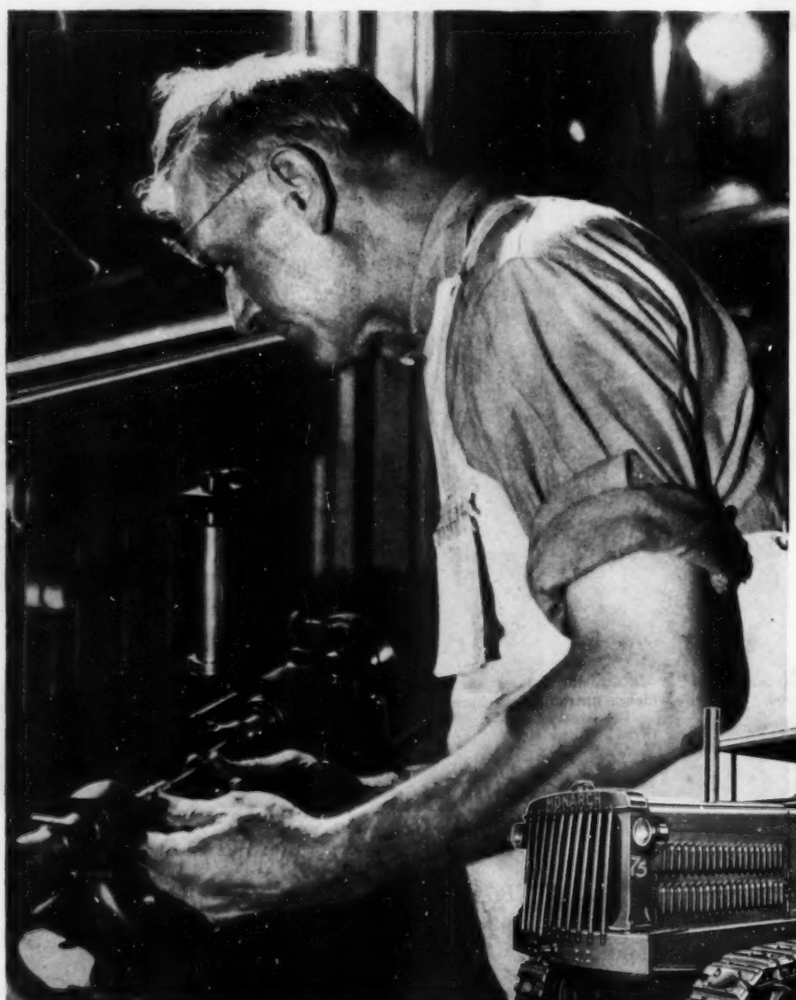
Send me booklet on Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes. This entails no obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

That accuracy in production may assure more perfect performance



In this room the great power machines used by Allis-Chalmers lose their magnitude to be scrutinized in terms of minute thousandths of an inch. The micrometer used in testing the dies and gauges is one of the most accurate in operation . . . even the heat of fingertips affects its delicate measurements.

DIRT MOVING
Greater traction, due to longer tracks. Weight balanced well forward.

LOGGING
Perfectly balanced. Easily steered, Monarchs weave their way with the least damage to young trees.

FARMING
Greater power to pull larger implements at greater speed. Increased farm profits. Lower production costs.

ROAD BUILDING
Combination of clutches and truck-type steering wheel makes steering easy.

IT is said that genius consists of an infinite capacity for taking pains. If this be true, then Allis-Chalmers has most certainly displayed infinite genius in producing its Monarch Tractors. Accuracy to minute thousandths of an inch guards their perfect performance . . . perfection of the most minute detail builds into them a rugged strength that has extended the meaning of "lowest cost per drawbar horsepower" over a period of years . . . and made the Monarch the most outstanding track-type tractor of the age.

As a product of Allis-Chalmers the Monarch is truly a remarkable accomplishment. It has raised the standard of track-type tractor performance . . . It has brought mechanical refinements that reflect the highest engineering ability . . . It has lessened man's labor in building good roads . . . in harvesting crops . . . in constructing great buildings and in accomplishing public improvements. It has lent a powerful hand to progress . . . And just as the world has always looked to Allis-Chalmers for power machinery . . . it now looks to Allis-Chalmers for tractors . . . and is answered by Allis-Chalmers with Monarch.

Monarch Tractors are sold by authorized dealers in the United States, Canada and Foreign Countries.

ALLIS-CHALMERS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Tractor Division)
Specialists in Power Machinery Since 1846
Springfield, Ill. MILWAUKEE, WIS. La Crosse, Wis.
Allis-Chalmers 20-35 Tractors — United Wheel and Crawler Tractors
Monarch 75-30-35 Crawler Tractors — La Crosse Implements

ALLIS-CHALMERS AC MILWAUKEE

Allis-Chalmers Monarch Tractors

THE OVERTHROW IN SPAIN

(Continued from Page 15)

metallic quality fused into the make-up of Cortés and Pizarro. In September, 1923, Primo was fifty-three, or exactly fourteen years older than was Mussolini when he became overlord of Italy. This was the type of man who became second charter member of the European dictator club.

Primo's debut as dictator was in sharp contrast with the tumult and shouting that swirled about Mussolini's appearance on the official scene. The Spaniard arrived in Madrid by regular train and without display. The Italian was announced to Rome by the famous march of his legions. He himself made a dramatic flight to the capital by plane from Milan. Standing alongside the king, whose power from that moment he assumed, he reviewed the black shirts which were henceforth to be the symbols of rule. Drama, so conspicuously lacking in the birth of the Primo régime, found full play in the arrival of the Duce.

Primo lost no time in getting into action. He dissolved the Cortes, suppressed the constitution, replaced juries with judges of his own choosing, put a drastic censorship on the press, and declared what amounted to a state of siege. The army was behind him to a man.

Being a soldier, his first outstanding task was to redress the military wrongs. The army had suffered terrific reverses in Morocco. He placed himself at the head of the force in the field and reorganized the campaign. Abd-el-Krim played into his hands. Inflated by success, he committed the indiscretion of attacking the French. This led to a joint Franco-Spanish offensive, engineered by Primo, against the wily Moor. It ended in his capture and the crumbling of the Riff revolt.

Primo came home in triumph. He had registered in his first adventure. He followed this up with the repacification of Catalonia, which had again been in turmoil. He laid his hand on political offenders with the same firm grip that he had put on the labor insurgents. So far so good.

First Steps of a Dictator

This brings us to still another fact which marks military dictatorship. Primo had comparatively smooth sailing so long as he stuck to the job that demanded soldierly experience. It was the work he knew. But there is a big difference between arms and statesmanship. General Grant learned it to his cost in the United States. In more recent time the distinction has been drilled into Marshal Pilsudski, in Poland, and Kemal Pasha, in Turkey. Nor was Primo an exception. His real troubles began the moment the Moroccan war was a closed incident and he turned to the task of economic and political regeneration.

Again we arrive at a kindred point of contact in all dictatorships. In a dictatorship some kind of crisis always impends, from the emergency that brings it into being until the contingency that precipitates collapse. Sometimes it is almost entirely economic, and sometimes purely political. In Spain, Primo was up against both. Once the Moroccan War was polished off, he chose the line of least resistance which was the economic phase. With every agency to impose the national mandate at his command, he could initiate public improvements which gave employment to the idle. He could impose subsidies for monopolies which stimulated production. He could encourage consortiums which brought about effective distribution.

Hence you invariably find that for a certain period the economic advantages of a dictatorship outweigh the evil of its repressive program. But a dictatorship cannot amend the law of supply and demand. When force is applied the orderly course of economic events is perverted and reaction sets in. This is precisely what is going on in Italy today, as I pointed out in the preceding article. The same procedure reached its climax in Spain with the overthrow of the system.

At the start, Primo strengthened the social and economic structure. He built roads, established thousands of schools, subsidized large families, inspired the modernization of the telephone system, advanced social legislation, encouraged airports, established monopolies in petroleum, tobacco and matches, fostered consortiums in lead, fish, naval stores, rice, cement and cork, reduced the term of military service, negotiated treaties of peace, commerce and arbitration, and invoked a new respect for Spain in the outside world. There is no doubt that in Primo there was the spirit of the empire builder. His ambition was to reassert some of the authority once wielded by Spain, Mother of Twenty Nations, when her red-and-yellow flag was the symbol of a conquest upon which the sun never set.

Proposed Constitutional Reforms

Any post-mortem on the Primo dictatorship shows that the history of iron-fisted rule always repeats itself. A people acquiesce to stern authority so long as they are prosperous. In Spain, as in Italy, there was no complaint so long as a full meal ticket was provided. In addition, the belief persisted at the start that the dictatorship would be short-lived. When Primo came into power, he said: "I only need ninety days to complete the job." From first to last, he was the incorrigible optimist. Instead of three months, he hung on for six years and three months. Each year not only made his task more difficult but his tenure increasingly precarious.

The first hostility toward him grew out of his failure to formulate a constitution. It is necessary to dwell on this for a moment, because, when all is said and done, dictatorships stand or fall through the eventual assertion of popular will. Fundamentally, a dictatorship abuses an inherent right which is untrammeled expression, whether vocally or electorally. It can get away with a perversion of this privilege just so long. Then popular nature, so to speak, takes its course even in a country like Spain, where half the population is illiterate.

For four years Primo oozed statements and articles—he was one of the world's champion letter writers—to create the illusion of real constitutional reform which never materialized. What he did was this:

In 1927, he set up what he called a National Consultative Assembly, to which was designated the task of writing a constitution. He asked the guilds, universities, labor syndicates, and the old and now defunct political parties, to name delegates. He also made a special appeal to former prime ministers and ex-speakers of the Senate and Chamber. With a fine sense of irony, the educators named practically all their representatives then in exile. Labor refused to participate, while the political parties practically remained aloof. In consequence, Primo had to name the assembly himself.

When the Consultative Assembly sat down to write a constitution, it framed a document which expressed absolutism instead of liberalism. Summed up, the proposed constitution, which consisted of more than 40,000 words, reduced the old Cortes, which had a senate and a lower house, to one chamber with 400 members. Half were to be elected by universal suffrage, but from among a restricted group. Thirty members were to be named by the king, which meant that they would be Primo's choices, while the rest were to be indicated by the various labor and other corporations. Primo had set up employer and employe bodies similar to those instituted by Mussolini.

What galled the general public most was the section of the draft constitution which provided that any legislation approved by the Cortes could be rejected by the Royal Council of State. Moreover, it did not give the great mass of the people freedom in choosing the national legislative body. In a word, the whole document made for a continuation of centralized power.

Primo's plan was to submit the constitution to a plebiscite. He thought that he could get by with it because the average Spanish peasant and city worker lack the intelligence with which to assimilate a complicated state paper. The dictator had a precedent in the plebiscite which he caused to be held in 1926 on his régime. He was the one and only issue. For three days the populace was invited to come to the various polling places throughout the country and inscribe their names on books especially prepared for this purpose. Each name registered was regarded as an individual approval of Primo's acts. Every conceivable name, including those of American motion-picture stars, was inscribed. By this farce Primo got 5,000,000 indorsers. This show was run by the Patriotic Union, which was Primo's personal political organization, formed in 1925.

The proposed constitution never got to a vote. As a soldier, Primo could strike swiftly and hard. In politics he was the inveterate procrastinator. He was finally forced to the point last autumn where he had to lift his censorship in order to permit the discussion of the constitution in the press. The moment that the lid was off, he found how unpalatable was his plan to the general public.

A curicus paradox developed. In most other monarchies what might be called the baron element is opposed to any wide constitutional latitude. In Spain the exact reverse emerged in the controversy over the constitution. The bulk of the aristocracy save those most closely associated with Primo, as well as the old political chieftains, opposed the draft framed by the Consultative Assembly. So far as the politicians were concerned, it meant that they wanted to get back to the old era of rotative government, with all its fruitful by-products. The point to be emphasized, because the same situation will inevitably develop in Italy, as it has already developed in Poland, is that an autocracy masquerading as constitutionalism "will not wash," as the British say, in the long run.

Revolt in the Army

Up to 1926, there was no formal protest against the Primo order of things. The strict censorship prevented any expression of disapproval. The café, therefore, succeeded the newspaper as a public forum. In this respect Spain enjoyed an advantage over Italy, where, in many cafés in the big cities, you see the sign: "Politics must not be discussed in this establishment."

For two years Primo depended on the army as his principal prop, and with good reason, because he had restored its prestige by winning the African war. He now made one of his supreme mistakes. He enforced a rule of promotion by merit instead of seniority. This struck at the root of army traditions. Each group in the Spanish army has a so-called *junta de defensa*, which, freely translated, means a council of defense. They were soon literally up in arms.

In May, 1926, the infantry framed a *coup* which was to wrest power from the dictator. The soldiers were joined by a group of old-line politicians, including Count Romanones, a former Liberal leader, and Captain General Weyler, of Cuban-revolution days. Romanones headed the wing that demanded the restoration of constitutional government. Primo got wind of the movement and beat the conspirators to it. Both Romanones and Weyler received heavy fines, but escaped imprisonment.

In the following September the artillery corps—the élite of the army and the king's special pet—revolted. Primo put this down with an iron hand. Martial law was declared and the ringleaders sentenced to be shot. Every artillery officer in Spain was

MAN!

WHERE IS YOUR SENSE OF FAIRNESS

REMEMBER your best pal ...your dog! Treat him right! Feed him right! Give him SPRATT'S DOG FOODS regularly! SPRATT'S Famous Foods are Vitalizing! Energizing! Stamina-building! Famed for their worth around the earth. Recommended by leading veterinarians everywhere. Acclaimed by dog fanciers as the best . . . and *proved* best by over 70 years of actual test. Ask for SPRATT'S DOG FOODS. And look for "SPRATT'S" on the package before you buy!

★ FREE! *Valuable 54 page book on the Care and Feeding of Dogs, also free samples. SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, Department S-1, Newark, N. J., or San Francisco, Cal.*

SPRATT'S DOG BISCUITS

For your canary's Health and Song

SPRATT'S EGG, FRUIT & SEED CANARY MIXTURE Sold in Packets

Time tells. Vul-Cot has many imitators. Time tells on them,—they cost far more in the end, because they cannot last or retain their appearance as Vul-Cot does. Vul-Cot costs more in "first cost" but least in the "last cost".

So, when you buy Vul-Cot, as when you buy other fine and permanent furniture, its *extra* merits—its true beauty, dignity, and supreme "rightness", cost you nothing at all.

Vul-Cots are easy to decorate; a permanent, worth-while basis on which to expend artistic efforts. Clever women originate their own individual designs. Exclusive interior decorators use them. So can you.

Guest-room, drawing-room, living room, nursery, bedroom, kitchen and bath—a Vul-Cot to harmonize with each.

Art, stationery and department stores have them. Round, oval, square; beautiful basic tones; ready to use or decorate. Vul-Cot trade-mark on each; positively not genuine if not there. National Vulcanized Fibre Co., Wilmington, Del., will send "Ideas" for home furnishers, decorators.

For Modern Standards

VUL-COT

Waste Receivers

"Right" Every Way

1. Buy a penny post card. That's all the capital you need!
2. Address it to Box 1624, 789 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
3. On the other side, write this message: "Please show me how I may earn up to $1.50 an hour in my spare time."
4. Add your name and address, and mail. We'll send you our profitable offer!

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR and Power Lawnmower

A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers. New Low Prices—Easy Terms

American Farm Machine Co. 1099 13th Av. S.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Catalog Free

DAD'S FIRST FLIGHT

I CIRCLED the house before settling the Travel Air on the lower lawn and as usual, Dad watched from the steps.

Once down, Gwen sprang out without my help. "Dad's always on hand, isn't he?" she asked as we walked toward him.

"Never misses a take-off or landing," I answered, "even though I've ceased to be a novelty to everyone else."

Gwen's next question was simple enough, but it stopped me. When she asked, "Has he ever been up?" what could I say? Neighbors, schoolmates, even the gardener had been passengers. But Dad, never. He didn't seem the type. Now I know you can't always tell.

"Dad," I said, when we approached, "Isn't it about time you and I went up to look at a few silver linings?"

"Well, son," he smiled, "if you hadn't invited me I was just about to take her off the ground myself."

We lost no time. Gwen's helmet and an overcoat were his flying clothes. We were over the elms in a twinkling. We swung around the house. Dad was getting a new idea of his world—a bird's-eye view of our grounds, the neighbors' homes, the country club where he spends so many happy hours. He was having the time of his life and his face wore a rapt expression. I took my hands from the controls—held them over my head to show the plane's automatic stability. A half hour later, back we came to the lawn in a slow glide. Dad's face was all aglow. "Wonderful experience," he said, "Never felt so big or so small before."

And he keeps getting keener! Air minded? He's positively air hungry. Why, this afternoon after we flew from the club, he said, "Say, don't you think it would be sportier if we changed the 165 engine to a 225?"

* * *

Sportsmen penetrate the wilds in their Travel Airs. In commercial flying, Travel Airs daily ply their way over mail, transport and business corporation routes. They constitute a major proportion of all commercial planes in service in the United States. And in distance and speed contests these planes capture firsts with a regularity that is almost monotonous. Full particulars about Travel Air planes, their construction and performance for commercial, industrial and private flying will be gladly sent you. Write Dept. T-9.

* * *

The Travel Air open cockpit biplane is Wright Whirlwind powered at either 165 or 225 H. P.

High speed, Wright Whirlwind 165 H. P. Engine, 122 m. p. h. High speed, Wright Whirlwind 225 H. P. Engine, 132 m. p. h.

Every Travel Air Airplane is entitled to full Curtiss-Wright day and night service at more than 40 bases throughout the continent.

TRAVEL AIR COMPANY
Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT
27 West 57th Street, New York

A PLANE FOR EVERY PURPOSE
TRAVEL AIR

deprived of his rank. Subsequently the king commuted all the death sentences. Now began the friction between the artillery and Primo which continued with increasing antagonism until the end. In all succeeding outbreaks, this branch of the service lent itself readily to every move against the existing order. The entire military force became disaffected, and it spelled Primo's ultimate doom.

From the close of 1926 until the beginning of 1929, Primo staved off disaster largely with his gestures about constitutional reform, despite a growing feeling that real reform was remote from his purpose. Spaniards, however, are so accustomed to promise and procrastination that they took him at his word for a time. There were no overt acts until January of last year, when the abortive Ciudad Real revolt was registered. This demonstration differed from the artillery incident of 1926 in that it was led by Sanchez Guerra, who had been Conservative premier four times and who was in exile.

According to all accounts, Sanchez Guerra, then residing in Paris, was visited by his son, an artillery officer, who bore a letter from the Queen Mother, asking him to return to Spain, head an uprising to depose Primo, and save the crown. Artillery groups at eighteen different points were mobilized to strike the moment that the ex-premier set foot on Spanish soil. It was arranged that Sanchez Guerra should sail from Port Vendres to Valencia in a private yacht. On the day that he was to set forth he was instructed to send a telegram saying: "Josephine is coming"—one of his names is Jose—to all the artillery garrisons involved. This he did according to program.

Now came the event that spilled the beans. The yacht was delayed two days by storms and a machinery breakdown. Sanchez Guerra, therefore, sent a wireless to the eighteen centers of disaffection saying: "Josephine is two days late."

All telegrams in Spain, whether incoming or outgoing, are subject to more or less police supervision. When eighteen telegrams conveying the same message arrived, the authorities became suspicious. The plot was then discovered. The moment that Sanchez Guerra landed at Valencia he found out that the various artillery units had got cold feet, with one exception, which was the one at Ciudad Real. Here the corps rode out of their barracks, planted machine guns in the streets, and took possession of the civil offices. The first intimation that it had of the failure of the conspiracy was a message dropped from an aeroplane sent from Madrid, which apprised the soldiers of the fact that the show was off.

Kindly Criticism or None

It was typical of the slackening up throughout the country that Sanchez Guerra had to ask to be arrested. The ex-premier was eventually tried. Despite Primo's desire that he be punished, the court acquitted him. This was the worst slap that the dictator had received up to that time. He ordered a retrial. Meanwhile Sanchez Guerra was permitted to return to Paris unmolested. He was never brought to judgment again, because Primo fell before the case could be revived. As I have already pointed out, Sanchez Guerra received a full pardon under the general amnesty of February sixth.

The Ciudad Real incident showed how the wind was veering. As 1929 lengthened into its stride, unrest throughout Spain became acute. This was followed by the invariable consequence of popular discontent, which is an impairment of the financial structure. Despite an adequate gold reserve, the peseta began to fall until it was considerably below its real value. Everywhere the economic situation reacted unfavorably to the force rule. The establishment of the petroleum monopoly, which drove all the foreign companies, with their trained organizations and abundant sources of supply, out of the country, was followed by the usual results of a government in business. In order to keep the price normal, the monopoly had to sell an inferior grade of product. This, in turn, created dissatisfaction among consumers. The heavy subsidies for aviation and other enterprises failed to yield adequate return.

The financial failure of the Seville and Barcelona expositions, attractive and praiseworthy as they are, put a further dent in the national finances. It was inconceivable that a second-rate world power like Spain should hold two pretentious shows in the same year. The Seville display is exclusively Ibero-American, while the one at Barcelona is international. Each exhibition had a huge subsidy from the government. Primo encouraged them because he felt that they would increase his popular support and at the same time help the prestige of the country.

All the while the force mandate continued. No criticism of the government was permitted. Instead, only fulsome praise, the kind of adulation that floods the Italian newspapers about Mussolini, was permitted. The government reserved one-sixth of the text space in every newspaper for its statements.

An Opportunity for Study

Even private conversation was censored. As in Italy, remarks derogatory to the government were made punishable by both fine and imprisonment. When a well-known Spanish author satirized the dictator in an after-dinner speech in Madrid, a decree was published prohibiting post-prandial remarks. This was one of the few restrictive measures that the outside world, having long suffered from dull and lengthy banquet orations, could approve.

A barrister in Madrid told me that shortly after the posting of the ban on after-dinner speeches, the president of a well-known club got up to address his guests. Instantly a policeman reminded him of the decree to which I have just alluded. The president thereupon made his speech in pantomime, much to the amusement of the assembly.

Catalonia felt the full impact of the force rule, as this episode shows: You have previously been told that the Catalans are zealous of their language and customs. An ardent separatist, who happened to be a journalist, received an invitation in Castilian Spanish to attend a banquet in Madrid. He replied that if the bid were conveyed to him in the Catalan language he would consider it. Two days later he was placed under arrest and sentenced to prison in Toledo. In the order placing him in custody for a year was the following injunction:

"You will now have ample opportunity to study Castilian Spanish in a Castilian environment."

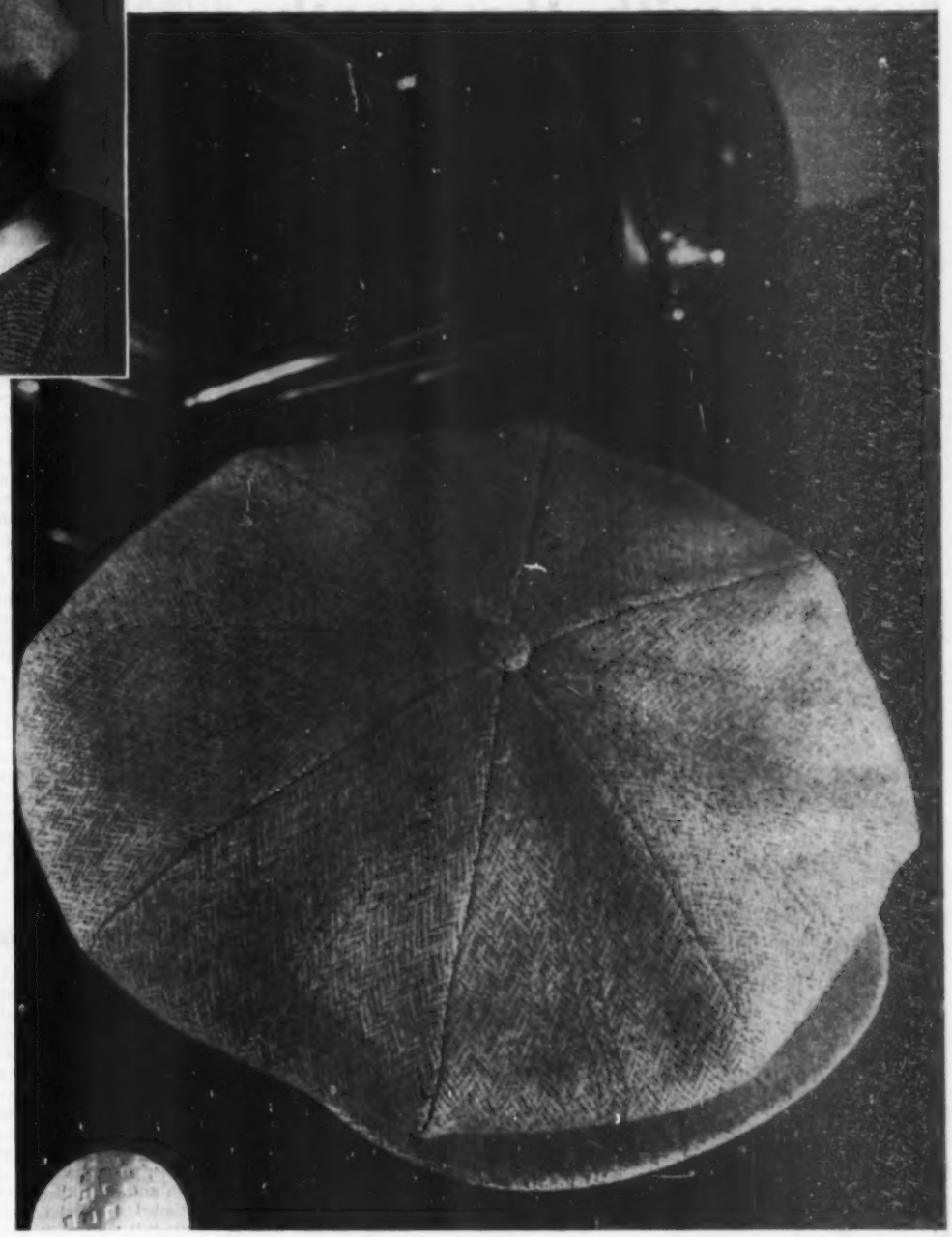
With the exception of the Socialists, who, strangely enough, were coddled by Primo toward the end, all the old political parties ceased to function in Spain. In 1924 the decree forbidding meetings for the formation of political groups or the formal discussion of politics went forth and remained in effect. This reminds me of an apt reply that a well-known Madrid banker made when I asked about the state of parties. It was: "The only party remaining in Spain is the party of silence."

The force mandate was imposed on the educational institutions just as it was on all other activities. With the universities, however, it proved to be a boomerang.

After the Ciudad Real revolt, Primo strengthened the censorship in every direction. In March, 1929, the first of the decrees on educational reform was published, and it stirred up a hornets' nest. Through this decree two Catholic universities were permitted to set up examining boards and confer degrees. The eleven state universities were barred from this privilege. Meanwhile, more than a score of eminent authors, philosophers and educators, including university heads, had gone into exile for uttering criticisms of the dictatorial rule. One of the first to be proscribed was Blasco Vicente Ibanez, the

(Continued on Page 204)

The smart design of this new fabric is worked out in good-looking mixtures of tan, blue or green. At each seam this patterned fabric is perfectly matched, to form an unbroken design.



To see how becoming a cap can be..

try on our Waverly

$1.98

HERE'S A CAP of swagger double twist, lined with silk and banded with fine leather. But, best of all, it's cut on *a becoming, new line.* And that's what counts with every man who wears it!

Trade-mark "Waverly" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

When you try on a Waverly cap in your own headsize, one look in the mirror will tell you why more than 500,000 men buy their caps in J. C. Penney Company stores! Another critical glance, at close range, will show you that we've fashioned this cap not for style alone but for sturdy service as well.

Each one is as finely tailored as though custom-made for you alone. The rich woolen fabric is so thoroughly preshrunk in live steam that even harsh treatment won't wrinkle this cap. The snap in front is so firmly fastened through material *and lining* that it's still secure after months of daily tugging. And the well-shaped visor is absolutely waterproof . . . guaranteed unbreakable. In one detail after another, this smartly tailored $1.98 Waverly cap measures up with those that cost you considerably more in other good shops.

For each department of our stores we search the entire manufacturing field to secure high-grade merchandise. When we find the best we order enough to supply our 1,400 stores. And because we buy in these tremendous quantities, we not only pay the manufacturer's lowest price, but our requirements take precedence over others . . . and you always find smart, new things in J. C. Penney Company stores.

The manager of your local store is proud of this fine merchandise . . . proud of its low price. And by his expert knowledge of modern business methods, he *keeps* these prices low in handling all our merchandise on its way to you.

Write to us for location of our nearest store. We will send you, too, a FREE booklet showing other Waverly caps, Marathon felt hats and Solar Straws. Please address the J. C. Penney Company, Inc., 330 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

J. C. PENNEY CO. *INC.* DEPT. STORES

Largest Department Store in the World · under more than 1,400 Roofs!

•Now—watches that never vary with the weather

TEMPERATURE-COMPENSATED WATCHES AS LOW AS $1.50

TO prevent irregular timekeeping due to weather changes, high-priced watches are compensated for temperature. But now for the first time this temperature-compensation has been applied to low-priced watches—the famous TIP-TOP models. The New Haven research laboratories have eliminated these errors resulting from rising or falling temperature, which errors in ordinary watches can amount to three minutes or more in 24 hours. In the new TIP-TOP JR. wrist-watch this remarkable accuracy-feature is embodied. In fact, *other* Tip-Top watches, even the $1.50 models, are now being so made. These watches are America's outstanding watch values! All have Krack-proof Krystals, silver dials and dust-proof cases of smartly fashioned designs.

Now low-priced watches that are compensated for temperature. The only low-priced watches with so many refinements.

NEW! TIP-TOP Jr. WRIST-WATCH with chromium-plated metal strap, $5.00

With pigskin strap, $4.50

Each, with radium dial, 50c extra

$1.50 Tip-Top Pocket Watch

Radium dial $2.25

NEW! *Tip-Top Jr. Wrist-Watch.* Fashionably small with full chromium-plated case, silver dial, raised numerals, Krack-proof Krystal, dust-proof case, detachable pig-skin strap; and compensated for temperature. Only $4.50. With radium dial, $5.00. *With chromium-plated metal bracelet, only 50c extra.*

Tip-Top Wrist-Watch. Slightly larger than Tip-Top Jr. With Krack-proof Krystal, silver dial, detachable pig-skin strap, dust-proof case. While this regular Tip-Top wrist-watch is not compensated for temperature, it is so fine a watch that millions have been sold at $3.50. A great value at $3.50. Radium dial $4.00.

Tip-Top Quintet **$2.00**

Radium dial $2.50

Tip-Top Pocket Watch, compensated for temperature, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch; $1.50. Radium dial, $2.25.

(Right) *Tip-Top Quintet,* compensated for temperature, with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch at anywhere near its price; $2.00. Radium dial, $2.50.

Copr. 1930, N. H. C. Co. Lic. Ingraham Pat. 14458 Prices slightly higher in Canada

The New Haven Clock Co., New Haven, Conn., *Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations*

TIP-TOP WATCHES •BY NEW HAVEN

See New Haven's beautiful ARTLARMS—*Now! Alarm clocks compensated for temperature, $2 up. Now at your dealer's.*

(Continued from Page 202)

famous Spanish novelist, who, until his death, conducted a bitter campaign against both dictatorship and monarchy from the French Riviera.

A second Primo decree closed the Artillery Academy. This was a jolt at the dictator's most persistent enemies in the army, but it worked a great hardship on the young cadets. Primo then permitted loyal cadets to enter the engineering school in Madrid and receive credit for the work which they had done in the Academy. This brought about a hot protest from the engineering students, who regarded the artillery cadets as intruders. The educational pot boiled.

All this meddling with educational procedure led to a succession of student strikes and riots throughout Spain. The decree mill again began to grind, this time with orders closing the Central University of Madrid, the University of Barcelona and the University of Oviedo.

When Primo applied repressive measures to the universities, it meant that the whole range of public and private activities had fallen under some kind of duress. It also indicated that a one-time sound judgment was beginning to waver. Every boy kept out of college became an advance agent of protest in the home and out of it.

We now come to the closing curtain of the Primo drama. Two events, each touching the great mass of the people, hastened the crisis. One was a renewal of Primo's promise to modify the constitution that he sponsored. But even Spain, with her *mañana* creed, was tired of such gestures.

The second event was the continued slump of the peseta. At par, it is worth 19.3 cents. Early in September it went down to 12.5 cents. Instead of improving the financial situation, the dictator's methods had impaired it. Local and foreign bankers agreed that, with her gold supply and her general economic equipment, a different tale would have been unfolded if the stewardship of the nation had been in more competent hands.

Primo's Resignation

In December, when I visited Spain—I crossed the country from Algeciras to Barcelona—it was apparent that the handwriting was on the wall. Everywhere I heard the question: "How long can the dictatorship last?" The end seemed a foregone conclusion.

The verdict was written on Primo himself. In 1926 he looked sturdy and strong. Confidence was stamped on every gesture. His manner was aggressive. Now he appeared worn and haggard. Yet he continued the optimist to the last, although, in the one contact I had with him, I felt that he realized that all was over. It was, perhaps, a portent that he received me in mufti. I had never seen him previously except in uniform.

A violent student riot in Madrid on January twenty-fourth marked the beginning of the end. All the taxicab drivers in the capital also went on strike. The press, with the muzzle off, carried on a persistent hectoring of the premier and his program. He was sniped at from every side. Primo then decided to stake his fate on the military chiefs. On January twenty-sixth he asked for a vote from the seventeen leading generals and admirals to decide whether he and his government should continue.

Despite the revolts, he believed that he would have their support. Instead, they rendered an adverse decision. It was the final straw. If Primo needed any further evidence of his status with the king, it was shown in the choice of his bitterest foe as successor.

On the evening of January twenty-eighth, Primo, in the full uniform of a general of infantry, handed his resignation to the king and became a private citizen. Spanish etiquette decrees that gala dress be worn on such an occasion. The designation of General Berenguer was immediately announced. While these historic events were in progress at the palace, students ranged up and down the principal streets yelling, "Down with monarchy!" "No more generals!" and "Up with the republic!"

The new cabinet was announced within twenty-four hours. Berenguer, who is fifty-seven years old and ranks sixth in the hierarchy of Spanish generals, became Premier and Minister of War. With the exception of the Minister of Marine, he is the only military figure in the new cabinet. In the selection of the Duke of Alba as Minister of Education, there is an indication of the change toward liberalism. He is one of the greatest, as well as one of the richest, grandees in Spain. A few years ago he divided up his estate among his retainers. Like many of his caste and type, he consistently opposed the Primo draft constitution, favoring an instrument framed along the lines of the constitution of 1876. The duke was largely responsible for the immediate conciliation of the university students, who, at the time I write, had returned to their studies. All the educational institutions closed by the Primo decree were immediately reopened. The Duke of Alba is one of the king's cronies.

Discipline the Only Formula

Within a week after Berenguer's accession, the Patriotic Union, Primo's personal political organization, was in collapse. Members resigned by wholesale. Once their leader's flag was down, they fled from the ship. An affiliation that once spelled privilege was now synonymous with failure. In Spain the constitution forbids any officer from participating in political activities. Primo will, therefore, be obliged to resign from the army if he is to continue the Patriotic Union. In any event, the party has ceased to be a factor.

When Alfonso intrusted the dictatorship to Primo in 1923, the elder statesman, Maura, said to his king: "Your Majesty, you have placed your crown upon the hilt of a sword."

Force of one kind or another was the principal agency employed. In justification of his acts, Primo always declared: "I am a soldier." Stern discipline was the only formula he knew. To his credit it must be said that his patriotism was sincere and his aim high. He failed because he overshot the mark. He did not know, let me repeat, when to let go.

The preceding reference to overshooting the mark raises the question: Whither dictatorships? Ten years ago the establishment of an absolutist régime was regarded as a natural consequence of what seemed to be the failure of European democracy. The troubled hour made strong-armed manipulation easy. Today the first defection in the mailed-fist club only inspires wonder that it was deferred so long. The war made Europe safe for dictatorships. Are dictatorships now safe for Europe? Is the reaction against reaction setting in? A review of the situation is invoked by recent events in Spain.

What most Americans do not realize is that on January first of this year approximately 250,000,000 people lived under some form of dictatorship. The list included four republics—Russia, Poland, Portugal and Turkey, with Greece more or less eligible; and five monarchies—Italy, Spain, Jugo-Slavia, Hungary and Albania. I include Hungary because, though no formal monarchial system exists, Admiral Horthy, the regent, is a monarchist at heart and enjoys kingly prerogatives. The rule of his premier, Count Bethlen, is certainly autocratic.

Whether it is a case of government by decree or otherwise, all dictatorships mean personal government, a one-man show, with its vagaries of will and way, and almost complete disregard of constitutional privileges.

Practically all the contemporary dictatorships intrenched themselves under identical conditions. In Italy, Spain and Poland, for example, parliamentary confusion reigned. To meet the crisis, it was

necessary to take the short cut to action. Once the emergency that inspires a dictatorship passes, however, the ancient impulse for freedom asserts itself. "Many have gone about to destroy parliaments," said a great Englishman, "but in the end parliaments have destroyed them." Even so popular a hero as Pilsudski is now finding difficulty in bending the national assembly to his will, despite the intrusion of his cohort of colonels.

The second aid to dictatorships lies in widespread illiteracy. In Hungary, the figure is not less than 33 per cent; Italy, 35 per cent; Spain, nearly 50 per cent; Greece, 57.2 per cent, and Russia, 69 per cent. China, with an even greater percentage, would be the ideal stamping ground for absolutism. Lack of cohesion, partly due to conflicting dialects, has interfered. Besides, each provincial governor regards himself as the autocrat of all he surveys, with the result that with the present Nationalist régime the country is a succession of individual dictators, each zealous of his own spoils.

Contrast the illiteracy statistics that I quoted with those of the three oldest republics, and you see why a dictator cannot raise himself within their confines. In Switzerland, illiteracy is .3 per cent; in the United States, 6 per cent; and in France, 14.1 per cent. As more than one competent observer has pointed out, no literate country has followed the lead of Italy or Russia. There are Fascist organizations in Germany, Austria and Britain, but they are merely reactionary groups. They have no connection with the system in operation under Mussolini. Fascism, as originally projected, needs the volatile Italian temperament.

Democracy holds its own in countries where freehold agriculture, improved machinery and a high degree of capitalism flourish. To this must be added universal suffrage exercised freely and intelligently. Why was the old Prussia able to enforce her autocratic rule? Simply because, as a separate kingdom, she had a system of class suffrage which enabled a comparatively small number of taxpayers to elect two-thirds of the assembly.

Encouraging Cowardice

If ever a country needed a dictator, it was France in the dark hours of 1926. Due to the collapse of the currency, finance was in chaos. Yet the chamber of deputies put petty partisanship above the national welfare. It quibbled while the franc fell. Poincaré became fiscal czar and enabled the country to find itself economically. He did not depart one iota from legitimate constitutional procedure. Once his task was accomplished, he retired.

Take Britain in that distracted postwar period which began with the first of the coal strikes and culminated in the general strike. Here was a genuine defiance of the constituted order, with social revolution lurking in the background. But Britain saw it through.

More striking was the steadfastness of the German republic when the French were in the Ruhr and the mark sank to almost unbelievable depths. To a greater degree than either France or Britain, she was ripe for autocracy. Doubt, despair, inertia and suspicion gripped the Reich. On the one hand, sovietization loomed as the one way out, while on the other the only hope seemed to rest in a czarship. The Weimar Constitution, which was the mandate for the republic, had bestowed universal suffrage. The people knew that it was within their power to find adequate redress and leadership through the exercise of the ballot, and they did.

It is only fair to the dictators to say that most of the absolutist régimes—the one conspicuous exception is Russia—had ample justification, nowhere more so than in Italy.

There is no doubt that Mussolini's swift and courageous entrance on the scene saved the country from communism. The trouble with personal governments is that they become intoxicated with power, develop a force obsession, and in the long run undo the benefits which their initial strong rule achieved.

But they do more. As Señor Cambo, an eminent Spanish critic of Primo de Rivera, put it: "Dictatorships paralyze citizenship, encourage individual and collective cowardice which begins in cowed silence and ends in shameful conformity." He further makes the point that after some years the dictator no longer knows the real feeling of the people toward himself, his authority and his work, and becomes increasingly unaware of what may be the real desire and feeling of the country. This is why some dictators, while believing themselves strong, are in reality losing their hold. Egoists all, they are blinded by the praise and adulation which the very circumstance of their power creates.

Italy's Early Dictator

Another fundamental defect in the system is the problem of succession. No dictator can perpetuate himself in office. He faces the relentless dictate of mortality, overthrow or retirement. It so happens that the last of these alternatives is always the most remote, which gets back to the original thesis that they almost invariably hang on too long.

Furthermore—Italy once more provides a concrete illustration—the personal dictatorship, if prolonged beyond the point of its highest usefulness, can maintain itself only by still more force. The experience of history shows that, in every instance where this is imposed, the almost certain outcome is failure.

There is no need of rehearsing the Italian situation. One point not brought out in the previous paper is well worth emphasizing here because it constitutes a striking commentary on the Mussolini method. As most people know, Cavour was the creator of the unified Italy and the greatest of all the Italian statesmen. What many people do not know is that he was also a dictator. At the high tide of his career he held five cabinet posts, practically dominating every important governmental activity in the same way that Mussolini grasped supervision in his less formative day. Despite assumption of myriad powers, Cavour was the constitutionalist from first to last. In Paléologue's recent life of him, he makes this illuminating statement, which Fascist Italy may well heed:

"His—Cavour's—dictatorship partook of a singular, not to say paradoxical, nature, in that it was exercised through persuasion and with the most complete regard for constitutional form and in strict accord with liberal principles. He never even sought or used a method other than that of public discussion under the authority of parliament. Hence his was not an autocratic dictatorship. It was, on the contrary, a parliamentary dictatorship. He once said: 'The worst of parliaments is preferable to the best of anterooms.'"

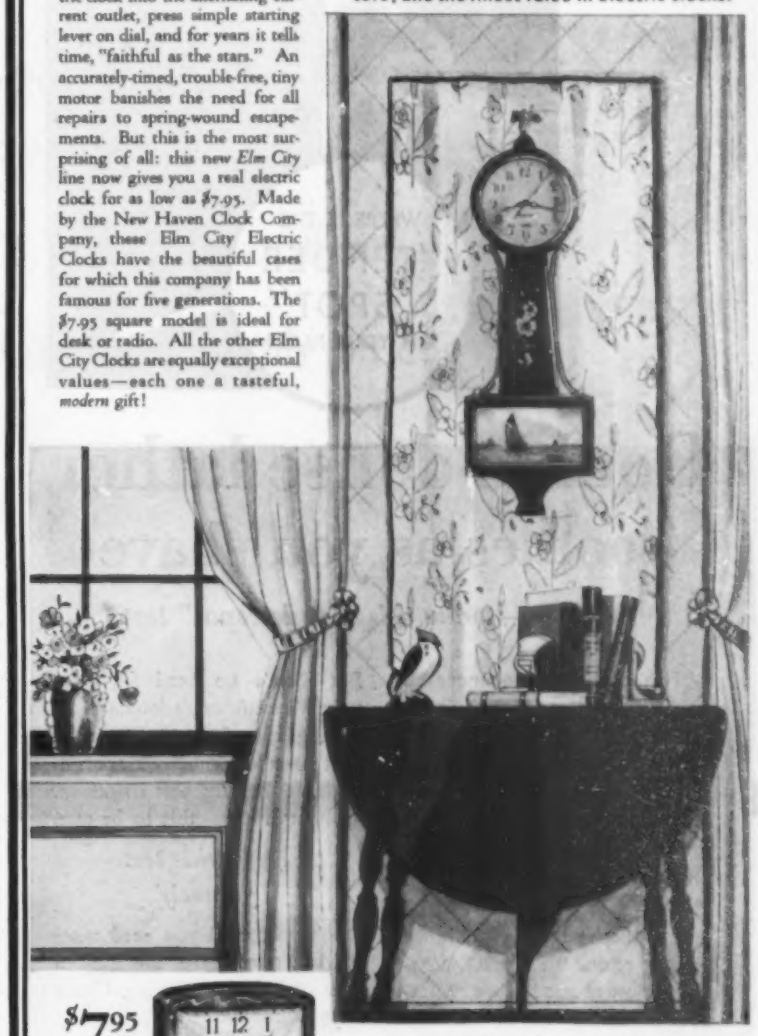
Before we bid farewell to Italy for the present, let me show the contrast between Mussolini and Primo. Mussolini created an entirely new political faith which, under his magnetic sponsorship, has developed into a religion with its adherents. Primo followed conventional dictatorial lines only using the old brand of force. Mussolini has a many-sided mental equipment and possesses qualities of statesmanship. Primo, on the other hand, is a soldier pure and simple.

In Spain the ambition of every general is to save his country by becoming her ruler. Mussolini is the Duce, which means "leader," in every sense of the word. Moreover, he has been deified. His life is sacred and his word law. Primo was invested with no superhuman attributes. He was content to be regarded as a mere man, doing what he believed to be his duty. The régimes also differed. Save at the start, Mussolini has encountered no organized opposition to his rule, whereas Primo, as you

•Now—a real Electric Clock
(for faithful time in warmth or cold)
WITH BEAUTIFUL DIALS AND CASES, AS LOW AS $7.95

NO springs, no winding, no time errors due to weather . . . You merely plug this new electric clock into the alternating current outlet, press simple starting lever on dial, and for years it tells time, "faithful as the stars." An accurately-timed, trouble-free, tiny motor banishes the need for all repairs to spring-wound escapements. But this is the most surprising of all: this new *Elm City* line now gives you a real electric clock for as low as $7.95. Made by the New Haven Clock Company, these Elm City Electric Clocks have the beautiful cases for which this company has been famous for five generations. The $7.95 square model is ideal for desk or radio. All the other Elm City Clocks are equally exceptional values—each one a tasteful, *modern gift*!

Merely plug into your light socket; no winding; no time variation from temperature; and the finest value in electric clocks!



$7.95

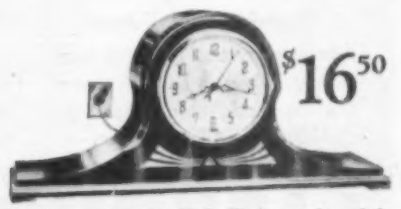
Electric Square Clock. Ideal for the home radio or the business man's desk. Mahogany finished case and Krack-proof Krystal. A gift to treasure for years. Extraordinary value!

Warwick Electric Banjo $16.50

Tastefully gay, this true banjo lends old romance to a new, modern home. Mahogany finish; decorated panels; convex crystal. Height 22½ inches. A gift to make any one happy! One way that this clock might be hung is to place it over a decorative fabric, beneath which the electric cord extends, unseen, down the wall to the outlet on the baseboard

$9.75

Larina Electric Clock. For kitchen, breakfast nook, office, store or hospital. In a choice of pastel colors: rose, yellow, blue, green or white. 8½" wide.



$16.50

Tambour 90 Electric Clock. With its silver dial and charming mahogany finished case, this is a thing of beauty. Twenty inches wide, all-electric, yet so economically priced.

Prices slightly higher in Canada. Copr. 1930, N.H.C.Co.

The New Haven Clock Co., New Haven, Conn., *Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations*

ELM CITY ELECTRIC CLOCKS • BY NEW HAVEN

See New Haven's beautiful ARTLARMS—*Now! Alarm clocks compensated for temperature, $2 up. Now at your dealer's.*

Double-dense lather soothes as you shave

Prove it—make this "tender spot" test

A FEW months ago we announced . . . *"Lifebuoy Shaving Cream is here!"*

Overnight we were deluged by requests for trial tubes. Men—thousands of them—wrote "Fine! Let's try it. With that wonderful Lifebuoy ingredient it must be a *wow!"*

Now they've tried it. And they write us again. "It's great! Wonderful! Just as good as we expected."

Every day their letters pour in. "Gives me the smoothest shave I ever had," say hundreds. "Never knew shaving could be so easy," say others. Still more write, "Those painful tender spots have completely vanished."

No need for "tender spots" now

Almost every man has a pet *tender* spot that hurts when he shaves. On the neck, chin, upper lip, cheekbone or Adam's Apple. But there's no need for them now. With Lifebuoy's double-dense healing lather the razor slides right over even the tenderest spots—without the slightest irritation. Thousands know this to be true.

Make this test yourself

Don't wait until you need more shaving cream. Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today.

Or send coupon below for a free trial tube.

Then lather up with Lifebuoy. Shave as you always do. When you come to a tender spot, notice the difference. See for yourself how easily the razor takes off every hair—slick as a whistle—without leaving a bit of sting or burn.

That's because Lifebuoy's lubricating and antiseptic lather soothes and protects. Try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream now!

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

ends *tenderface*

LEVER BROTHERS CO., DEPT. 124, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Please send me a 12-day "Show me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

have seen, fought intermittent revolt during the last three years of his stewardship.

After Italy, popular interest is centered more on Russia perhaps than on any of the remaining dictatorships. The Mussolinization of Italy is matched by what has come to be an almost complete Stalinization of the Soviet domain. No member of the dictator club wields a heftier hand than the man who has ruthlessly forced his way to the Bolshevik overlordship.

Force is effective when employed to bolster the political end of the dictator show. Inevitably it rebounds when laid on the economic structure. Mussolini has felt the repercussion in Italy. It is within the possibilities that Stalin wrote the death warrant of his autocracy when he started his new offensive against the peasants.

To understand what may develop into another milepost on the road of European dictatorships, you must be told that the Russian peasant, who constitutes 85 per cent of the population, has hitherto embodied the one self-dependent economic unit of the country. The 5,000,000 so-called *kulaks*—rich peasants—are the backbone of production. In 1921, following the collapse of militant communism, Lenin introduced the famous New Economic Policy—NEP—which was a partial return to private initiative and business. It proved to be so successful that, to save communism, it had to be suppressed a few years later. With the second failure of communism in 1925, it was brought back to life again.

The NEP system stimulated what might be called capitalistic consciousness in the peasant. Stalin last year determined to exterminate it with his communal farm plan. Originally aimed at the *kulak*, it soon included the whole peasant class. In consequence, the peasant has become a serf of the state, just as he was a serf of the barons in a departed day. The workers are grouped for collective cultivation of large tracts under the supervision of government officials. All idea of individual enterprise, profit or land-holding is abandoned. It is nothing short of a return to feudalism.

Scrapping the Fez

The evil consequences of the swing to the extreme left are already apparent. Farm spirit is paralyzed and output suffers. Failure of the project would automatically mean Stalin's downfall. Hence this year of grace is likely to be historic in the annals of Bolshevism.

Everywhere economic institutions are feeling the weight of the dictatorial hand. The parliamentary crisis in Poland, due entirely to Pilsudski's militaristic interference with its functions, has complicated business no less than in Turkey, where Kemal Pasha's passion for westernization has already scrapped the fez in favor of the derby and changed the alphabet. About the only western institution that he has failed to introduce is democracy. Both Pilsudski and Kemal are national heroes, but the glamour of past performance, however brilliant, cannot stimulate business.

One of Europe's little press-agented dictatorships—Jugo-Slavia—has assumed peculiar significance. The country, upon its reorganization after the war, was first known as the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. Each unit, especially the Croats, has a powerful nationalistic wing. Constant friction was in evidence. When the feud spilled over with a riot in parliament in which Raditch, the Croatian leader, was shot, King Alexander dissolved the assembly and made himself the head and center of governmental authority. He also changed the name of the country to Jugo-Slavia, because each one of the three component parts wanted its name to come first. So successful has been the consolidation of power that in February it was announced that the dictatorship, having revived the economic system and reorganized the army, is to end with a return to parliamentary government, headed by a civilian.

A King May Run for President

Thus, some kind of change is in process all along the dictator front. Only time can tell whether the lesson of Madrid will be heeded. It is well to recall that the democratic principle has always survived arbitrary individualism.

For the final word we must return to the Spanish situation. Possible release from dictatorship does not mean that Spain's troubles are over. The future is full of menace to the throne. Berenguer's cabinet was chosen in a hurry to check the growing republican movement. Sanchez Guerra's first post-pardon speech was a violent attack on the monarchy. It expressed a widespread conviction favoring the establishment of a republic.

The Spanish royal succession is complicated because the king's two eldest sons are physically handicapped, one from deafness and the other from hæmophilia, which is a hereditary tendency to spontaneous bleeding. This is why Primo favored a female succession. The royal daughters are all strong.

As a man, Alfonso enjoys wide popularity. He possesses undoubted courage, is a good sportsman, and is free from swank. That he has no illusions about monarchial permanency is shown by his oft-repeated remark that he is willing to run for president, once a republic is proclaimed.

Whatever the outcome of this period of transition, one thing is certain: Spain was the first country to start a bear movement in the dictator market.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with European dictatorships.

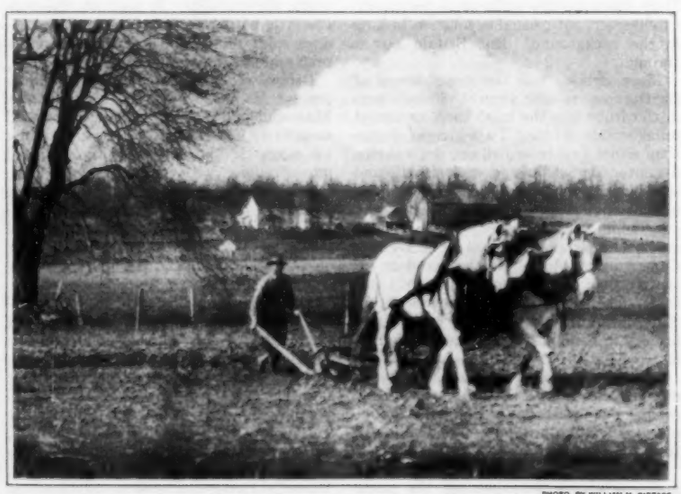


PHOTO. BY WILLIAM M. RITTASE

A Pennsylvania Country Scene

A New Antiseptic

- its active ingredient—70 times more powerful than carbolic acid
- non-poisonous, actually soothing
- kills germs instantly on contact

● For years it seemed beyond the reach of science. Then, in the laboratories of one of America's leading universities, a powerful, new, non-poisonous antiseptic was perfected. It is called Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37.

It is non-irritating and harmless even if swallowed. Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 opens a new era in the antiseptic care of mouth, nose and throat, and all open wounds.

Solution S. T. 37 destroys all the major types of harmful bacteria instantly on contact, yet is so safe it can be used like water. Poured into an open wound, it is actually soothing.

It spreads with great rapidity because of its extremely low surface tension.* It penetrates the minute irregularities of wound tissue, and the tiny crevices of tonsils and gums, killing bacteria instantly on contact.

Are you using an ineffective mouth wash?

Many other non-poisonous antiseptics, when used as mouth washes, have been found to be of questionable value, either because they are too feeble in antiseptic power to kill bacteria on contact, or because they have a high surface tension and fail to reach the bacteria.

To give your mouth and throat intelligent antiseptic care, you should rinse twice a day with Solution S. T. 37. Make it a practice to use Solution S. T. 37 after exposure or the minute there is irritation in nose or throat. It is odorless, stainless, and pleasant to the taste.

It may be poured full strength on all cuts and raw surfaces —it will not burn or sting, it is actually soothing. Ask your own doctor and dentist about Solution S. T. 37. Prepared by Sharp & Dohme, who have served the medical profession since 1845. Get a bottle from your druggist today. 50¢ and $1.25.

*Under the same test conditions, the lower the surface tension the greater the effectiveness of the germicide. Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 has the lowest surface tension (37 dynes per centimeter) of any available non-poisonous antiseptic.

This product and advertisement accepted by the American Medical Association

A general antiseptic for mouth, throat and all open wounds

SHARP & DOHME

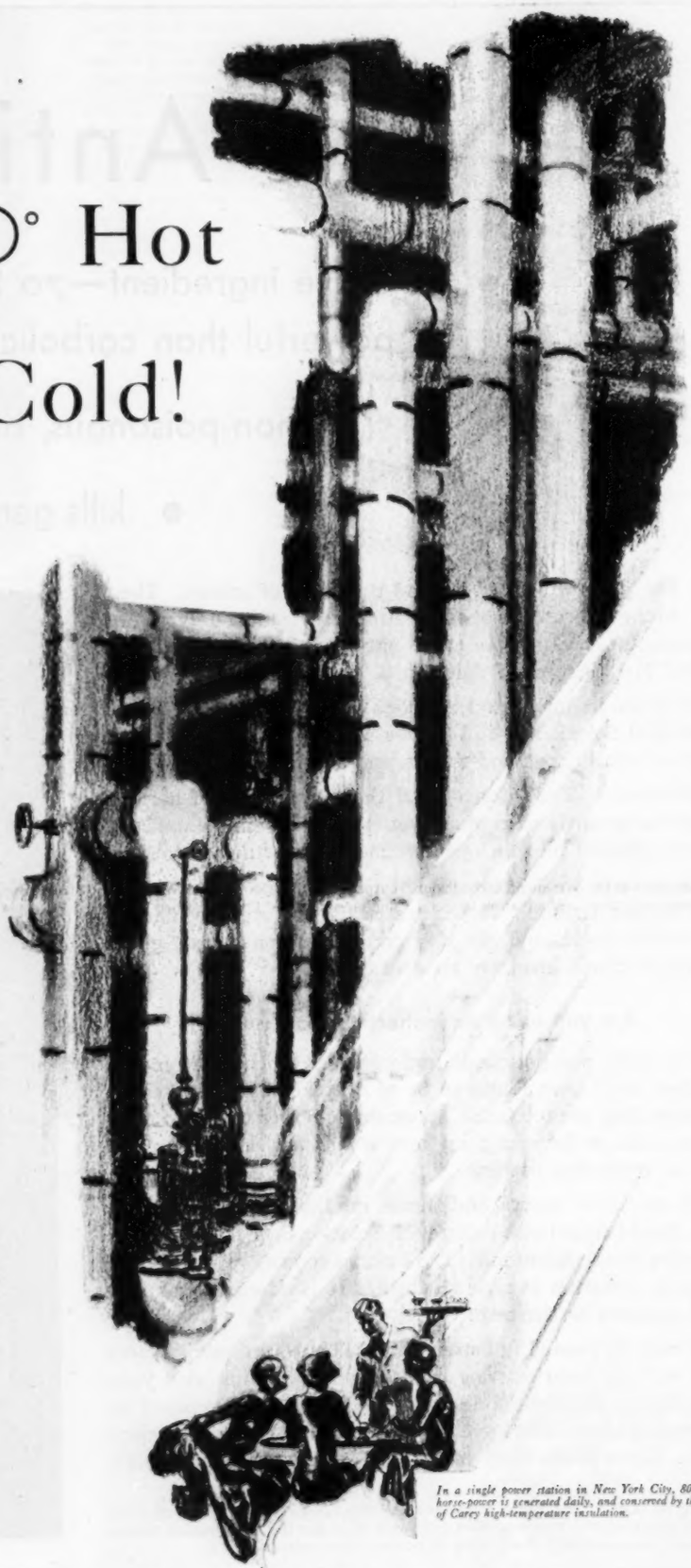
HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S.T.37

COOL STEAM-PIPES

1000° Hot

TO GIVE YOU DESSERT

Ice-Cold!



AMIDSUMMER day. You have just dined delightfully, and now you scan the menu for desserts. Ah! There . . . and you order, shall we say, baked Alaska . . . a dessert that only biting arctic cold can "bake" for you.

In a moment, your whim is satisfied, because engineers have discovered how to keep steam *cool* and *hot* at one and the same time. Incredibly hot . . . 750 . . . 1000 degrees—yet in pipes so cool that you can comfortably place your hand upon them.

"Insulated?" you ask. Of course. So insulated, indeed, that every snarling, super-heated pound of energy is delivered bullet-like on cup and piston to generate the power that turns your thousand-motored factory . . . or, via wire, produces those midsummer miracles in the ice-box.

Manufacturing this insulation is another of the jobs that Carey does . . . and, as you will agree, it's a most exacting job. For the energy in the high-temperature steam that industry demands nowadays penetrates ordinary insulations as sunbeams do a window-pane. Hence it was that Carey engineers, in their year-'round labors to better serve industry, evolved those astonishing heat-conserving coats that now make super-steam as simple to control as the old-time tea-kettle kind.

And so responsive has industry been, that today you will find high-temperature steam being kept super-hot, and super-hot pipes being kept super-cool with Carey insulation, in mighty plants from coast to coast. Conserving power, so that you in turn can command it with the push of a button —thinking the while an appreciative thought for Carey!

THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY
Lockland, CINCINNATI, OHIO
Offices in the Principal Cities

Philip Carey Products

In a single power station in New York City, 800,000 horse-power is generated daily, and conserved by the use of Carey high-temperature insulation.

Carey Asbestos Magnesia Asphalt Products

For Industry Bonded Asbestos Built-up Roofs; Asphalt Water-proofing for Foundation Walls; Elastite Industrial Flooring; Asbestos and Magnesia Heat Insulations and Pipe Covering for Power Plants; and many other Asbestos, Magnesia and Asphalt specialties. Asbestos Pipe Line Felt for the Oil Industry.

For Homes Rigid Asbestos Shingles; Roll Roofing; Asbestos Hot Water Tank Jackets; Elastite Expansion Joint for Sidewalks and Garage Runways.

For Transportation Elastite Expansion Joint for Concrete Highways; Elastite Bridge Flooring; Elastite Grade Crossing; Elastite Rail Filler for Street Railways; Asbestos and Magnesia Blocks and Coverings for Railroads and Steamship Lines; Asbestos Brake Lining for Automobiles.

© 1930, The P. C. Mfg. Co.

A FEW KIND WORDS FOR UNCLE SAM

(Continued from Page 7)

The votes in the committees in the House and the Senate were all unanimous. To the suggestion, in debate, that bonds of some of our associated powers were selling at far below par and that money should be advanced on the basis of the market price for these bonds, the answer was: "All the more necessity for us to loan them this money at the lowest possible rate of interest." When one congressman said, "They will use it to retire private loans," the sponsors of the bill replied, "Leave it to them; and do not limit or qualify the use of that money." When a provision requiring mutual guaranties among the borrowers was advanced, the reply was: "If we get this money back at all when the war is won, we shall get off cheap."

I think we shall see that this was our attitude throughout—a prompt and comprehensive vision of the bitter thing the world was up against, a whole-hearted willingness to face it squarely, without bargaining or cavil, an assumption of all burdens, not only of those forced upon us by the exigencies of war but also of any—however unusual—that we could reach out and take to make the task of our associates easier or to smooth the way to victory.

Where Did the Money Go?

Thus, in 1918, the shortage of silver available to the mints of India threatened a difficult situation in foreign exchanges. We immediately withdrew silver certificates from our circulating media, replaced them with Federal Reserve notes, sold the Treasury metal back of these certificates to the British, at a stabilizing price, and loaned them the money to make the purchase.

Among Allied war expenditures out of our loans to them will be found such items as "Exchange and cotton purchases, $2,644,783,000; maturities and interest, $1,378,750,000." No one will ever know how much of our advances to all our Allies went for purposes as remote from direct military participation as the retirement, through our Government's unsecured advances to them, of loans secured by them to American bankers by collateral before we ever entered the war, because funds advanced by us were commingled with other funds. As just stated, maturities and interest alone were reported as $1,378,750,000, which does not include a so-called overdraft owed to certain New York bankers, of $400,000,000, which was later liquidated, making a known total in this item of $1,778,750,000. How much more is included in such so-called blind items as exchanges is not certain, but, in view of unknown credits opened by munition manufacturers, the total is probably not less than $2,000,000,000.

Part of the money advanced by us was used to feed the Allied civil populations, for which the governments were paid in part by their own peoples. Some of these items were: For cereals and other foods, $3,051,000,000; for tobacco and other supplies, $758,200,000. Indeed, of a total of nearly $12,000,000,000, only about $2,443,610,000 was expended for munitions, including remounts. Much of the money we loaned was used artificially to stabilize Allied exchanges so as actually to make our purchases from the Allies far more expensive than they would otherwise have been. Finally, under the terms of the actual debt settlements, the amount to be received by us is reported by our Treasury to be only about 60 per cent of the value of these foreign debts based on the terms of the original obligation.*

We never questioned that use of money or these settlements, and we do not question them now, but they certainly carry scant comfort to critics of American wholeheartedness in this matter either at home or abroad. Our consent, in 1917–18, to this use of such vast sums is some indication of the spirit in which we took our place beside our friends in the Great War.

*Report of Secretary of Treasury, 1927.

Our attitude was the same from beginning to end and after the end. We simply opened our treasury and met all Allied demands during the entire war and long after the Armistice, until the specters of pestilence and starvation which stalk in the wake of war were abolished from the horizons of both friend and former foe.

We have thus far discussed only our contribution of money directly to the Allied governments themselves, and have said nothing about our appropriations for our own effort toward victory—not only as to the amount of money we expended but as to the very much larger sums which would have been required by the man power, material and financial programs upon which we had embarked.

In the fiscal years 1917 to 1928 our actual outpayments on account of the war passed the unprecedented total of more than $49,000,000,000.* Deducting from this certain receipts, such as interest accrued on the debts and proceeds of the sale of surplus war material and certain assets on hand—principally obligations funded and due from Allied or associated powers—we find a net war cost of $36,360,232,063.98 as of June 30, 1928.

These figures, as nearly as may be computed and supposing that every cent of Allied obligations to us will be discharged, indicate what we actually spent, but it is only a portion of what we expected, intended and were prepared to spend and would have spent had the war not collapsed so suddenly in November, 1918. What the latter amount might have proved to be must be pure conjecture based on the fact that by the latter date we had taken over the whole financing of our Allies' requirements in this country and had embarked on a program of our own many times heavier than that of 1917, all of which actually did, as we have seen, result in a total gross outlay of more than $49,000,000,000. In 1918 we made a single contract abroad involving an outpayment of $500,000,000 for artillery and ammunition. On November 14, 1918, the Secretary of the Treasury wrote a letter to the Senate Finance Committee in which he said that, on the basis of our increased military programs, he had estimated that expenditure between June 30, 1918, and June 30, 1919, alone would be $24,000,000,000. As a matter of fact—regardless of the sudden Armistice and the abandonment of purchase programs on November 11, 1918—we actually spent in the fiscal year 1919 more than $18,500,000,000. In the opinion of the writer, had we gone ahead with the program requested by General Pershing for the expected 1919 campaign, our actual expenditures for the fiscal year 1919 alone would have been nearer $35,000,000,000 than $24,000,000,000.

Holding Back Nothing

The entire net cost of the whole six years of the war to Great Britain has been estimated at $43,812,000,000. For the years prior to our entry, the gross cost of various countries has been estimated, as follows: Great Britain, $18,250,000,000; France, $9,000,000,000; Italy, $5,000,000,000; Russia, $12,300,000,000; total, Allies, $48,500,000,000; total, Central Powers, $21,000,000,000. It seems quite apparent that, had the war continued into 1919, and on the basis of what we had done and were preparing to do, our net war costs would have been greater than those of all the Allies combined, up to the date of our entry into the war. [All computations of Allied war costs are by Harvey E. Fisk, Inter-Ally Debts, published by the Bankers Trust Company, 1924, and cited as authority in a letter from the United States Department of the Treasury, August 7, 1929.]

But, as mentioned before, all figures on probable expenditures are mere conjectures—the amount might have been very much larger than the estimates just discussed. If we had not ceased to put any limit on appropriations, we had at least ceased to count the costs of any promised effective effort. As Chairman Swagar Sherley of the House Appropriations Committee rather tartly put it in August, 1918, we were then "appropriating all the money there is for any useful purpose whatever." We were holding back nothing that could possibly advance the common cause, and we faced the year 1919 with no thought of change in this policy.

*Report of the Secretary of Treasury, 1928, p. 564.

Man Power in the War

In discussing those days of universal sacrifice, money seems a sordid topic, and so it is as a measure of material gain. But here is no talk of gain. Here money itself was merely a measure of help. We consider it first because our outpouring of it came first in point of time. At the same moment we prepared to give a more sacred thing—the very flower of our youth and manhood—and we did that with precisely the same scorn of "stint or limit."

On May 28, 1917, General Pershing sailed for Europe. Within a few days he cabled back requesting 1,000,000 men and preparation for 3,000,000 more. As the crisis developed he estimated a requirement for the expected 1919 campaign of eighty and later of one hundred divisions in France.* With auxiliary troops, this latter looked to an overseas army of 5,000,000 men. This would have required replacement and other home army organizations of 1,500,000 men; a total armed force, including men in the Navy and Marines, of more than 7,000,000 men. Nobody ever questioned these requirements. As to Pershing's eighty-division program—4,000,000 men in France for the spring of 1919—we promised it. As to his one-hundred-division program, we accepted it as a goal subject only to available shipping. As our work progressed, it became apparent that we could accomplish it. We acted with all the energy and resource at our command to fulfill his requests.

On May 18, 1917, Congress authorized the registration of 10,000,000 men for military service, and on June fifth they were enrolled. Thus, in seventeen days was created the pool of man power which eventually overcame the German numerical advantage on the Western Front. The male population of the United States was 54,000,000. Of these, 29,000,000 were under eighteen or beyond forty-five years of age. In successive enrollments, we registered, in one way or another, 25,000,000 men for military service. There the registrants, not yet classified or called, stood awaiting the administrative process by which they were to be grouped in classes in the order of their relative availability for immediate induction. This classification process was carried on far enough in advance of actual calls for men to insure an ample pool of instantly available and fully qualified man power against any demand. †At the date of the Armistice we had placed under arms by all methods and in all categories 4,727,988 men. There were then presently fully classified and available for immediate service 1,500,000 more, and there was in process a further classification estimated to bring the total of available and qualified registrants not yet inducted to 3,600,000 under the rules then existing—a number far in excess of any immediate prospect of requirement even on the full 7,000,000 program. A prime question was how to take them with least dislocation of our industrial system, and I recall a visit from General Crowder—when we had already taken 4,000,000 men—in which he asked me, as chairman of the War Industries Board, where industry could best spare its share of a total withdrawal of about 300,000 men a month.

*Report of Secretary of War, 1918, p. 10.

†All figures on man power from report of Provost Marshal General, 1918, p. 226 *et seq.*

There is only one way to be permanently rid of corns—*remove the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this. They cushion the sore spot, while their soothing medication ends pain *instantly*. Once gone, corns need never return if you apply Zino-pads at first sign of soreness from new or tight shoes.

Cutting your corns may cause blood-poisoning. Harsh and caustic preparations often result in acid burn. Zino-pads are *guaranteed* safe. Thin, dainty, cushioning, healing.

Sizes for CORNS, SOFT CORNS, CALLOUSES and BUNIONS

At all Drug, Shoe & Dept. stores—35c box.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

LIKE A CHIP— ON YOUR SHOULDER

"Old Towns" are modeled after Indian birchbarks. That's why they're so fine for the paddle or portage. They quickly answer every dip of the blade . . . they're easily swung to the shoulder for carrying—and you can keep them there indefinitely.

Not only are "Old Towns" amazingly light, but they're sturdy, strong, well-built—perfectly balanced canoes. An "Old Town" goes for years without repairs because it's made *right*, in the beginning.

Send for free catalog. It shows many models—paddling, sailing, and square-stern canoes; rowboats; dinghies; outboard motor-boats, including big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood models for family use; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 104 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

A Good Old Fashioned Smoke

for 25¢ A cob you'll be proud to smoke anywhere. Never clogs—always sweet—a dry smoker. Finest hard rubber bit.

Try dealer first or send 25c stamps.

HIRSCHL & BENDHEIM
Estb. 1871 Box D. Washington, Missouri

PATENTS. Write for Free Guide Book, "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT" and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our Free Opinion whether it comes within Patent Office Rules.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

No wonder men who've once worn FLORSHEIM SHOES always wear them . . . . . they can never again be content with less than FLORSHEIM'S long measure of service, easy-fitting comfort, and trim good looks. The KENT, Style M-390 . . . Most Styles $10

The FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY Manufacturers CHICAGO

You'll Enjoy a Job Like This!

SURELY you'd like a job that pays—in ready cash—just about what you put into it, in salesmanship and enthusiasm. Certainly you'd like a job where you are your own boss, where you set your own hours. That's just the opportunity offered you here!

We have many part-time representatives such as Gordon F. Bertholf, of Ohio (left), who is using his spare time earnings to help pay for his home. Mr. Bertholf has earned as much as $5.00 extra in one day.

We also have full time workers like Alexander Heath of Massachusetts, who has raised a family, bought a fine home and taken three trips abroad on his Curtis profits!

As our subscription representative, therefore, you may work when and where you wish, part-time or full time.

It will cost you only a 2c stamp to get our generous offer

Can You Use Extra Cash?

Will you have an hour to spare, sometime in the next two weeks? If so, send for our offer today. If it looks attractive, follow the easy plan it will bring you and make your spare time pay dividends!

Mail This Coupon NOW!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
758 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please show me how to earn extra cash.

Name ..... Age .....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

We worked that problem out, and all was ready at the Armistice to begin these new drafts. We went further in this regard than any belligerent, for, by the so-called Work or Fight order, we were making the draft serve the uses of industry by providing that any man not usefully and faithfully employed in an industry declared by the Government to be essential to victory should be taken at once for military service, regardless of any other claim he might have for deferment or exemption. Industry was further served by the abolition of volunteering. In other countries any man, regardless of his essentiality to the war machine at home, could volunteer to march. Here only those selected for military service could undertake it. Experts in industry remained at their tasks. As the President put it, "though a sharpshooter pleases to operate a trip hammer for the forging of great guns, and an expert machinist desires to march with the flag, the nation is being served only when the sharpshooter marches and the machinist remains at his levers. The whole nation must be a team." In two sentences he thus outlined a new concept of a nation in arms—a system which, in mobilization of military and economic power, was never before approached in war or peace.

This classification system was a skimming process. It was designed to send to battle first only those who, above all others, were best circumstanced to go. Others were merely deferred in strata of relative availability, not excused. This had two important effects—first, the 7,000,000 first taken or to be taken were the cream of our whole manhood; second, the resiliency afforded by the deferred classes was such that the total provision of military effectives afforded by the system was very great—greater by 50 per cent than the man-power resource of England and France combined. This vast pool had been made fully ready for any demand that might be placed upon it.

In all these preparations there was neither complaint nor murmur from our people. No family was exempt. The door of every home in the nation was thrown wide open for the Government to enter and take as its needs might require. No show of force was necessary in this taking. It was executed by the civilians of each local community. It was unique in the annals of military levies in that it had no background of bayonets. As the President said, "It is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling. It is rather selection from a nation which has volunteered in mass."

"Send Us Men!"

Nor was there any lack of stern reality in this. In a single month we withdrew more than 400,000 men from civil life—more than 1,000,000 men in ninety days. Nobody was under the slightest illusion. The heavy drafts came when the British stood with "their backs to the wall" against an overwhelming German superiority in numbers which was blasting the way wide open to the Channel ports. The bloodiest tolls of the war were being taken. The Allied missions were proving in Washington that, at the then rate of losses and relative strength, projection of victory for Germany had become a mere matter of arithmetical computation of consumption and available reserves. They had changed their minds completely about the advisability of a great American fighting force in France. It had suddenly become their one salvation. At their almost desperate request and belated release of shipping, we stepped our contribution of men up from 70,000 a month to 300,000 a month. Our equipment was not ready, but the literal Macedonian cry was: "Send us men in their undershirts. We can equip them."

We took every ton of available shipping and jammed it with men packed like sardines. Divisions were stripped of their artillery and other special troops. We were sending only infantry and machine guns. In five months we sent 1,500,000 soldiers abroad and raised the American Expeditionary Force to more than 2,000,000 men, which was a larger number than was ever attained by the British Expeditionary Force in France.* Herein resides a point of telling importance against those who belittle our actual combat effort. Had we not ignored Allied advice in 1917 and proceeded to create these vast pools of man power and supplies, there would have been no overwhelming American reserve to stop the German flood at Belleau Wood and Château-Thierry and cut square across France through the Argonne to the German lines of communication.

At the low ebb of Allied fortunes, Pershing—abandoning for the moment of extremity the American determination to preserve the independent identity of the American Army—said to Foch: "All that we have is yours to dispose of as you will. Others are coming which are as numerous as will be necessary." Of this, the British official announcement was: "President Wilson has shown the greatest anxiety to do everything possible to assist the Allies, and has left nothing undone which could contribute thereto."

A Bridge of Ships

There was no voice then to say that American military contribution was a slight weight in the balance. All that was then heard was that it was indispensable to salvation.

So much for our giving of the second element of war—men. As we had done with treasure, so did we do with blood—gave all that could be taken as fast as it could be shipped overseas, and with complete submergence of every thought of selfish interest.

There is no difference in the theme of this story when we come to material, but the subject is far more complex. No true measure of the lengths to which this country went and was rapidly going can be had without brief reference to the various departments in which this energy was expended.

In the first quarter of 1917, submarines destroyed 2,000,000 tons of Allied shipping—more than 800,000 tons in April alone. The world's combined output of new shipping was replacing less than a quarter the loss. Great Britain had only 6,000,000 gross tons available for ocean transport, and shipping was the factor which limited the amount of man power and material aid we could give the Allies.

The dwindling of the world's mercantile fleet threatened defeat in many other ways. So dependent was victory on nitrates for explosives that the sinking of an old tramp freighter from Chile was a greater loss than the destruction of a whole infantry division. Tropical mahogany for airplane propellers, wheat from the Argentine, rubber from the East Indies, were all basic elements in a vast economic strategy which, if less obvious in the dispatches, was perhaps even more important than the strategy of arms. We attacked this problem instantly.

Within eleven days of our declaration of war we established the Emergency Fleet Corporation. For the purpose of creating a fleet of carriers, Congress authorized altogether an expenditure of $3,700,000,000. To measure this figure, it should be remarked that, excluding naval vessels, it is nearly 3.7 times the value of all American shipping and canals in 1912 and—to show the small proportion of it that went permanently to improve the economic status of the United States—it is 2.5 times that value in 1922—both estimates of value by the United States Census Bureau.

We embarked at once on a shipbuilding program looking toward the construction of 12,000,000 gross tons, and actually built nearly 10,000,000 gross tons of this. The energy and progress of this work were amazing. We expanded our shipbuilding capacity ten times in ten months, paying material and machinery costs nearly three times normal costs, and labor rates about double normal rates. We started with 234 shipways, and by November 11, 1918, had

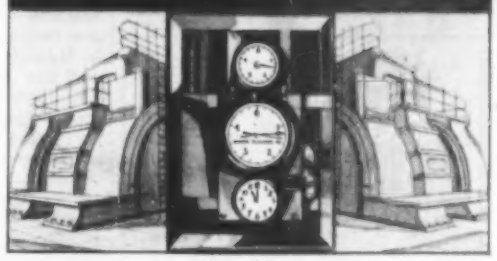
*Report of Assistant Secretary of War, 1917–18.

(Continued on Page 213)

EVERY MINUTE, EVERY DAY, YOU NEED "TIME YOU CAN TRUST"

Cathedral, an inexpensive clock for desk or dressing-table. Gothic design. Bakelite case with mottled walnut finish. Three-inch silvered dial. Height 7 3/16" . . . Price **$9.95**

Now a tiny wire tells time



This is the Telechron Master Clock in your power house. Checked by radio with naval observatory time, it governs the speed of the giant generators that supply impulses of alternating current to regulate the Telechron in your home. These are the only master clocks used by power companies to furnish regulated time.

Electricity keeps the Telechron Clock in your home or office as accurate as the infallible Telechron Master Clock in the power house

SILENTLY, smoothly, Telechron takes its place in the routine of your existence. You forget that you were ever annoyed by timepieces that had to be wound and oiled and cleaned and regulated. There remains only the grateful consciousness that here is time to depend upon!

The accuracy that your Telechron delivers from an electric outlet is made possible by a Telechron Master Clock which controls generator speeds in your local power station and insures even impulses of alternating current. The synchronous, self-starting Telechron motor merely translates these impulses into time—correct time—and you catch your train, keep your appointment or cook your steak perfectly in consequence!

There are Telechrons in rich variety—models for wall or mantel, desk or dressing-table—some with illuminated dials, even with alarms. There are Telechrons for the office and for the kitchen too. All of them are worthy of the unerring precision they encase. And prices are only $9.95 to $55*! Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.

**The Revere Clock Co., of Cincinnati, O., produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinetwork equipped with Telechron motors. Their prices range from $40 to $1200.*

Telechron
electric time-keepers

Listen for Telechron chimes at the close of every General Electric radio hour.

$1 THERMOS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BLUE BOY

with Bakelite Cup

A smaller dollar bill and a greater THERMOS *value*

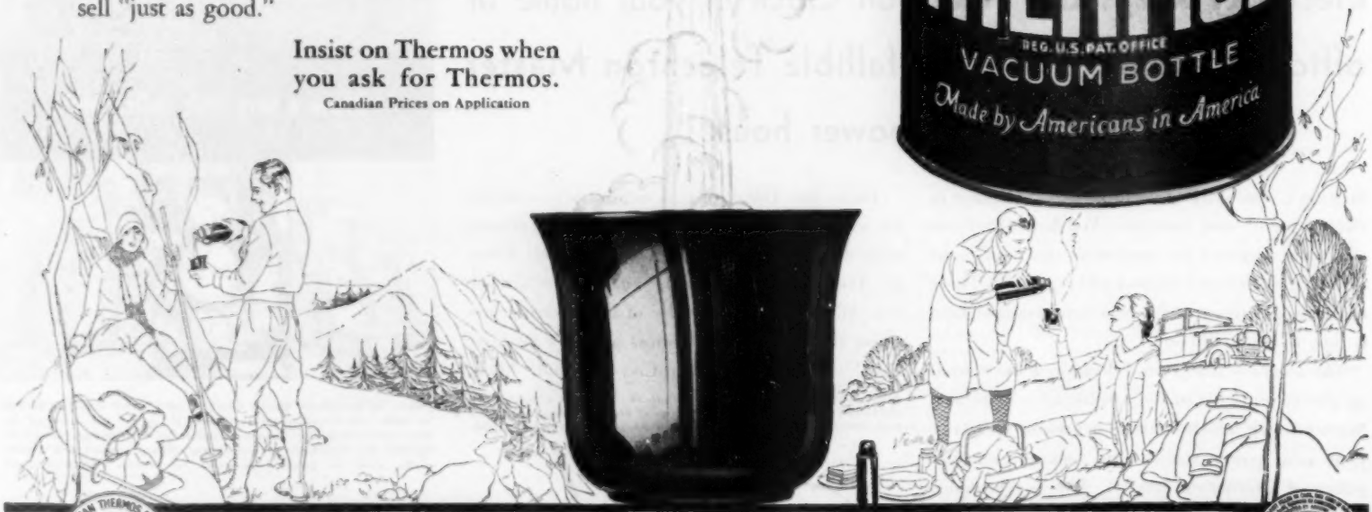
BLUE BOY is the newest development in "Thermos" bottles. Comfort in use is its outstanding feature. For only BLUE BOY has a molded "Bakelite" cup. No matter how hot the liquid, the edge of the cup will never be uncomfortably warm. Only BLUE BOY gives you this satisfactory service.

Quart size has three nested aluminum cups under the "Bakelite" cup, so hot or cold liquids for the family are easy to serve.

Stores that feature the only Thermos bottles are good stores to know—such stores don't sell "just as good."

Insist on Thermos when you ask for Thermos.

Canadian Prices on Application



THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., 366 Madison Avenue, New York

CHICAGO CINCINNATI SAN FRANCISCO NORWICH, CONN. HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

In England: Thermos, Ltd., London *In Canada:* Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto

(Continued from Page 210)

created 1099 shipways—a potential productive capacity equivalent to the aggregate of all the rest of the world combined. Before our activities began, nine months was considered excellent time in which to turn out a 3500-ton ship. In the summer of 1918 we built one 12,000-ton ship in twenty-eight days. Sixty days had become our standard rate.

Ships were not the sole requisite of transport. The harbors of France were so inadequate to the greatly increased traffic that there was not a day between August, 1917, and the end of the war when the capture of the Channel ports would not literally have starved the Allied armies in France into prompt surrender. They could neither have been fed nor withdrawn. The southern ports which were assigned to us were of a capacity so limited that, without almost complete reconstruction, they could not accommodate an American expeditionary force of any great military value and, even when so rebuilt, they were not adequately connected with the front. It was necessary practically to double-track existing French railroad systems from the coast across the whole country to the sector assigned for American operations and to rebuild the ports of entry.

No Time for Bargaining

By improved methods and vast port construction, both here and in France, we cut seventeen days from the experienced rate of turn-around for transatlantic freighters. We chartered the available shipbuilding and shipping capacity of Japan and China, commandeered a Dutch mercantile fleet, hired all available neutral and Allied tonnage and, by combination of all these things, were able to supply our Allies and our Army in France and to increase our overseas force at the rate of 300,000 men a month. By the date of the Armistice we could see clear daylight ahead on the transport situation and there seemed small doubt—in that aspect, at least—that Pershing would have had his hundred divisions for the projected 1919 campaign.

Food was becoming a serious problem for our Allies. Even in normal times, Great Britain produces only about 20 per cent of its breadstuffs. Under war conditions the domestic production of all the Allies was greatly impaired and their normal sources of supply shut off—Russia by the hostile barrier of the Central Powers and her red revolution; South America, Australia and India by magnificent distance, shortage of shipping and the menace of the submarines. With a poor 1917 wheat crop in the United States and a vast impairment of the world's supply of animal fats, the condition was threatening. Armies must be fed at all costs, but home population cannot be neglected. National morale is one of the most essential elements of military strength, and it has never been maintained on empty stomachs. The United States was the ultimate source of food for all our associates, and the first preliminary survey showed that, without drastic readjustment, there simply was not enough food to serve the requirements of victory.

The President acted at once. On May twenty-first—long before the necessary legislation could be passed—he projected the Food Administration and asked Herbert Hoover to undertake the task. From that moment President Wilson backed him with all the war powers of the Executive. Debate on questions of prohibition delayed the passage of the Lever Act, but when it became a law, its practical if not its textual effect was to place plenary control of our whole food industry, including agriculture, in the hands of the Government. To secure the necessary increases in producing acreage, it provided for a guaranteed minimum price for wheat. It placed all dealers in controlled foodstuffs under a licensing system. As to wheat, the Food Administration used this system to maintain the guaranteed minimum as the actual price. It pooled the purchases of the Allies and took in a firm grasp the entire visible supply of certain foods. It allotted these products among our own and Allied needs at the same controlled price for all. There was thus, in the ordinary sense, no market for these basic foodstuffs. There was merely a division with our Allies of all that we had to eat. Bargaining was adjourned.

Through the latent power of the licensing system, the Food Administration put the whole nation on rations. It eliminated much waste and increased the acreage devoted to food production to such an extent that American agriculture has never fully recovered from the increased surplus thus induced. By a combination of all these means it supplied our soldiers and fed our friends. As to France alone, Clémenceau has said, "In eighteen months the United States sent us 5,000,000 tons of foodstuffs and fed 12,000,000 Frenchmen for a year and a half. If this help had not been forthcoming our army could not have held." Like veteran soldiers in a siege, our people broke their loaves and halved their rations with their comrades in the fight.

Fuel was administered in much the same manner as was food. There was a serious coal shortage against the greatly increased demand, and it promptly became a limiting factor in the production of steel—the great organic material necessity of modern war. President Wilson gave the fuel problem to Dr. Harry A. Garfield, under whose able direction our people—with no more compulsion than a statement of the necessity—accepted a rationing system quite as rigorous as that of the Food Administration. The use of automobiles was reduced to a minimum. Fuel was doled out in sack deliveries to our homes on a fixed basis of rationing. Only so much fuel for industry was allowed as was sure to be used for a purpose determined to be essential to the winning of the war.

Money, men, food and fuel—these we have considered. There remained the whole congeries of things which are needed to make war. The problem was to increase production by all possible means—greater efficiency, increased per man output, new sources, increased manufacturing speed and capacity; to conserve supplies to the limit of our ability—elimination of waste and of all but essential uses, substitution for shortage items, standardization of types and control of supply; to preserve the morale of our people by making these serious restrictions with sympathy and common sense, and by controlling the rapidly rising tendency in price.

Everyone as an Equal

Great were the sacrifices made by American industry to make these policies effective. There was a general and willing coöperation in every branch of business. If not set aside completely, profits and the hope of profits were, at least, the last consideration. The much-bruited swollen war profits of American industry occurred before our entry into the war and the institution of the system represented by the War Industries Board and other war agencies of our Government.

There was some delay in taking complete control and it was not until March, 1918, that the War Industries Board was given those definite powers necessary to administer so great a task. Much congestion and price inflation had been caused prior to our entry into the war by competitive Allied buying in our markets, and there was still further congestion and inflation due to lack of definite controlling authority over governmental buying after our entry. But long before the Board had real control much was done by willing coöperation of great industries with the Government. When we entered the war, steel prices had been bid up out of all reason in frantic Allied competition. For example, in the chaotic spring of 1917, Japan had offered as high as fifteen cents a pound for ship plates. In discussions between the writer and the great steel masters, we agreed on a price of 2.5 cents a pound for our own Government, and later, after more careful study of costs, we fixed 3.25 cents for plates for ourselves and all our friends, and proportionate prices in all other classifications. Prices for copper and many other nonferrous metals were similarly determined by agreement at early dates, on schedules far below those in the open market, and wholly by amicable agreement between the Board and the leaders in the various industries affected.

But important as all these things were, it was only after March, 1918, that the organization and control of the Board and other wartime administrative units began to integrate cleanly with the vast and intricate pattern of American industry, and the gigantic economic power of the country to take form as the most facile and forceful engine of war that ever appeared on this earth.

By means of complete control of outshipments and of close relationships with Allied and even neutral governments, there was instituted an economic blockade—a close-meshed barrier through which nothing could slip to contribute to the military subsistence of the enemy.

By a system of so-called priorities, fuel, transportation, finance, raw material, power and labor were pooled and rationed on a rule of relative essentiality to Allied victory and to the stark necessities of our civil population.

A Nation Volunteered

A scientific and effective Price-Fixing Commission regulated prices of basic commodities, checked sharply the threatening inflation, and brought order out of chaos in all markets.

Through a system of Commodity Committees our overburdened industrial plants were carefully designated for such uses as seemed most to contribute to the winning of the war. These committees consisted of the leaders in each commodity group of industry meeting with experts of the Board in the several industrial groupings, officers of the purchasing bureaus of government, and guardians of civilian interests. They allocated facilities, supervised the placing of governmental and Allied contracts, procured for essential demands priorities in power, labor, transportation and materials, assured the fairness of contract prices and expedited production and delivery of every needful thing. They erased competition and substituted coöperation, with a result that all conflicting industrial elements were welded into a single team—an economic integer—the United States of America armed and accoutered for economic conflict.

A Nonwar Construction Section controlled the building industry against all deferrable or avoidable consumption of labor, materials, equipment and supplies in nonwar construction.

A Conservation Section had charge of every means to eliminate waste and to cut off nonessential use.

The theory of the Board's whole policy was that, if shown the way, our people would bring any sacrifice and all devotion to the common cause. The method was first to procure organization of national industry in commodity groupings, and then to deal with the head of each group. In practice it was found necessary only to state a particular problem—giving and taking suggestions as to how it could be solved—and then to leave it largely to each industrial group—aided and supported, of course, by the Board's extraordinary powers—to work out its own result. Behind all this, of course, there were always such latent forces as the right to commandeer, or through the priority system, literally to starve or choke an industry to death. But these powers were never used and seldom mentioned. It was not necessary. As the President had said, "the nation had volunteered in mass," and its industry was actuated, as were its armies, not by coercion but by the spirit of a vast crusade.

This transformation of the peacetime industry of a great modern nation into an economic menace more terrible than an

What tea does Society serve?

WITH all the teas in the world to choose from, Society almost invariably serves the Tea of Teas . . . . India Tea. No other tea has the deep satisfying flavor of India Tea. No tea producing country can even match the incomparable tea of India. India Tea costs no more than ordinary tea. Ask your grocer for genuine India Tea. Always look for the map of India on the package.

This mark → is the emblem of the Tea Growers of India.

INDIA TEA

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS
1355 Wall St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

A NEW MOTO-MOWER AT A NEW LOW PRICE

Thousands who may have felt they were not justified in purchasing a power lawn mower can now afford the Junior Moto-Mower. The Junior cuts 18 inches wide; the City Model 21 and the Detroit Model 27 inches. Get our new 1930 catalog. $138.50

THE MOTO-MOWER COMPANY
3241 E. Woodbridge St.
Detroit, Mich.

Girls!

Earn Money and Prizes

DO YOU want money for clothes . . . spring good times? Then be sure to write *today* for full information about earning plenty of money in spare time through our pleasant subscription plan. You'll win thrilling prizes, too—a sports watch, a banjo uke, a snug sweater. No expense; no obligations. Write

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
762 Independence Square
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

Boys!

YOU'LL get a real "kick" out of these prizes! Whir-r-r—just watch that convertible seaplane go! Look at this "official" Scout flashlight and knife! Great for hikes and camping. You can earn 'em all—and many other prizes, besides plenty of spending money, by selling Curtis magazines to your friends and neighbors. It's lots of fun—and good business training, too.

These are just a few of hundreds of prizes Curtis boys earn every day. Want a bicycle? We'll show you how to earn one!

A typical Curtis boy salesman serves a new customer.

NOW is Your Big Chance to Get Started!

Thousands of boys, in small towns and big cities sell *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* regularly, just as this boy at the right does. You can, too! Here's your chance!

Talk it over with Mother or Dad. Then fill out this coupon and mail to The Prize Man. We'll show you how to get started quickly. And we'll help you to make good!

The Curtis Publishing Company
760 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Prize Man: Sure thing I want to earn prizes and cash. Start me as soon as you can.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State ..... Age .....

(Have your parents sign the following statement.)

I shall be glad to have my son take advantage of your business training.

(Parent) .....

Must I Leave Home To Make More Money?

The answer is NO!

WE might take paragraphs to tell you of people who feel that they must "go to the city," or "downtown," to earn extra dollars. But it isn't necessary, for here is a plan by which you should make $5.00, $10.00 or more a week extra right in your own neighborhood. • • • And without experience. Or capital. Just send the coupon for all the comforting details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
753 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
How can I make more money?

Name ..... Age .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

army with banners cannot be too strongly emphasized, because the sudden collapse of the war completely obscured the effects of it. It was the first historical instance of complete economic mobilization, and it reared a giant of potential menace which I have always thought was much more clearly appraised by the Germans than by any of our Allies. The very shadow that it cast across the sea had much to do with the enemy collapse. Said Hindenburg of America:

Her brilliant if pitiless war industry had entered the service of patriotism and had not failed it. Under the compulsion of military necessity a ruthless autocracy was at work, and rightly, even in this land at the portals of which the Statue of Liberty flashes its lights across the sea. They understood war.

Corporations and men accepted without whimper conversion of their factories to purely war uses which they knew would hamper and might ruin them. They undertook contracts which under no ordinary business conditions would they even have considered. They gave up their key men, pooled their patents, trade secrets, and even their own facilities, organizations and supplies. In brief, they ceased to be competitors in order to become integrated parts of the great national war-industrial unit which, by the fall of 1918, was beginning to function with deadly precision and perfection.

Indeed, a spontaneous masterpiece of the war was this universal coöperation of our whole citizenry.

Whether it was the small boy gathering peach stones for gas-mask charcoal, the girl tending a war garden, the county clerk burning the candle at both ends to get off the draft contingents, the Red Cross worker, the Liberty Loan solicitor—everybody had a part in that war. The whole nation had become a team, and that very fact raised its morale to a higher pitch than it has ever been before or since.

A single incident which should be interpolated here shows the extent to which both industry and civil population were willing to go. It occurred in the work of the Conservation Section.

Citizens in Uniforms

Studies showed that much waste or avoidable use of essentials accrued from the diversification in type required under normal conditions by individual fancy and that a reduction in types would release important quantities of material. We had already cut the flaps off pockets to conserve wool, taken stays out of women's corsets for the sake of steel, and practically stopped the production of so-called pleasure automobiles. But the final conclusion of these studies was even more drastic. It was, to all intent and purpose, to "put the civil population into cheap but serviceable uniform."

We began immediately to prepare to do this. The first industry approached was the manufacturers of boots and shoes. Agreements were reached limiting types and styles to three classes, A, B and C, to be sold at fair price ranges within each class. Only the limitations of time and the coming of the Armistice prevented carrying out this program at every useful angle. With the exhaustion of inventories and wardrobes, our people would gradually have emerged in uniform garb—the same for rich man, poor man, beggar man or thief. If any nation ever did a thing like that, I have never seen a record of the attempt.

In November, 1918, these methods were becoming effective beyond our hopes. The War Industries Board was in control of its field. The stream of raw materials was pouring forth into fully controlled channels accurately calculated for the greatest military-economic effect. The control of storage and transportation had proceeded to a point where clear currents of uninterrupted flow of finished materials to seaboard seemed assured. The submarine menace was being abated and the almost daily splashing of ships from a thousand new ways into the ocean made transportation of men and things to Europe more certain.

We neglected our Allies in nothing. We took no step without consultation and agreement with them. We appropriated nothing to our own uses without providing on a like basis for theirs. When we fixed prices they were the same for our Allies, our Government and our public. Control of steel prices alone has been estimated to have saved our Government and the Allies $3,000,000,000. When we saw our friends floundering for sources of supply we took their needs in hand and allocated them with our own. The price shared with them for our farmers' wheat was less than some of our friends allowed their own peasants. We not only gave them all we had to give but we furnished them the money to pay for it.

Who Won the War?

No other nation did these things in this comprehensive fashion. Even after four years of war, neither Allied nor Central Powers had reached any such stride as we had attained at its close. Even the vaunted German efficiency and proprietorship of the nation-in-arms idea had not achieved any such economic organization as was almost perfected here. Great Britain accepted conscription only late, and very warily. The universal-service laws of Germany and France did not contemplate selection of men for industry as well as arms. As we well knew, so complete a metamorphosis of "every resource of men, money and material" from a community of peace to an instrument of war was not certainly necessary. The productive capacity built up in Britain and France to support a much larger man power than, by 1918, they were able to maintain was being released, and except in a few instances we could have utilized these facilities and, by sending raw materials and perhaps labor abroad, avoided a vast disruption of our own economic pattern and left our country in a most advantageous postwar status. Though we also used their facilities as fast as they were released, we declined this easy reliance upon them because it threatened to skim too thin the margin of safety against a possible German invasion of Allied industrial areas. Our policy was to leave nothing undone to insure victory, and we followed that policy regardless of present cost or future vantage.

One might proceed for thousands of pages with this factual catalogue. There is enough here to picture a nation of 110,000,000 people literally converting itself within the space of eighteen months into a compact organization for war with an effect which, though lost to sight by reason of the sudden failure of the Central Powers, constituted a more menacing display of defensive strength than the world has ever seen.

"Who won the war?" is a foolish question never more appropriately answered than by our returning dough boys: "The M.P.'s won the war." As bitterness recedes with the years, we can say with sincerity that no people ever put up a braver fight against overwhelming odds than our late enemies. No people ever defended more valiantly or endured more faithfully than the Allies. The long, ruinous period of bloody attrition came before we were a belligerent. Criticism that we did not fight sooner is gratuitous and unwarranted. This country does not make war. It accepts it only when there is no remaining alternative. We learned by the mistakes of both friend and foe, and found an enemy worn by three years of conflict. The end came before we were called upon to contribute blood in the measure of our associates. It would be an unfair and invidious distinction to attempt to say which of all these incidents of war contributed most to Allied victory. But it is not so difficult to say that without Britain or France or America there could have been no victory. No one will appear with temerity to deny us a place in that trio. We began to move to war with

(Continued on Page 218)

NO SCREWS
NO PINS
NO SNAPS
NO HOOKS

Attached in five minutes without damage to your car or upholstery

Put on in 5 minutes

By this ingenious yet simple principle, a self-adjustable concealed frame (pat. pend.) fits neatly into position, conforming perfectly to the contour of the seats, holding the fabric in made-to-order trimness over the upholstery.

forecast: 1,000,000 CAR OWNERS in 1930 will purchase these modern

AUTO-MATIC SEAT COVERS

the sensation of the auto-matic age

THE reason is simple. *These amazing seat covers slip into place and keep in place without fasteners of any kind.* No pins, tacks, snaps, screws nor hooks. Will not injure the car or upholstery. Whatever the make or model of your car, these amazing AUTO-MATIC seat covers can be put on and removed in five minutes!

No Damage to Car Upholstery

Easily and quickly attached without damage to car upholstery. AUTO-MATIC covers fit with tailored snugness before and after cleaning . . . slip into place as easily the tenth time as the first.

A Self-Adjustable Concealed Frame

The principle of the AUTO-MATIC is unique. The cover is made over a self-adjustable, concealed frame (patents pending) that conforms *automatically* to the shape of the seats, holding the fabric smoothly and firmly over the upholstery.

Lasting Beauty and Protection

The materials are of quality usually found only in custom-made covers—handsome, harmonizing tapestry designs in browns, grays or blues. Now the inside of your car can be as smart and trim as the exterior. Of exceptional wearing value . . smooth, dust-resisting . . and non-fading.

They Fit Any Car Perfectly

Workmanship, fit and fabric guaranteed by the makers, pioneers for over twenty years in auto seat covers . . . all the satisfaction of made-to-order sets . . .

AUTO-MATIC covers fit any type of car, . . . give absolute protection to the upholstery . . . adding *immeasurably to resale value.*

PRICES
for Complete Sets of
AUTO-MATIC SEAT COVERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

2-passenger coupes
$8.50 *per set*

5-passenger coaches, broughams and sedans
$15.00 *per set*

»»» Sold by leading department stores, automobile accessory dealers, car dealers—and the 550 RETAIL STORES and 9 MAIL ORDER BRANCHES OF

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

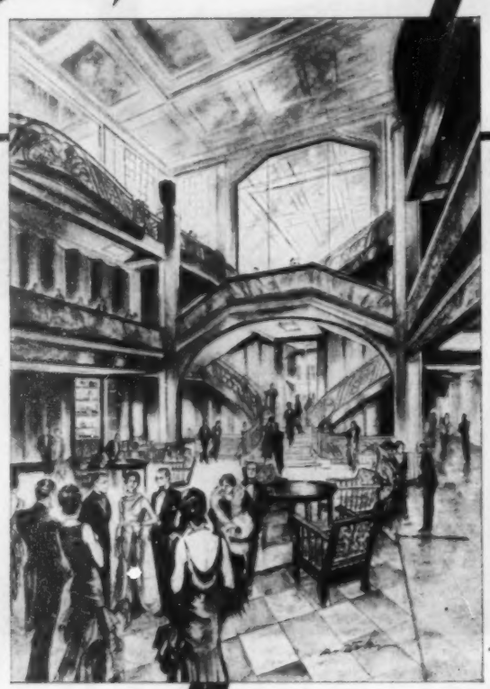
Also a less expensive fabric—an attractive and durable striped material—"AUTO-MATIC" construction and workmanship, at $4.45 per set for 2-passenger coupes—$8.95 for 5-passenger coaches, broughams and sedans. «««

AUTO-MATIC SEAT COVER CORPORATION • 120 East 16th St • New York City

© 1930

"The Longest Gangplank in the World . . ."

from the heart of Manhattan to Le Havre de Paris



Main Foyer "Ile de France"

Five and a half days to Plymouth

"Paris"
April 11 - May 2

"Ile de France"
April 18 - May 15

"France"
Mediterranean-Carthage Cruise
April 25

"DeGrasse"
April 23

"Rochambeau"
June 7

"Lafayette"
May 31

FRANCE in miniature, given wings below the waterline . . . that's every French Line ship . . . the chic of the boulevards, the gayety of the cafés and dance places, the thrill of the shops, the elegance of the *ancien régime*, the electric modernity that sets a pace for the world . . . all here, in the stately salons, the broad white decks, the marvellous suites and cabins. The cuisine is Paris, too, in flavor as in name . . . the service anticipates every wish . . . Breton seamen whose ancestors tamed the Atlantic in the fifteenth century swing their modern miracles of speed and luxury from New York to Plymouth and le Havre. The "*Ile de France*," the "*Paris*" and the "*France*" maintain Weekly de luxe Express Service. The "*Lafayette*," the "*De Grasse*" and the "*Rochambeau*" form a cabin fleet that makes economy smart.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write to 19 State Street, New York City

Index of Advertisers

April 5, 1930

	PAGE
Ætna Life Insurance Company and Affiliated Companies	173
Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co.	200
All-Year Club of Southern California	161
American Chicle Company	124
American Farm Machine Co.	201
American Laundry Machinery Co., The	116
American Rolling Mill Co., The	105
American Safety Razor Corp.	153
American Thermos Bottle Co., The	212
Arch Preserver Shoes	102
Armstrong Cork Company	89
Auburn Automobile Company	49
Auto-matic Seat Cover Corporation	215
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	60
Ayer & Son, Incorporated, N. W.	69
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad	136
Bauer & Black	79
Berry Brothers, Inc.	81
Boott Mills	193
Brockway Motor Truck Corp.	168, 169
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.	112
Buick Motor Company	108
Bunting Brass & Bronze Co., The	126
Burgess Battery Company	68
Burroughs Adding Machine Company	181
California Crushed Fruit Corp.	143
Campbell Soup Company	33
Carey Company, The Philip	208
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	141
Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co., Inc.	137
Chase & Sanborn	53
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.	194
Chevrolet Motor Company	40
Chrysler Sales Corporation	45
Cincinnati Victor Company, The	189
Coleman, Watson E.	193
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	62
Commercial Investment Trust Corp.	144
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	82, 83
Creo-Dipt Company, Inc.	183
Cudahy Packing Co., The	IV Cover
Curtiss-Wright Corp.	202
Delco Products Corporation	113
Denney Tag Company, The	166
De Soto Motor Corporation	59
Dill Company, J. G.	125
Dodge Brothers Corporation	55
Duke Power Company	218
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I.	61, 73
Dur-O-Lite Pencil Company	140
Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc.	186
Elgin National Watch Company	160
Enterprise Mfg. Co., The	128
Estate Stove Company, The	132
Evans & Co., Victor J.	209
Faultless Caster Company	84
Fire Association Fleet, The	180
Fisher Body Corp.	38
Fisk Tire Company, Inc., The	106, 107
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	210
Forhan Company, Inc.	150
French Line	216
Frigidaire Corporation	120
Fromm Bros.	199
General Electric Company	74, 75
General Foods Corporation	
Maxwell House Products Co., Inc.	103
Sanka Coffee Corp.	64
General Motors	47
Gillette Safety Razor Co.	114, 115
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	76
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	110, 111
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	51
Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corp.	85
Graybar Electric Co.	219
Grigsby-Grunow Company	94
Hamilton Watch Co.	152
Hanes Knitting Company, P. H.	184
Heinz Co., H. J.	129
Hires Company, The Charles E.	151
Hirschl & Bendheim	209
Hollingshead Co., The R. M.	171
Hookless Fastener Company	154, 155
Hoover Company, The	146, 147
Hormel & Co., Geo. A.	192
Hudson Motor Car Company	96
Indian Motocycle Co.	196
India Tea Bureau	213
Johns-Manville Corp.	77
Johnson & Son, S. C.	66
Johnston Company, Robert A.	III Cover
Kawneer Company, The	198
Kendall Refining Company	164
Krank Co., A. J.	177
Lambert Pharmacal Co.	65
Landers, Frary & Clark	133
Larus & Bro. Co.	93
Lever Bros. Co.	206
Libbey-Owens Glass Company	145
Libby, McNeill & Libby	35
Lincoln Motor Company, The	57
Lloyd Loom Products Company	179
Lorillard Company, P.	58
Luden's, Inc.	162
Lupton's Sons Co., David	91
Marine Midland Corp. of New York	185
Masonite Corporation	80
Maxwell House Coffee	103
McCall Co.	134, 135
Mennen Company, The	70
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.	217
Montgomery Ward & Co.	172
Moto-Mower Co., The	213
Motor Improvements, Inc.	191
Mountain Valley Springs Co.	170
National Cash Register Co., The	98, 99
National Casket Company, Inc.	119
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.	201
New Haven Clock Co., The	204, 205
Nofade-Cocoon Corporation	187
Oakland Motor Car Company	71
Olds Motor Works	92
Old Town Canoe Co.	209
Packard Electric Company, The	165
Packer Manufacturing Co., Inc., The	197
Paramount Famous Lasky Corp.	42
Parker Pen Company, The	II Cover
Penney Company, Inc., J. C.	203
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association	167
Philco	63
Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.	138, 139
Pratt & Lambert-Inc.	148
Probak Corporation	60
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Rastetter & Sons, Louis	213
RCA Victor Co., Inc.	101
Remington Rand Business Service	118
Reo Motor Car Company	86, 87
Rutland Fire Clay Co.	197
Sanka Coffee	64
Schalk Chemical Co.	130
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	209
Sealright Co., Inc.	95
Sears, Roebuck & Co.	127
Sharp & Dohme	207
Shaw, Inc., M. T.	197
Simoniz Company, The	100
Spalding & Bros., Inc., A. G.	163
Spartan School of Aeronautics	149
Spratt's Patent Limited	201
Standard Statistics Company, Inc.	159
Studebaker Corp. of America, The	156
Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc.	220
Syracuse Washing Machine Corp.	131
Technicolor, Inc.	78
Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corp.	195
Thermoid Rubber Company	190
Thomas Clock Co., Seth	182
Toledo Metal Furniture Co., The	193
Tower Co., A. J.	142
Truscon Laboratories, The	189
Tung-Sol Lamp Works Inc.	157
Universal Pictures	56
U. S. Lines	176
Vacuum Oil Company	37
Valentine & Company	122, 123
Van Cleef Bros.	193
Vitrolite Company, The	178
Warren Telechron Co.	211
Watkins Company, The R. L.	88
Waverly Oil Works Co.	90
Western Clock Company	1
Wheeling Steel Corporation	67
Wrought Iron Research Association	175
Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., The	174
Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.	158

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

No time to look ahead

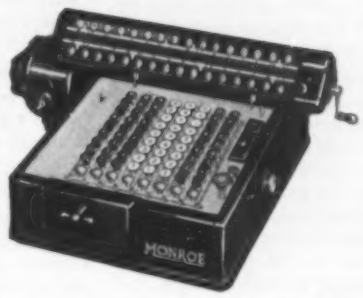
Sell this man a motor for his boat? You wouldn't have to sell him, he'd buy before your sales talk was half started. He wants to get ahead as fast as possible, to set his face towards the bow and give his whole attention to avoiding reefs and rapids in his course.

How is the course of business different? There are reefs and rapids to avoid, a port to attain—and figures are so vitally necessary that business is quick to appreciate a machine that will give prompt, accurate figures and do it so smoothly, easily and quickly that there is ample time to devote to the real job of steering the proper course.

The Monroe representative has no sales talk beyond asking you to let him study your figuring problems and tell your own clerks how to apply intelligently Monroe methods and short-cuts to your own system.

In a very few days, your routine work will be running smoother than ever. Your clerks will be producing results with first-time accuracy, and you'll be getting the additional figures you've always needed to give you a daily picture of your business.

You can determine for yourself how the combined knowledge and experience of the Monroe organization, gained through its everyday contact with all types of businesses—large and small—may aid in solving your own special problems. Just telephone your local Monroe representative, or write Orange, New Jersey.



SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

MONROE

HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

The Machine for Every Desk

How PROFITS have drawn industry to PIEDMONT CAROLINAS

DRAWN by the irresistible pull of economic forces, Industry has gravitated to Piedmont Carolinas in the most amazing migration of the Nation's history.

What advantages have attracted experienced men, capital, and substantial businesses? What has lifted them from the rooted security of old, long established locations and brought them down here? What is the magic of this tier of 58 mid-Carolina counties that constitute the Piedmont?

LABOR—Some people will tell you these thriving industries have come here "to get cheap labor"—and they are wrong. Other sections may be able to offer low wages and long hours but Piedmont Carolinas advances no such doubtful advantage.

Wages in this busy section reasonably reflect the section's lower cost of living. But that does not explain the much lower production costs obtainable here. Piedmont Carolinas workmen are active, racially coherent, and ambitious. They turn out a full day's work, and are proud of their ability to do it.

RAW MATERIALS—A wide range of agricultural, forest, and mineral raw materials in abundant nearby supply has contributed to the upbuilding of many Piedmont Carolinas industries. You will find complete lists of these available raw products catalogued in the book illustrated below.

MARKET AVAILABILITY—Over 66% of the nation's purchasing power lies within a 600 mile reach of Piedmont Carolinas. (The chief eastern seaports serve only 44.5% in a similar radius.) Freight on products made up from local raw materials enables goods to get to market at considerable savings.

The local market is far from being supplied in many lines: Nearly 87% of the food eaten here is shipped in. Textile machinery and parts have only made a start. Ceramic tile, electrical porcelains and other clay products would have a tremendous edge over those brought from other states. Clothing manufacture, particularly that of shirts, dresses, and children's wear, is still in its beginning.

POPULATION—The people who live in this progressive section of the Carolinas are unique in the settling of the South. A large proportion of them migrated here years ago from Pennsylvania, New York and New England. Another important element is the heavy infusion of Scotch. The region is 99% native born and preponderantly white.

The Piedmont region is made up of a multitude of small towns. The largest cities are 70,000 to 80,000. That makes for pleasant living conditions.

CLIMATE—Unlike other sections of the South, summer temperatures here are almost exactly those of Pennsylvania and New York. In winter, the region is 15° to 20° warmer. The Piedmont plateau is dry and bracing. Its humidity is 10 to 20 degrees less. Its air is keen and sparkling. Nights are almost invariably comfortable. There are 20 to 60 fewer rainy days.

LIVING CONDITIONS—Homes are reasonable in cost. Servants are readily available. Life is pleasant as well as cordial and neighborly.

Within an hour or two, over splendid roads, you can be in mountain resorts 3,000 to 4,500 feet above the sea—places where it is amazingly cool in mid-summer. Golf Clubs touch every sizable town. Many internationally famous courses are only a few hours away. The coastal resorts offer bathing, boating and fishing.

People here earn enough to be able to enjoy life as they live. Underlying all the pleasant things is the solid fact that here industry is sound, earning, and expanding. Its earnings are larger, more easily obtained, than in sections where industry has been established for generations.

OPPORTUNITY—Manufacturers who seek reduced overhead, greater production per machine, and marketing advantages find the facts about Piedmont Carolinas good reading.

To such executives, the book illustrated here is a gold mine of data and figures. It is brief, yet comprehensive. Send for "Piedmont Carolinas—Where Wealth Awaits You."

Your request, addressed to Industrial Department, Room 501, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, N. C., will receive a prompt and courteous response. Write—today.

DUKE POWER COMPANY
SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO.
AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

PIEDMONT INDUSTRY CAROLINAS

(Continued from Page 214)

everything we had at the very instant of our declaration. If anything more than we did could have been done, I have never been able to conceive what it was, and I have heard nothing to suggest a step taken too late, not taken at all, or taken with too little resolution, foresight or courage. I think we might even claim a further distinction without offending anyone. In view of our tremendous concentration of force for a 1919 campaign, there can scarcely be room for doubt of the assertion that no power on earth could have withstood the shock of men and metal that were being mobilized to throw against the Western Front. American men, material, money and morale had made defeat impossible and victory certain.

I have yet to hear a participant from any nation boasting about the war, and there is no boast in these assertions. They are a recitation of facts—some not well known, some obscured—the meaning of the collective array of which I have never seen defined. They are marshaled here in the hope that to our critics they may give a better and, perhaps, a more sympathetic understanding, to our self-constituted apologists some suggestion of their own fatuity, and to the generality of us comfort and confidence that America did her part beyond fear of any criticism or need for any apology. She assumed literally an unlimited burden. She made her hazard in such fashion that, had she lost all that she ventured, she could never have suggested to any nation an assumption of her load, or any part of it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

April 5, 1930

Cover Design by Henry J. Soulen

SHORT STORIES

		PAGE
First Blood—*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	*Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger*	8
Toll Bridge—*Sam Hellman*	*Illustrated by Charles Lassell*	12
Mr. Mole—*Everett Rhodes Castle*	*Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson*	16
Detour!—*Anne Cameron*	*Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren*	20
Race—*Thomas Beer*	*Illustrated by C. W. Anderson*	22
Repossessed—*Margaret Weymouth Jackson*	*Illustrated by Will Grefé*	26
The Indispensable—*Thomas McMorrow*	*Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren*	41
Blood Pressure—*Damon Runyon*	*Illustrated by Tony Sarg*	46

ARTICLES

A Few Kind Words for Uncle Sam—*Bernard M. Baruch*	*Cartoon by Herbert Johnson*	6
The Overthrow in Spain—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	*Photographs*	14
My Friendship With Roosevelt—*Owen Wister*	*Photographs*	18
On the Criminal Side—*Richard Washburn Child*	*Decoration by Wyncie King*	24
The Fortunate Coast—*Hamlin Garland*		31
Ballyhoo—*Charley Murray. With Wesley Stout*	*Photographs*	34
Family Parasites—*Elizabeth Jordan*	*Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr*	39
Lapels Will be Higher—*Mary Margaret McBride and Helen Josephy*	*Photographs*	44
There Was a Town—*Samuel G. Blythe*	*Photographs*	50
The Lost Arts in Baseball—"*Bullet Joe*" *Bush*	*Photographs*	54
Give Us a Chance—*Chester T. Crowell*	*Photographs*	177

SERIALS

Hard Money (In six parts)—*Clarence Budington Kelland*	*Illustrated by Orison MacPherson*	3
Off the Arm (In two parts)—*Don Marquis*	*Illustrated by R. F. James*	10
Happy Landings (Second part of six)—*Fanny Heaslip Lea*	*Illustrated by Henry Raleigh*	28

MISCELLANY

Editorials	30
Post Scripts	32
The Poets' Corner	62
Out-of-Doors	64
Getting On in the World	68
Cartoon and Comedy	70
Animal Cracks	190

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Why clean . . . . now that you can "cleanerette"?

"What! Eight o'clock already! And a million things to clean!"

"Well, I'm certainly off to a good start!"

"Imagine! I used to *dread* cleaning mattresses!"

"My! Even the curtains are easy this way!"

"And now this old coat looks like new!"

"Presto! Now it's a handy little plant sprayer!"

"*Now*, I know why Jim swiped my Cleanerette!"

. . . . . *the Handy Cleanerette*

The Graybar Cleanerette, at only $13.50, is the quickest, easiest way yet discovered to clean stair carpets, mattresses, car interiors, clothes . . . and what difficult spots *have* you! . . . But its usefulness doesn't stop there. With the clever Vaporette attachments (also moderately priced) it sprays insecticides and deodorants . . . protects clothing . . . deodorizes kitchens . . . etc., etc.! . . . Actually, this "handful of vacuum cleaner" is a *whole cleaning outfit in itself!* Convince yourself! Glance at the pictures at left. Then mail the coupon!

$13.50

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO.
GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please tell me all about the Cleanerette and the Vaporette attachments.

Name _____

Address _____

Tune in on the Graybar Hour every Tuesday—10 to 10.30 P. M., E. S. T.—Columbia Network.

THIS PERFECT CHEESE IS KNOWN TO EPICURES AS A MASTERPIECE OF FINE FLAVOR! . . .

AND ITS FLAVOR CAN'T BE COPIED!

REGARDLESS of how many cheeses you have eaten you do not know how subtle, yet full-bodied, cheese can be until you bite into a piece of genuine Switzerland Cheese. Its unique position in the sphere of fine foods is unchallenged. It deserves a place on the tables of every one who recognizes that eating is more than a mere necessity. ✡ There is a creamy, tasteful edge and a fine nut-sweetness to Switzerland Cheese that is the despair of all imitators. This flavor cannot be copied, for it has its origin in the pure mountain streams, fragrant pastures and bracing Alpine air of Switzerland. No aspiring imitator in any country can ever copy this. ✡ Buy a pound of Switzerland Cheese and know how good, how satisfying, this cheese is. You can tell Switzerland Cheese from all domestic and imported substitutes by the name "Switzerland" stamped many times on the rind. Switzerland Cheese varies in color from rich butter to cream, according to the time of year when made. The size of eyes may also differ. The flavor never changes and can never be attained by the so-called "Swiss-style" or "Imported Swiss" varieties.

Now it's easy to make sure of getting Switzerland Cheese. The rind is stamped with many imprints of the word "Switzerland." No other cheese can be thus marked.

May we send you a copy of the beautiful booklet in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It"—showing many unusual and attractive dishes? It's free for the asking.

Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc.
105 Hudson Street, New York City

Name _____

Address _____

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

AN ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED BY THE SWITZERLAND CHEESE ASSOCIATION OF BERNE, SWITZERLAND

for Easter

As correct as a gardenia in your button hole for the Easter parade, is a timely gift to make someone happy on this glad spring holiday! And what, may we ask discreetly, is more fitting than . . . this piquant Chocolate Bazar by Johnston . . . 100 luscious pieces to the pound . . . Smartly boxed in metal, at two and four dollars . . . There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Science shows you the secret of Old Dutch Cleanser's efficiency, safety and economy

The microscope shows, as pictured in the illustration to the right, that the particles of Old Dutch Cleanser are flaky and flat-shaped. These unique, soft particles lie flat on the surface and come in full contact with it . . . not simply touching the surface with hard sharp points like chunky grit does and naturally they cover more surface. This explains the secret of Old Dutch Cleanser's efficiency, safety and economy.

Old Dutch is perfect . . . it cleans without scratching the surface, it contains no scratchy grit or crude abrasives. You will convince yourself by making this simple test. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the porcelain drain board of your sink; take a smooth coin, lay it on top of the cleanser and rub gently. You won't feel or hear the scratching of harsh, gritty particles. Avoid scratchy cleaners. They make scratches which destroy the beauty of the surface and are lodging places for health-endangering invisible impurities.

Old Dutch Cleanser is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. It is the safest, most convenient and practical method of cleaning. The flaky, flat-shaped particles of "seismotite" which form the basis of Old Dutch Cleanser possess a natural distinctive, detergent energy. They capture and remove the invisible impurities as well as the visible dirt. Old Dutch, therefore, protects your home and family with *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Old Dutch has innumerable uses. In the kitchen, for pots and pans, all kitchen utensils, for cleaning the sink, stove, kitchen cabinet, painted walls and woodwork, etc. In the bathroom, Old Dutch quickly and easily removes the unsightly water rings, stain and soap accumulations in the bathtubs and washbowls, for cleaning metal fixtures, tile, wall and floors, etc.

Old Dutch is perfectly adapted for cleaning modern colored as well as snow-white porcelain and enamel. The use of Old Dutch exclusively assures the lasting beauty of these fine surfaces because it is free from acid and caustic which dull their lustre and it doesn't scratch because it is free from harsh, chunky grit.

There is nothing else like it

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

© 1930 The C. P. Co.